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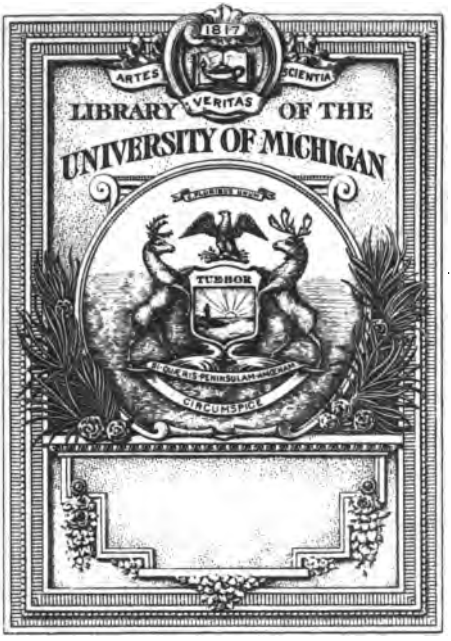

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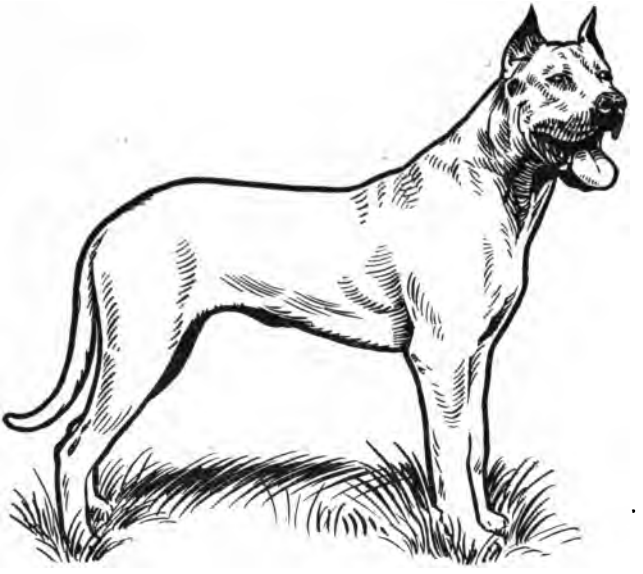

DOG STORIES

COMPILED BY

George Adelbert GEARHART

BUFFALO,
N. Y.

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By
G. A. GEARHART,
Buffalo, N. Y.

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PREFACE

Having from my boyhood been a lover of good dogs, stories of their intelligence, fidelity and affection rarely escape my notice. Having collected so many, I have felt that possibly they may be made to contribute to the sum of human kindliness to all the under world of creation over which man was given dominion, and especially to those of it whom he has made his friends and helpers.

This compilation is not alone to interest boys and girls, but those of us as well who are older and stepping westward.

If this compilation shall cause those who read, to think more kindly of our affectionate, truest, long-suffering and most self-sacrificing dog friend, I shall feel that it has accomplished the purpose uppermost in the thought of the compiler in asking for it a place among the "Story Books" of the world.

G. A. GEARHART.

Nellie's "Nig"

WHO'S AFRAID!

By James W. Reilly.

Who's afraid of a dog?
  Not me!
Why I'se as brave as
  My Ma would be;
Why my Ma saw a mouse
  One day,
Tiniest mouse—all dressed
  In gray;
An' my Ma jumped up on
  A chair,
An' screamed, an' yelled,
  An' pulled her hair;
An' my, she gave me
  Awful scare.

For I thought it must have been
  A bear—
But when I found it was
  A mouse,
I ran right out of our
  Big house,
An' called a dog
  I didn't know,
An' took him in to see
  The show—
Of my Ma, right there in
  Our house,
A-frightened by
  A little mouse.

* * *

I guess I ain't afraid of
  No dog.

KILLIN' THE OLD DOG.

Come along, old chap, yer time's 'bout up,
We got another brindle pup;
I 'lows it's tough an' mighty hard,
But a toothless dog's no good on guard,
So trot along right after me,
An' I'll put yeh out o' yer misery.

Now, quit yer waggin' that stumpy tail—
We ain't a-goin' fer rabbit er quail;
'Sides, you couldn't pint a bird no more,
Yer old an' blind an' stiff an' sore,
An' that's why I loaded the gun today—
Yer a-gittin' cross an' in the way.

I been thinkin' it over; 'tain't no fun.
I don't like to do it, but it's got to be done;
Got sort of a notion you know, too,
The kind of a job we're goin' to do,
Else why would yeh hang back that-a-way,
Yeh ain't ez young ez yeh once wuz, hey?

Frisky dog in them days, I note,
When yeh held the sneak thief by the throat,
Can't do that now, an' there ain't no need
A-keepin' a dog that don't earn his feed.
So yeh got to make way for the brindle pup;
Come along, old chap; yer time's 'bout up.

We'll travel along at an easy jog—
Course, you don't know, bein' only a dog;
But I can mind when you wuz sprier,
Wakin' us up when the barn caught fire—
It don't seem possible, yet I know
That wuz close onto fifteen year ago.

My, but yer hair wuz long an' thick,
When yeh pulled little Sally out o' the crick;
An' it came in handy that night in the storm,

We coddled to keep each other warm.
Purty good dog, I'll admit—but say,
What's the use o' talkin', yeh had yer day.

I'm hopin' the children won't hear the crack,
Er what'll I say when I git back?
They'd be askin' questions, I know their talk,
An' I'd have to lie 'bout a chicken hawk;
But the sound won't carry beyond this hill,
All done in a minute—don't bark, stand still.

There, that'll do; steady, quit lickin' my hand,
What's wrong with this gun, I can't understand;
I'm jest ez shaky ez I can be—
Must be the agey's the matter with me.
An' that stitch in the back—what! gittin' old.
The—dinner bell's ringin'—fer—me—an' you.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO A DOG.

One of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to a dog was delivered by Senator Vest of Missouri some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. He was paid a fee of $25 by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each juryman for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter, that he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those that are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputa-

tion may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the winter winds blow and snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will guard the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When any other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love, as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away and other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished, the judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out, and soon returned with a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $500. He had sued for $200. It is even said some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

—Exchange.

BOY, HAVE YOU A DOG?

Boy, have you a dog as a playfellow? If you have not, you miss much that is enjoyable, that which will give you many happy hours. Especially if you have no brother or sister to play with, you need a dog. Not that you should keep a whole pack around you. No white family ought to be so poor but could keep two dogs or half a dozen dogs—and generally the poorer the family the more dogs they have. But the lone boy needs a dog, and usually has one.

This boy that has a dog is the

one I want to talk to, says a writer in Our Animal Friends. Do you know that you have no more faithful and devoted friend than your dog? He is always glad to see you, even if you come home ten times a day. No one else shows as much pure, unfeigned delight at your coming as he does. If you have been gone only half an hour, he meets you and wags his tail and smiles as plainly as he can. Did you ever stop to think that it is worth something to be appreciated, even by a dog? Do you ever pass him without noticing him when he comes to meet you, or give him a cross word? The next time you do, just notice how disappointed he looks. He shows the sadness that he feels just as plainly as he showed his joy. It is easy to give him a kind word, as "Howdy," or "Well, Fido, I'm here," or "Glad to see me, are you?" This will make him brim full of joy and wiggle all over with delight.

Why shouldn't you do it? His life is a rather lonely one, when you come to think of it. He was taken away from his mother when he was a wee puppy, and has never seen her since. Do you remember how he whined and howled, hour after hour during those long and lonely nights when he was first taken from his mother and his brothers? How miserable he was in that strange, gloomy woodshed, with the door closed, and he all alone. You cannot blame him much for being wretched and unhappy, and that he could not sleep. Then he found that you were his friend, and he has not found many others since. Among his own race he has no friend. It is no wonder that he likes to be noticed, as you are about the only friend he has.

Then, too, he still has lonely hours. He must stay at home when you go to school, and are happy in playing with other boys, or in reciting your lesson with them. You learn many things about the world, and just ache to be a man so you can go out and see more of it. He cannot share in this, and you gradually grow more and more away from him. While you think it is worth something to be a boy who will soon be a man, he wonders what has come over you that you do not care to play with him as much as you used to.

While you are every year getting more strong and vigorous, your dog is getting old. The world seems so fresh and young, and you feel as though you were here forever, you cannot understand that your dog is getting old and feeble. You are surprised that he does not care for the

chase through the brush as he did a few years ago, and he even lags behind in your long walks through the woods. He is no longer spry in getting over the fences, and you think he is becoming lazy.

Some time when he can hardly keep up with you, stop and take a good look into his deep, beautiful eyes, and see what a world of sadness there is there; a regret for the joys that are past, a yearning for what cannot be, and a shadow from the great darkness. When you have once seen all this you will always be more kind and gentle to him, and perhaps to all others. Be kind to your dog, boy.

ON BEHALF OF THE DOG.

Our British cousins understand much better than we how to care for and keep in health and comfort man's dearest and truest animal friend, the dog. Everywhere in English towns there are low drinking troughs, conveniently placed, so that the wayfaring dog may solace himself when thirsty. A little care in this direction here in America would be much more to our credit than is the annual summer crusade that aims to exterminate this four-footed comrade. Undoubtedly hydrophobia is a malady to be regarded with apprehension and dismay. The fact is that comparatively few dogs are the victims of rabies, and that the bite of a dog in health is unlikely to produce serious results, especially if the wound be promptly cauterized. When no doctor is at hand, cauterization may be safely done at home by anyone who has the nerve thoroughly to cleanse a wound. This having been done, a touch of carbolic acid, followed by a dash of alcohol, will render the bitten person immune from injury. A bit of absorbent cotton on the end of a wire should be used to introduce the carbolic, and no drop of it should be allowed to fall on the surrounding surface.

People are unwise to take liberties with dogs to whom they are strangers, and children should not be allowed to torment these or any other animals. Some little time ago a newspaper in Virginia related an incident that had its tragic side. A dog noted for good behavior suddenly ran to his mistress with every show of violence. He pulled her dress, barking furiously, and very nearly knocked her down. It happened to be at a time when the general public had lost its head on the

subject of the dog, and the woman, thoroughly frightened, shrieked for aid. Her husband, running up, shot the dog and killed the dog. A little later the couple discovered that their only child, a lad of four, was missing. They searched for him in vain until the adjacent river gave up its dead. The faithful dog had been trying as best he could to tell them of the child's peril, and had they listened to him the boy might have been rescued.

ROGER

Buy Roger! Why stranger yer crazy,
  Yer a little bit off yer kerbase;
That dog is a regular daisy,
  He's got the first place in the race.
He's travelled the kentry all over,
  From Dodge City down to the sea.
An' thar ain't enough dust in yer trousers,
  To purchase old Roger from me.

Do ye know what he done? Well, I'll tell yer,
  What, drink! I don't care if I do.
Straight pizen (here's how) but to sell yer
  My dog, that's too cursed bran new.
When big Ed. Silk, that was my pardner,
  Was running a place in the mines,
An' grubbin' like blazes to keep up,
  His end, in some cursed hard times.

We'd been up all night in the dance hall,
  An' closed up the shanty all hunk,
We'd took our last ball in the mornin'
  An' each tumbled into his bunk
We'd forgot all our joy and our sorrow,
  Each was snoozin' as sweet as a lamb,.
Not thinkin' of the trouble to-morrow,
  An' none of us carin' a d—n.

When a racket was raised in the castle,
  As if all the devils in hell

Had thundered around the old Bastile,
  And dropped in upon us, pell-mell,
But I was so sleepy from boozin'—
  For the licker'd got into my head;
That I couldn't be woke from my snoozin'
  Till Roger sprung onto the bed.

With a yell like the scream of a human,
  He tore off the clothes with a roar,
An' nailin' me right by the collar
  He tumbled me on the floor.
I grabbed for my shooter—confound me,
  I staggered, Ole man, I'm no liar,
The roof an' the walls all around me,
  Was blazin' with seethin' red fire.

With a howl (like a wounded hyena)
  He sprang through a hole in the wall.
An' I followed blindly behind him,
  Each minit expectin' to fall.
Right thro' where the smoke was the thickest,
  Barkin' loudly the whole of the way
Went Roger; I'll never forget it
  If I live till the great Judgment Day.

We'd just cleared the front, I an' Roger,
  When in fell the roof with a crash,
That sounded as if "Hell's Half Acre"
  Had tumbled upon us, Kermash;
An' Roger was prancin' around me,
  With a look just ez much as to say
"Ole man, if I hadn't hev found ye,
  The turn would come Jack Box, today."

Since then we're pardners together,
  Some days we get wheat, and some chaff,
But whether it's chicken or feathers,
  Old Roger's entitled to half.
Ask Bat Masterson or Jean Johnson,

If "Roge" knows the lay of the land,
He can find ev'ry Appache Tepee
From Tombstone to the Rio Grande.

An' if "tenderfoot" should abuse Roger,
When one of "the gang" is in sight,
Take my word for it, stranger, that codger
Had better get ready to fight.
Not a place from the worst to the finest,
A hotel, a shanty, or ranche,
From the San Juan down to Guymas,
But Roger has got a 'carte blanche'.

I've seen many friends in my travels,
Some friends whom the world would call game,
But the friendship of my old dog Roger
Would put all others to shame.
They weaken when sorrow and trouble
Comes on you—they are not true blue,
But, stranger, right thar is a pardner,
Who'll stick through it all staunch and true.

So put up yer "leather" thar, ole man,
An' hoist in some licker with me,
I've prospected from Butte, Montana,
Plum down thro' to Old Santa Fe.
An' thar ain't a man in the whole kentry,
No matter how much he would give,
Could purchase my dog thar, old Roger,
(Here's to yer!) as long as I live.

BETHGELERT: OR THE GRAVE OF A GREYHOUND.

By William Howard Spencer

The spearmen heard the bugle sound
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,

And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gelert, come; wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear."

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now, no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare!
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding, his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore:
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet.
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gelert, too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained cover rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
And still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumber wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There, oft, the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And then he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

HENRY IRVING'S DOG DEAD.

Harrisburg, Pa., March 23.—Tramp was the best known dog in Harrisburg and one of the best natured, but he is no more. Several days ago a frolicksome man, overloaded with a jag, dropped Tramp down the steps at the Hotel Columbus, injuring him so badly that he died. Maurice Russ, Tramp's owner, was inconsolable.

Tramp was brought to this country ten years ago by Sir Hen-

ry Irving and eight years ago he was secured by Mr. Russ, and he has been a fixture ever since. Tramp was a baseball fan, and never missed a game played by the Harrisburg club. He seemed to know intuitively when a game was going to be played and he went to the island grounds and got a soft spot on the turf in the shade and watched the game with all the interest of the veriest fan. He did not attend the games with anybody—simply went and came home alone.

Tramp was also an amateur actor; that is, he made many and frequent appearances on the local stage, comedians in traveling companies and vaudeville borrowing him as a valuable adjunct to an otherwise bum comedy act, for the sight of Tramp walking out upon the stage always created a laugh. His last appearance was at a mock trial in the board of trade auditorium last week, when he reposed by the side of the fair plaintiff in a breach of promise suit.

THE DRIFT OF THE GOLDEN DOG

By Harris Dickson.

Aunt Selina, with a ring of grease around her fat lips, sat on her steps and sopped gravy out of a pan. She also stared at the rent collector.

"Mr. Wilson, I sont Zack wid dat money las' Sad'dy night an'—"

The collector shook his head.

"Den hear me talk: De minit Zack comes home I'm gwine to 'tend to his case. Atter I gits thru wid 'im, ef he's able, he's gwine to take you dat rent. Mind you, I said ef he's able."

Wilson smiled and went away; Selina neither smiled nor went.

Corporal Zack Foster—everybody, white and black, called him Ole Reliable—swaggered homeward, swinging a gold-headed cane, which he had borrowed from the Misses Trevelyan without their knowledge and meant to return when they were not looking. In spite of his frazzled coat and dilapidated hat, Zack impressed the laity with that gold-headed cane.

Ole Reliable's weather eye detected a gale from the way that Selina craft was rocking. So he reefed all sails, furled the gold-headed cane and made himself tidy for a squall. He would have steered for the open, but Selina had the pan.

Having eyes for nothing else, Zack forgot his feud with Jim Bowman's sneaky dog next door, with the black spot over his eye. Spot didn't forget; Spot worked

overtime studying up ways to remember. Zack passed the hole in Jim's fence and Spot sallied out for surprise. Zack hustled into his own gate, slashing behind him with the cane. Selina refused to be diverted. "Whar's dat two dollars I gin you to pay de rent?"

"I paid to Mr. Wilson."

"Zack, you'se a liar—you'd ruther tell a lie on credit dan de troof fer cash."

Zack sidled up to the pan and reached for a batter-cake; Selina tackled: "No, you don't—nary bite; I'm tired bendin' over a hot stove, an' totin' vittles from de white folks' house, while you loafs aroun' the catfish stand preachin' Scriptures. Whyn't you quit meddlin' wid de Lord's bizness an' pay some 'tention to yo' cwn?"

"Dat's all right—"

"Co'se it's all right. De rent c'llector an' de 'stallment man don't bother you none. Dey don't come 'round here axin' 'Whar's Zack?'—not ef dey's got good sense. Dey always 'quires, 'Whar's Selina?' "

Zack kept one eye and Selina both hands on the pan.

"Here 'tis high-water time an' you might be makin' good money catchin' drif'wood an' drawing' shingles. Instid o' dat you's prancin' roun' wid a walkin'-stick, proud as a monkey wid a tin tail."

"I got de mis'ry in my side."

"Mis'ry, huh!!" The big woman sprang to her feet and Zack dodged. "Mis'ry! A'n't I seen you at dat street fair, wid yo' hat cocked on one side, hittin' dat peg wid a sledge-hammer an' bettin' my rent money you could hit harder dan any man in Vicksburg? Mis'ry! Huh! Nex' thing you gwine to hit is de big road—git out o' here."

"Seliny, ain't I yo' husban'?"

"Husban's is as husban's does. I'm gwine to eat my dinner at de white folks' house."

Selina snatched her chair and pan to the far end of the gallery, while Zack huddled in a limp pile on the steps.

In other periods of petulance Zack had been forced to wait for the second table. But the worst was yet to come: Selina finished her dinner, then stepped off the end of the gallery and walked to Jim Bowman's fence.

"Here Spot! Here Spot!" Zack's eye bulged at the excruciating insult. Selina deliberately, maliciously, teetotally emptied that pan—scraped that pan—over the fence into Jim Bowman's yard. Spot gobbled the gift from Heaven without a wag.

Selina countermarched to the gallery, washed the pan and

slammed it on the table. Zack shuddered at the meanness of a woman's soul stripped bare. He did not glance behind him as he stumbled out of the gate and turned toward the river.

It was unchivalric, the thing that Spot did—lowdown dog-treachery prompted it. Zack was not pestering him; yet Spot squeezed through the fence and dashed out again. Zack fought like a rat at bay until his frazzled coattails passed the corner. Spot trotted home with his tail in the air; Selina held her fat sides; and Zack backed off with a heart for hell to make it's garden in.

Zack shuffled on aimlessly, head bent down, hands in his pockets and the gold-headed cane under his arm. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a woman—and Zack had a reputation. He straightened up and brought out the cane with a flourish. "Good-evenin', Sis Hoby, how'd de s'ciety 'lection come out?"

It was Zack's day for insult. He was discussing official business wid a "cullud lady" when a "white 'ooman" interrupted him by calling from her gallery: "Uncle! Oh Uncle! Please come in here and help move some furniture. I will give you a quarter."

"Who? Me? You couldn't 'a' saw dis here gold-headed walkin'-stick when you axed me to move furnicher fer two bits. Huh!"

He bore the cane in front of him and strode away like an indignant lictor marching before some Roman consul.

His feet fell into that familiar path that led him to the river. In this mood he loved to sit and watch the drifting logs go by. They kind o' went along easy and nothing bothered 'em. Near the top of the river bank stood a shanty—a mere shed, with roof of cypress bark—under which two negroes were making shingles.

"Good-evenin', Dunc; good-evenin', Jocaster"; Zack nodded glumly and sat down in the sunshine. Dunc looked up: "Here's Ole Reliable; the very man we want."

Dunc worked as he talked, stripping off shavings with a knife. "Me an' Jocaster is been tryin' to find you."

"What you want wid me?"

"We's got to make ten thousand shingles an' git 'em done fer de nex' trip o' de boat. It's gwine to push us mighty, an' I says to Jocaster: 'Ole Reliable is de man we wants; ain't no nigger can pull a draw-knife wid him.' "

Zack brightened up; somebody was beginning to appreciate him.

The river was rising rapidly and must have surprised some timber men in the swamp. Num-

bers of cypress logs drifted down, and all these negroes had to do was to catch them with skiffs and make shingles—at four dollars a thousand. Dunc laid aside his knife, walked out explained the situation to Zack, the best shingle-maker in Vicksburg, who could draw upward of two thousand in a day.

Ole Reliable swept the river with experienced eye; it was said he could recognize a cypress log as far away as he could see a ripple. Dunc flattered skillfully and Ole Reliable's mangled bosom began to heal. "I'll jes' try a few."

He stood his cane in a corner, sat down on Dunc's "hoss" and picked up the draw-knife. With dexterous ease he turned off shingle after shingle, peeling the thin, wet cypress as if he were paring an apple. "Dat's the way to make shingles."

"Now," suggested Dunc, "ef we finishes dem shingles we gits a extry price. Dem niggers yonder, Shrimp an' Peter, is workin' agin us an' 'lows dey's gwine to roll us fer our job. Shrimp he's mighty spry wid a skiff, but you kin beat 'im, an' dat's what we wants you fer. Take dis extry draw-knife an'—"

Zack arose from the horse and resigned the draw-knife. "I got a mis'ry in my side."

Dunc and Jocaster urged him until Ole Reliable moved out of the shanty and ended the discussion. Filling his pipe he took up his walking-stick, ambled down the river and made himself comfortable in the shade of a stranded houseboat.

"Hey, dere!" called Shrimp. "Is you goin' to work fer dem niggers?"

"No, I ain't got time," said Zack, and sat pondering upon the placid river, with its circling eddy that widened at his feet.

Logs and brush and fallen trees came floating down; some were caught by the eddy and some escaped on the farther side. "Dar goes a lot o' fence." Zack knew what that meant. Overflow and above.

Presently Zack noticed a splendid log that came whirling around the point. "Fifteen or twenty thousan' shingles in dat log," he estimated with professional eye and watched its stately progress. Something floated behind the log—a small bridge? a barn door?—no. "Huh! somebody's gate must 'a' washed away." Zack looked again, rose to his feet, peered across the water, then darted down the bank to Jocaster's skiff.

Shrimp saw the quick movement and guessed there was an extra fine log in sight. Being

nearer to the water he tumbled the oars into his own skiff and gave it a shove with Zack immediately behind him. The men from the rival shanties left their work to watch the race—with a fair start and Shrimp slightly in the lead. Dunc nudged Jocaster: "Jes' watch 'im—I tole you 'twarn't no nigger on dis river kin pull a skiff wid Ole Reliable. He's gwine ter ketch dat log, an' it's wuth thirty dollars ef it's wuth a nickel."

Shrimp got a running start, two lengths ahead, but Ole Reliable did not worry. Excitement will not rush a skiff. His oars rose and fell with the measured sweep of a sea-bird's wing. Lightly he rested them on the surface, feathering in their return. By the subtle instinct of a riverman he knew this treacherous eddy, took advantage of its flow, avoided its counter-currents and skimmed the stiller waters. Inch by inch he gained on Shrimp; now they were almost touching; now the nose of his boat went creeping steadily along the other's side. Now they were nose and nose—then his long strokes shoved him ahead. A cheer went up from the bank. "Go it, Ole Reliable!" shouted Dunc.

Peter yelled at Shrimp: "Why don't you pull—is you tied to a stump?" Shrimp laid back with all his power and jerked an oar out of the lock; his boat swung around and lost a length. Then he jerked himself along in spurts; but the race was lost.

Shrimp stopped and rested on his oars, watching for Zack to catch the log. Then a queer thing happened. Zack rowed around the log without breaking his stroke. Shrimp started, but did not argue with good fortune; he snatched up his oars, bumped into the log and made it fast to the stern. Having done this he could watch Zack, just as the astounded men on shore were doing.

Ole Reliable passed the log some ten or twelve lengths, and there, just as he had thought, was a floating gate; on it lay a wretched dog. He drew up alongside, folded his coat and laid it in the stern. He lifted the dog tenderly into the skiff, then turned and pulled straight to the landing-place.

Dunc and Jocaster burst out together: "Dat's de finest piece o' cypress what's passed down dis river in a year—dis here nigger goes right by it an' picks up a old dog."

When Zack had made fast he snapped his fingers at the dog, which was too weak to lift his head. Zack bore him gently up

the hill and carefully laid him on a large pile of shavings.

"Zack, why didn't you fotch dat log—you was right dere at it?"

Zack didn't glance up: "Den Shrimp would 'a' got dis dog."

The dog lay without a sign of life, and two disgusted negroes watched Zack hovering over it.

"What you want wid a dead dog?"

"He ain't dead."

"He's mighty nigh it. Looks like a coon hide stretched over some barrel hoops."

Ole Reliable stood up: "Is dis yo' dog, or my dog?"

A buzzard circled round and settled on the fence. "I see yo' finish," Dunc remarked to the dog, and went about his work.

Zack felt the dog over, from the snapping-turtle head to the enormous feet: " 'Tain't nuthin' wrong wid dis dog—jes' hongry." Zack took him up in his coat and started home. Then he stopped, considered the domestic situation, laid his burden down again and thought. "Ef I jes' had de two bits from dat lady—" Dogs cannot be fed with quarters that have passed. The grasshopper turned to the ant: "Dunc, lemme have a dime right quick."

Dunc wadded both hands in his pockets and kept them there: "Dar's a nigger, made an' handed down—widout a cent o' money and won't take a job?"

Zack begged and wheedled and promised until Dunc gave in, on the dog's account: "All right; you set down an' make shingles like hell-a-beatin'-tanbark whilst I git a can o' soup fer de dog. An' you ain't gwine to quit 'till I says quit."

"I-sho' will—I'll draw shingles 'till my arms drap off."

Ole Reliable took his seat at the "hoss" and Dunc hurried off. Presently he came back with a bucket of warm soup. Ole Reliable jumped up, and Dunc said: "No, you set down; I'm feedin' dis dog."

"Dunc, lemme feed 'im, please; I loves to feed 'im. Ain't he my dog?" Ole Reliable begged so earnestly that Dunc let him have the spoon; he opened the dog's mouth and put in two or three swallows. Dunc caught his arm. "Dat's enough—he's like a leaky bucket; you got to pour gradual an' let 'im swell. Give 'im some more in about fifteen minutes. Now make shingles."

Dunc bargained shrewder than he thought—fifteen minutes' work between every dose of soup. Zack labored like a madman.

Dunc nudged Jocaster: "Ef dat soup holds out we'll git our shingles done."

After the third dose Zack no-

ticed a relaxation of the limbs; the eyes opened and closed again. "Ef he had a tail he sho' would be a-waggin' it."

Dunc whispered to Jocaster, then went over, examined the dog, and looked wise. "Zack, dis dog is got distemper—needs some o' dat medicine what comes in a big red bottle."

"How much do it cost?" asked Zack.

"Fo' bits a bottle at the drug-sto'."

Dunc knew precisely what Zack was going to do, but he returned to his "hoss" and suggested nothing. Ole Reliable figured out the problem for himself.

"Dunc, lend me fo' bits—I'll work it out."

As Dunc did not seem enthusiastic Zack flanked up his proposition. "Dat dog is goin' to be sick two or three days, an' I hates to loaf aroun' doin' nuthin'. I might jes' as well draw shingles. Of co'se dey'll be yo' shingles."

Dunc nodded his head as if he hated to do it.

The long, thin shavings fell from Zack's knife; shingle after shingle fell upon the pile. Presently Zack chuckled: "He's a drif'wood dog, ain't he? 'Drif' fer short."

The five-o'clock whistles blew; workshops and factories poured out their hands; the tin-bucket brigade started homeward for a hot supper. Zack never slipped a cog. Dunc and Jocaster laid aside their tools; Zack smiled at Drif and worked faster. " 'Tain't nigh dark; I'll turn off a few more whilst I kin see."

When the two men were ready to go Zack looked over his shoulder. "Dunc", he said, "lend me a dime; I wants to git a snack fer myself."

Nobody would have believed it —especially Zack—but at the end of the third week he was still working, just beginning to get his hand in. The cypress dwindled and the pile of shingles grew; with a mountain of shavings on one side and a striped bulldog on the other. Zack whistled away, peeled away and piled away. Dunc and Jocaster held their breath.

The rotund result of his labor showed up in Drif, who began to resemble a stuffed dog—squat, square, with a bent leg at each corner like a grand piano. "Ain't he a beaut?" Zack demanded of everybody that passed. But he never stopped work; it cost money to finance a proposition like Drif. Drif had been promoted from soup to scraps, from scraps to tiny bits of meat; now it came in raw chunks straight from the butcher. "Nex' week I'm gwine

to put gunpowder in it to make him fierce."

The brindle brute, with jaws like a bear-trap, cringed at these negroes' feet, flattened himself against the earth and twitched the stump of his tail. Before everybody else he covered every inch of ground he stood on and contested the rest.

Zack had no time to think much about it, but a growing pile of dollars in his pocket kept pace with the pile of shavings. Those shavings were cool, and Drif burrowed into their shady side. That's how Jim Bowman's dog made a fatal error.

Jim, being Zack's neighbor, and hearing this false report about a steady job, came down with Spot to investigate. Maybe Selina sent him.

Zack was whistling at his work —Spot hated that whistle. He cocked up his ears and crept forward. He did not see Drif—he only saw a noble chance to grab Zack from the rear. The first intimation of trouble was a yelp of terror and a flutter amongst the shavings. All was over except the shaking, and Drif was attending to that. Zack sprang up with the drawing-knife. Jim Bowman dashed in and kicked Drif—then wished he hadn't, for the dog turned on him. Zack threw himself on top of the infuriated animal and clasped him round the body. "Run, Jim, run; my holt's a-slippin'." Jim scuffled up the bank, hustled across a vacant lot and flung himself over a wire fence.

Zack managed to tie Drif and pacify him. While he was sitting there offering a few post-mortem suggestions to Spot, a conciliating voice came over the hill:

"Zack, please suh, fetch my dog."

He took Spot by the scruff of the neck, dragged him up the hill and hoisted him over the fence with a smile of undertaker's sympathy.

"Jim, I couldn't he'p it. Spot would a bit me ef Drif hadn't cotch 'im fust." Jim scowled and dragged his dog away.

Zack capered back to the shanty and patted his preserver —hugged him—called him bad names and cooed to him. "'Now Drif, you set here and be good whilst I goes to the butcher shop fer a dollar's wuth o' po'terhouse steak. I don't begrudge you nuthin' dis day."

Ole Reliable had not gone twenty paces before he was startled by a growl. He turned. A white man was kneeling beside the dog. Dunc and Jocaster sat paralyzed to see this man opening Drif's mouth with his bare hands.

Zack came tumbling down the

hill and tiptoed into the shanty: "Good fellow, Drif—good fellow."

The stranger glanced up and smiled: "Uncle, this is a mighty fine dog."

"Yas, suh; yas suh; but I 'spec you better let 'im alone. He mought hurt you."

"No, I guess not." And the stranger began punching Drif in the sides with his fingers, stretching his legs and forcing his mouth and reexamining his jaws. Zack gasped: "Boss, you must be kind o' used to dogs."

"I have handled many a one," the stranger nodded.

He was a youngish-looking man with an old face, a boy, perhaps, with the experience of fifty, or an old man with the eyes of a boy—Zack could not be sure. He wore a striped shirt, a gold stirrup for a watchcharm, and the air of a man at home most anywhere. The stranger rose and prodded Drif a time or two.

"Where did you get him, Uncle?"

Terror seized upon Ole Reliable; maybe this man had come to claim his dog; maybe—

"My brother raised 'im out in Hinds County; dey been had 'im fer de longest kind o' time."

"How about his pedigree?"

"Mighty good, suh; mighty good—eats everything he kin git."

"I mean what strain is he?"

"Dunno, Cunnel; 'pears like some kind of a bulldog to me."

The stranger kept smiling. "Oh, yes; he's a bulldog all right." Then he mused to himself: "Curious; I did not think there were two dogs like that anywhere in America. Old man, would you sell him to me for—say twenty-five dollars?"

"Now, Cunnel, you don't want me to sell my dog."

"Fifty dollars?."

Zack shook his head.

"A hundred?"

Zack drew a long breath. "Cunnel, you oughtn't to be offerin' me all dat fer Drif, 'cause dat keeps me studyin' fust about de money an' wishin' I had it, an' den studyin' about Drif and wishin' I had 'im. But he would not go wid you."

"Oh, yes, he'll go." The stranger spoke with quiet assurance, and Zack wasn't really hurt until then.

Spick Winslow took his seat upon a bundle of shingles and studied every movement of the dog. "He's the best I've ever seen; bound to be of that blood; but how did he get here? Old man, I'm willing to back my judgment of your dog. Would you let him fight—"

"Cunnel, you sho' is talkin' joyful fer Drif." Zack laughed

uproariously and slapped his leg.

Winslow did not show equal enthusiasm. He was not planning a pink tea for Drif's amusement. With him it was largely a matter of business, coupled with a certain sportsmanlike pride in launching a possible Unknown.

"Suppose I should arrange a fight, would you let me train your dog and put him in condition?"

"What's dat?" Zack asked.

"He has never been fed properly, has had no training and his full strength is not developed. I'll make a new dog of him."

"Cunnel, I's treated Drif de bes' I knows how."

"Yes, but it's all in knowing how."

Spick Wilson smiled, and when he smiled it made Zack feel that the man knew a whole lot more than he was telling to anybody. "Of course," he added, "you would go to New Orleans or St. Louis and take care of him."

"Cunnel, when does we leave?"

Winslow drew Zack aside and cautioned him; their training-quarters were to be secret. Two nights after that an insolent little gasoline boat stuck in her nose beside the shingle shed. Zack crept mysteriously aboard with Drif and his gold-headed cane. The boat backed out into the fog and nobody knew which way she went.

Ole Reliable had disappeared and the clandestine manner thereof gave Dunc and Jocaster a rag to chew upon for two long months. "Dunc, what you reckon is happened to Zack?"

"Don't know—he'll come back when he gits broke, an' dat ain't gwine to be long."

"He said dat white man was gwine to put up fer him an' de dog."

"Den we'll look fer 'im when de vittles gives out!"

They were both good guessers, but they both guessed wrong. Drif came bounding down the bank like a brindled ball of rubber and tore up the shingle shed before the men knew what had happened. He jumped all over them, licked their faces, knocked down their "hosses", scattered shingles, and capered around like a puppy. City life and dog-hostlers had made him a magnificent brute—slick, shiny, with stripes like a tiger and muscles sliding under a skin of silk. Modest of gladiatorial laurels he prostrated himself before these delighted negroes.

Zack strutted down the hill with a leash in his hand.

"Looky yonder, Dunc! Ain't Zack somethin' fer a nigger to

look at!" And Zack was. A derby hat perched on the southwest corner of his head, a checkerboard suit flapped 'round his thin body, and a red necktie fluttered. But those low-quartered shoes! Those rolled-up trousers! And the gay green clockwork of his socks! "Here, you fellers," he shouted, "knock off work and le's have a good time. Take a seegar?"

Being a holiday occasion the three sat down to smoke and talk it over. "Did Drif git into a fight?" Dunc inquired.

"Fight? Fight?" Zack puffed his smoke on the off side. "Naw. Dey called deirselves fightin' but 'twarn't nuthin' more'n killin' rats wid a tarrier. Drif kotch holt and shuck 'em—dat was all. De onliest trouble was gittin' him tore loose." Zack blew out a prodigious cloud of smoke and flicked the pile of shavings with his leash.

"Is you come home fer good?"

"Naw; jes' fer pleasure—on a vacation. My main bizness is in N'Yawleens, Memphis, an' St. Looey an' sech places." Zack crossed his legs, dangled his green socks and rattled some coins. The jingle caught Dunc's ear. "How'd you come out—is you got a pocket full o' money?"

"Wussn'n dat, nigger, wuss'n dat—I got a dog full o' money. He's a gole dog, wid his hide stuffed full o' greenbacks. Cunnel an' me went pardners. Drif wins de purses, Cunnel keeps de honor and throws me de money. Nigger, you ain't never seed no money—flyin' roun' same as leaves in de fall. Takes yo' breff away—till you gits used to it."

Having got used to it Zack nonchalantly tossed away his half-smoked cigar and lighted another. "Reckon I'll git rested in a week or so—an' den go back."

Zack hadn't paraded three blocks on Washington Street before Selina knew it. Nigger news doesn't need to be toted—it simply permeates and pervades. Selina took another woman for company and rambled toward the river.

"Bless goodness, ef dar ain't Zack, all dressed up."

Zack turned. "Dese is my ev'ry-day clo'es; I'se jes' got home."

"Got home? Is you been away?"

"Nowhar wuth speakin' of—jes' a pleasure trip to N'Yawleens an' St. Looey."

Zack let his light so shine upon that other woman that she saw his good socks and glorified his wife which was beside him. Selina grinned, showed her gleaming teeth and basked in that other woman's jealousy. Negligently, casually, incidentally,

Zack kept clinking those unconsidered trifles in his pocket until Selina got the fidgets. But his artistic temperament had no thought for sordid finance. "Dis here river," he remarked, "puts me in mind o' N'Yawleens." Then he made a grandstand play. Gazing across the river he absent-mindedly removed a hand from his pocket and laid one of the coins in Selina's open palm. "Take dis dollar an' buy a dollar's wuth o' oysters fer supper."

Selina stared at the coin—awe-stricken and breathless. "Zack—Zack—dis ain't no dollar—hit's a twenty-dollar golepiece."

"Go 'long—dat's jes' de same."

"What you want me to do wid dis money?"

Jocund mirth sported around Zack's lips. "Chunk it at de jaybirds, buy some ice cream—plenty mo' whar dat come from."

Zack progressed homeward between the other woman and Selina, with Drif tugging on the leash and dragging their triumphal chariot. They bowed unaffectedly to the right and left, and all the neighbors stared. Jim Bowman leaned over the fence, and Zack tied his dog inside for fear of poison.

They had a most affluent week—music, merriment and combat—with a continuous phonograph running on the gallery and a serial dog-fight running in the street.

Several dog-owners were illogical persons and licked Zack. But he paid for hauling off all dogs and discharged all fines in lordly fashion. The week vanished in a whirling dream—then the alarm clock.

"Seliny, whar's dat twenty-dollar golepiece'?'

"Us spent it long ago; you ain't broke?"

"Naw, not what you might call broke, jes' a little short o' change. Don't make no diffunce. Cunnel Winslow he say to send him a dispatch when I gits tired o' stayin' home and he'll dispatch back whar to meet him at."

"Hit better be in good walkin' distance, " said Selina.

Zack faced her. "Dar you goes—soon as de money gives out you commences bustin' caps an' throwin' slams."

"Shucks, Zack, can't you take a joke?"

" 'Tain't no joke."

Zack sat moodily on the gallery, while Drif wallowed in a cool place under the steps. Whenever a stray dog came along and Drif needed practice, Zack whistled softly and Drif did the rest. Doing the rest—with these country dogs—was such a languid performance that it hardly

furnished Drif sufficient exercise to keep up his appetite.

"Looky yonder, Seliny, what's dat?"

It was the queerest wagon Zack had ever seen outside of a circus—a big red wagon all boxed in. A man with long hair rode beside it, sombrero hat and fringed leggings. Another one drove the wagon. Selina came to the door.

"That's Blackfoot Ben, what sells corn salve and pulls teeth."

Zack had no eye for Blackfoot Ben nor for the vicious mustang. His entire range of vision took in nothing but a dog—a spindle-legged, gangling, yaller cur that slunk along beneath the wagon. Zack scrutinized every dog he saw with critical dissection. This one wouldn't furnish two shakes and a scuffle for Drif. She had too much daylight under her; no jaws; her nose was too sharp; she had too much hair. All the high points of a fighter were obviously absent. It would be like chasing a rabbit, and Drif would gain no credit.

Something went wrong with the harness and Ben's wagon stopped at the corner. Disappointed with the prospect, Zack strolled out with Jim Bowman and watched the proceedings.

The skimpy dog lay down under the wagon with ears set forward. She knew her business—nobody must touch that wagon. Once, when Blackfoot Ben passed near, he stooped and stroked her head. She barely moved a brushy tail.

"Mister," asked Zack, "is that yo' pup?"

Ben nodded.

Zack took a step nearer the wagon; the dog showed her teeth. "She 'pears like a slim dog—what breed is dat?"

"Her father was a greyhound and her mother a Scotch collie."

"One o' dese half-an'-half dogs—is dey fighters?"

"No, no; sheep-herders and runners."

"Mister, I 'spec' you better put her on top o' dat wagon till she gits past my house—I got a uncommon bad bulldog."

"You have a bad bulldog, eh?"

Long after the calamity Zack remembered how Ben had smiled. But Zack's foresights were not as good as his hindsights. He felt too sorry in advance for Ben's dog.

"Honest, Mister, I can't hol' dat bulldog o' mine when he sees a strange dog. He'll nacherly tear yo' pup all to pieces."

"I guess not—Nellie takes care of herself."

Zack chuckled inwardly, but being prudent he remembered something. Blackfoot Ben gave exhibitions in fancy shooting,

steer-roping and knife-throwing. Zack might become the shootee, ropee or throwee. "Mister," he spoke earnestly, "please, suh, put dat pup out o' de way."

"Nellie looks out for herself." Ben moved on with the wagon.

"You won't think hard o' me ef somethin' happens?" Zack called after him.

Ben turned in his saddle. "Dog-fights is dog-fights, and women squabbles is women squabbles. Men ain't got no business meddlin'."

Them was Zack's sentiments—he being unscrappy himself. "I done tole 'im; you heerd me, didn't you, Jim?" he remarked, and walked into his own yard. As Zack mounted the steps he kicked against them and whistled softly. Drif crawled out, stretched himself, then caught sight of the scraggy dog walking his street without a permit. Like an avalanche the tawny beast hurled himself across the yard, darted out of the gate and—

Zack thought he was going to see something fancy in the way of a foot-race, but he didn't. "Golly! dat pup is so skeert she jes' nacherly can't run."

Whatever might have been Nellie's secret motive, she did not run. The wagon went on and left her crouching in the road. She faced the bulldog and—one more instant Drif would have caught his fatal throat hold, which meant a shake and a funeral. But Drif didn't seem to catch on to anything. There wasn't anything for him to catch on to. At the instant when by all fair rules he should have grabbed her throat Nellie sprang directly over him, her head bent down, and her needle teeth gashed a furrow in his back. Drif stopped, stupefied—and blinked. His enemy had vanished, but only for the scintilla of a second. Like a flash she came back again, by the overhead route, and split his ear on the way. Drif was not a creature of original ideas. He was conservative. This was an innovation and it took time to soak in. While it was soaking Nellie made several more trips back and forth, leaving a record of her passage. Drif followed the fighting trade without malice, but Nellie's methods began to irritate him. He made a savage dash—at a shadow. Nellie wasn't there. Nellie took a section of flank in going over and slashed his neck on her return. Drif yelped—it was the first time Zack had ever heard him utter sound. Ben was still smiling: "Old man, hadn't you better put that pup on top of your house until Nellie gets by?"

Zack wiped his face and an-

swered hotly: "You jes' wait a minit; he'll ketch holt directly."

Nellie bounded back and forth, her eyes flashing, and every hair on end. Like the whizzing rapier her teeth left bloody stripes behind them. "Your dog looks like he'd been run through a gin, don't he, old man?" suggested Ben.

"Drif ain't begun yit."

"Now he's begun," retorted Ben. Drif had uncorked his howling apparatus. First that yelp, short and sharp; then a whine; then he let loose a continuous howl. He ran, but the air was full of gray demons that voraciously stripped off his hide. Drif, being a bulldog, had no business to fight with birds. He dodged, doubled and ducked from one side of the road to the other, then took to the high weeds. This was no protection; what Drif needed was a barrel with a top on it.

"Mister, oh, Mister," called Zack; "please, suh, call yo' dog."

"Can't do nothing with her when she sees a strange dog."

Then Drif did a peculiar thing —no dog in the history of the pit ever resorted to such strategy. He lay flat on his back in the thickest part of the weeds, with all four feet in the air, like a wooden dog out of Noah's ark.

Jim Bowman fell down in the dust of the road, rolled over and laughed. Selina leaned against the fence with staring eyes.

"Come, Nellie!" Ben snapped his fingers. Nellie dropped her beautiful ears, loped off on her dainty legs and trotted on beneath the wagon.

Zack went out and led his discouraged gladiator back into the yard. "Seliny, git some hot water."

"What fer?"

"To wash 'im."

"I ain't got nuthin' to do wid 'im."

"Seliny, Drif done de bes' he knowed how. He warn't brought up to no sech rules as dat."

Zack got the water himself, bathed Drif tenderly and soothed him in a language both of them understood. He was not seriously hurt, only minced with a hash-chopper.

Drif lost his taste for fighting; he wanted peace and plenty of it. Zack discovered this the next morning when a setter pup wobbled past their fence. Drif moved closer to Zack without a growl.

Two days later a middle-sized dog strolled into their gate, and Drif retreated to the gallery. Zack blamed this on the scarcity of the victuals that Selina toted: "It warn't enough for three people."

For a week the three of them

hung on the edge of a rupture—then the crisis.

Selina sat in her chair sopping the last gravy out of her pan; Zack rested on the steps and Drif lay within the gate at his feet. He never ventured outside looking for trouble. A flop-eared hound had blundered into their back yard. Zack scared him with a yell, and he bolted toward the front gate. Drif got the lead and held it, headed for the river, and didn't come back.

"Huh!" said Selina in disgust, "he's gone to the shingle shed."

Zack reached for his hat. "Whar you gwine?" Selina demanded.

"To fetch 'im home."

"Hol' on, Zack; 'tain't no use beatin' roun' de bush—you can't keep dat dog in dis house. My white folks is grumblin' about de grub."

There were certain known quantities in Ole Reliable's mathematics. White folks' grub was one. He turned his back upon it and followed the path to the shingle shed. There was Drif, crouching between Dunc and Jocaster.

"What's de matter wid dis dog?" inquired Dunc.

"Drif is feelin' po'ly." The animal crawled over and licked Zack's hand.

"Dunc, is you-all got any more orders fer shingles?"

"Plenty of 'em."

Before Zack sat down at the "hoss" he took off his red tie and threw it into the river.

THE DOG'S STORY.

"Nodie" had been lying in a corner all the time, with his eyes half closed. He would look up and lift his ears when the children laughed or applauded at a story, but now he arose and slowly walked out of the room, with his head down.

"Nodie's as' amed of our animal stories," said Freckleberry. "He looks as if he thought he could tell better yarns himself."

"Suppose you do it for him," suggested Angelimp.

"All right but you must make believe I am Nodie. I've kept still while you were talking and you musn't bark during my turn. If you do, I'll bite you."

Freckleberry lay down on the rug, where Nodie had been, and curled himself up, saying, "I'm just a dog. I suppose you say 'only a dog', but I'm not sure that it wouldn't be as fair for me to say of one of you, 'He's only a human!' Suppose you were like I am and had to wait to be fed

and wait to have a door opened and wait to be spoken to before you dared to get familiar with the family, would you be as patient as I am? I guess not. It's all right to have my bones thrown at me, because I'd rather eat 'em on the floor than at the table, but if you know how much I'd like a kind word along with the bone you'd give it to me and you'd give one to every dog you meet, too.

"I guess dogs are as good as boys and girls or grown-ups either, if not a little better. Why, I had a friend, a big black Newfoundland named General, and he lived with Mr. Murdock and his family, who lived over their store. There was a flight of stairs by the side of the big front store door and there were some back stairs leading down into the store, and Mr. Murdock had a clerk named Sam who slept in a back room of the store every night—'to catch burglars', he said. He wouldn't have been much good, though, because he slept like a stone statue. I believe he never would have waked up, even in the morning, if Mr. Murdock hadn't trained General as a sort of an alarm clock. About 7 every morning Mr. Murdock would say, 'General! last call for Sam in the sleeping car!' and General would rush down and grab Sam's bed covers and tug till Sam tumbled out. Sam didn't like dogs and he hated General. He chased him out and he took his bones and he was just generally mean.

"But one night the store took fire and General was the first to find it out, so he ran barking through the rooms and pulling at blankets and jumping on beds until everybody got up and got out, except one. After a while Mr. Murdock yelled out, 'Why, where's Sam?' Now, of course, Sam was in the store and the fire was between him and the street. Mr. Murdock ran around to the back of the store, but the door was barred and he knew it would take an earthquake to wake Sam up. For a minute he didn't know what to do, and then he said, 'General! last call for Sam in the sleeping car.' They tore around to the front and found the front hall like a chimney with the smoke pouring out, but General didn't care. Up the front stairs he scooted and down the back stairs. A man couldn't have done it. In a house afire, you know, the nearer the floor you are the less smoke there is, and a man couldn't have run so fast and so close to the floor as General did. The dog knew his way with his eyes shut and he rushed up to Sam and tugged at the blankets.

Sam kicked at him, but General tugged again. 'Go 'way,' Sam says, only half awake, 'it isn't even daylight yet,' but General hung to it and Sam got mad.

"He reached for a revolver that he kept near by, for the burglars, you know, and he sat up to shoot poor General. But when he sat up his head went into smoke and he could see the flames in the store room. You'd better believe Sam got out of this through the back door without waiting to pull the trigger. He didn't even wait to see what became of poor old General, who had risked his life for him. Now, which do you think was the better fellow, the man or the dog?"

FIREMEN MOURN PET DOG KILLED IN LINE OF DUTY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Brownsville firemen are mourning the death of Abie, a dog friend and mascot. When running in front of the horses of engine No. 131 yesterday afternoon when they were galloping toward a fire in 423 Osborn street, the short-legged black-and-tan cross between a beagle and dachshund was knocked down by a hoof of one of the horses. Before the dog could regain its feet the wheels of the fire engine passed over it. It was dying when a fireman, who was in the tender which followed, lifted it and placed it in the arms of a sympathetic little girl on the sidewalk. Three minutes afterward Abie was dead. Its place as a mascot will be taken by a puppy which Abie rescued from a burning house in New Jersey avenue, East New York, several months ago.

The rescue by Abie endeared the pet to all the firemen in the district. A fire was raging that day in a tenement house, and several women and children were trapped. Firemen fought their way into the house at the peril of their lives. Abie followed at their heels. Each fireman picked up a woman or a child and started out. Abie looked for something to rescue. Finally the dog discovered a puppy. It scarcely had its eyes open and had been abandoned by its mother. The mascot picked the puppy up by the scruff of the neck, carried it out of the building, staggered to the battalion chief and laid it at his feet, Then Abie dropped unconscious, overcome by smoke. The surgeons worked on the dog twenty minutes before they could revive it.

The dog was a homeless vagrant when it drifted into the en-

gine house two years ago. It seemed so forlorn and yet so friendly that the firemen adopted it forthwith. They never boasted of Abie's beauty or pedigree, but they could say truthfully that it never missed a run and that the horses always seemed to go better when the dog was setting the pace and barking encouragement. Prince, the horse which knocked Abie down yesterday and indirectly caused the pet's death, feels so badly about it that it refuses to eat.

Bob, the dog of a Newport, Isle of Wight postman, who accompanies his master to the Newport railway station for the mails, has developed a fondness for traveling by train, alone and without a ticket, to Mill Hill, a suburb of Cowes. There he always detrains and waits for the next train back to Newport.

REMARKABLE DOG DEAD.

Probably one of the most distinguished dogs in all history is dead on Flag Island in Casco bay, near Commander Robert E. Peary's summer home on Eagle Island.

The canine was the last survivor of the deep-chested, powerfully muscled and courageous brutes that Peary selected as the best of all the hardy breed of the frozen north to take him and Matt Henson on the final dash to the pole.

Even more distinction also fal's to the lot of the half-wild creature, for he was with Peary when the explorer reached "Furthest North" three years ago.

The famine of two epoch-making dashes were easily endured by the dog, but he wasted away in a strange climate and a strange land.

The dog was Commander Peary's favorite. On the dash over the Greenland ice field on the "Furthest North" trip the Commander picked out the animal from all the others in the pack for the willing manner he buckled into the harness on the hardest spot when the lash was stinging his lagging companions into unwilling activity.

When others of the pack dropped in their tracks this animal was always willing for one final effort to carry out the Commander's determination for "one more mile."

So when Commander Peary was gathering together the best that the Arctic Circle could give him

for his final dash, he picked, among the very first the dog who had never faltered and whose courage was distinguished above all others.

Over broken ice fields that netted distances that amazed the world this splendid dog led the way without shrinking, and was the only animal that came back in good condition. The others had succumbed to the hardships or had been killed for food or had been so weakened that they were unable to survive long after their return home.

THIS DOG CAN COUNT HOURS

Beverly, N. J.—Promptly at 4:30 o'clock every morning John Paesner, a farmer, arises and begins his day's work. He does not bother about alarm clocks any more, for he places more reliance in his hound dog Spot, who sleeps outdoors and who a few minutes before 4:30 begins an unearthly howl.

Paesner knows from experience it is useless to try to prolong his sleep, for the dog's yelps will not cease until his master comes down to him.

Paesner gives a simple explanation of how the dog became such a reliable alarm. When he used the clock the first thing he would do after getting up would be to see if Spot was all right and throw him a piece of meat. The dog now looks for his breakfast at that hour, and for three months has not varied five minutes in time.

CLEVER POLICE DOGS

One of the smartest police constables in Wales has four feet. He answers to the name of Wallace, and people who did not know better would mistake him for an ordinary dog.

Wallace belongs to Albert Savage of the Glamorganshire constabulary, who has trained him for police duty.

"He works the backs of houses while his master works the fronts, and vice versa," says the Police Review and Parade Gossip. "He never misses a man if there is one about, and his warning bark soon makes known to his master the presence of tramps or suspicious looking characters loitering in the farm-yards."

THE COLLIE AT THE GATE.

Been a busy day—but you wait, wait, wait:
Faces at the window and the collie at the gate—
The fine, sweet, true friend
Down at the day's end;
The grand, good fellow with the true, true eyes,
That you know will never cheat you and will never tell you lies.

Collie's at the gate and the little children throng,
Got a touch of headache—but it won't last long.
Waiting for your footstep,
Knowing well its hep-hep—
The grave, wise fellow with the shaggy, silken coat,
And little arms of children in a necklace for your throat!

Business topsy-turvy and the worry mighty great—
Sweethearts in the roses and the collie at the gate:
Listening with his ears up,
Eyes a human tear's cup—
Such a friend you honor with your whole heart's trust,
Waiting in the twilight for your step across the dust!

Noisy, roaring world this, toiling soon and late—
But you know at home there's collie at the gate!
Nearly wags his tail off—
Every man his hat doff,
Not to gold and jewels and the triumph and the gain,
But the noble, faithful collie at the gate in sun or rain!

SAGACIOUS DOG SAVES LIFE

Dublin.—Sunderland Malone, the author, owes his life to his little dog, who went for help when he saw his master drowning a few days ago near Mullingar.

Mr. Malone went to Mullingar to pass a day with his brother.

Accompanied only by his little fox terrier, he went to bathe in Lake Belvidere. His legs became entangled in some weeds and in his efforts to save himself he was seized with a cramp.

A woman artist was drawing some distance away. The little dog ran to her, barked violently and began to pull at her dress. She followed the animal and came to the aid of Mr. Malone, who had lost consciousness in the water. The girl went into the water and kept his head above the surface until, his brother coming to seek him, both were rescued.

DOG A SUCCESSFUL GUIDE

Six miles south of Dinard (Ille-et-Vilaine), on passing through the village of Pleurtuit and descending into the deep valley of Fremur, the visitor finds the Crochais ponds, a widening of the river in a romantic spot between wooded slopes whose dark verdure is reflected in the somber waters. The whole valley being private property, dependent upon the neighboring Castle of Crochais, which dominates the hills, would-be visitors are directed to apply at the mill, whose great wheel is turned by the waters of the first pond. The miller pockets his gratuity, points out the intricate path that must be followed, then calls "Bernard" and, indicating the visitors, tells Bernard to go with them. Bernard is the dog that acts as guide in order to save the miller the journey and explanations.

The dog trots quietly along in front of those intrusted to his care and if they take a by-path he stops and waits till they rejoin to him. It is easy to understand him. The walk is about a mile as far as the second pond, where it terminates. Bernard goes no further. If one tries to continue it is at his own risk and peril. Bernard will not budge from the spot, but squats down or carries on a flirtation at the second mill till one returns. As soon as he sees the visitor returning Bernard runs along the path back to the first pond and without repassing the mill where the visitor was committed to his charge he conducts him directly to the road for Pleurtuit. Then, when he sees the visitor set off on foot or in a carriage he turns his back and trots off home, and no amount of persuasion will induce him to accompany any one farther on the road.

DOG THAT CARRIES MAIL

Of all the mail carriers that Uncle Sam has in this big country none is more novel than a dog out in Dayton, Kansas, whose duty it is to meet a passenger train twice daily and take the heavy mail sack to his master's store.

According to the Baltimore Herald, when the sharp whistle of the train is heard, "Nep", a big St. Bernard, gives an excited bark and hurries to the crossing. The mail clerk kicks the leader bag out of the car door and it falls somewhere in the vicinity of the road. Nep at once goes to the sack, and, carefully taking it by the middle, so that neither end will drag on the ground, walks sedately to the store, where he lays the sack down behind the counter by the side of the wooden letter-case, into which the mail is soon distributed.

Day after day he performs this task, rain or shine. The mail clerk watches for him, and the people of the community are as proud of him as they would be of a bright child.

Nep is four years old, but is two feet seven inches in height, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. He has no difficulty in carrying the sack, though the mail is often very heavy with the weekly papers from the county seat, for his teeth are strong and he has carried over one hundred pounds as a test of his strength.

He seems likely to perform the semi-official task for many years to come, and the people of his community think that he is entitled to a salary for his services.

The train men do not forget to throw off something nice for him to eat on holidays, but, even though the gift is a toothsome bit of game or other meat, he never touches it until the mail of Uncle Sam is safe in the post-office.

MEAT FOR HIM

(New York American.)

First Dog—There's a young man calling on Miss Grace this evening, and he seems real nice.

Second Dog—Yes; I heard her say he was nice enough to eat. That's what I'm waiting for.

A DOG'S MEMORY.

A story illustrating how a dog may remember ill treatment as well as kindness, is told by a New England lady. One day a young lady boarded a car on the suburbs of a large city. It was an open car, and as she took her seat a large, good-natured looking bulldog sprang into the seat from the other side of the car. The young lady told her pet that he must get off, as he could not accompany her. But the car had started, so the dog remained aboard, apparently very much contended at the prospects of a trolley ride with his beloved mistress.

Just then the conductor came around for the fares and the young lady asked him if he would kindly put her dog off of the car. Without signalling for the car to stop, and while it was running at full speed, the conductor seized the poor dog by the collar and hurled him out of the trolley and into the street. The poor animal landed upon the hard pavement, and for a moment was stunned.

Not long after the occurrence, the man one day was walking up and down outside of a candy store, which happened to be in the neighborhood of the bull dog's home. The man was waiting for his little daughter to come out of the store. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a bull dog sprang upon him, It was the dog that he had thrown so brutally from the car. At this juncture the little girl came out of the store.

"Oh, papa, papa, is he hurting you?" she cried in dismay. Instantly the dog released his hold upon the man and slunk away, looking at the little girl with eyes that seemed to say, "He is a brute, but I cannot hurt him because you love him."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ON THE DOG

Joseph Jefferson had a favorite story concerning a small boy whose cherished bulldog got into frequent fights. After one such encounter troubled Jimmy sought the aid of the late family physician.

"Why, yes, I can fix your dog up," said this gentleman, kindly, "but I thought your family had accepted Christian Science. Why don't you try one of your own healers? Don't you think they could cure him?"

"Yes, sir," hesitated the lad, nervously stepping from one foot to another, "we have, an' they could, an' would only—only I'm afraid they'll take all the fight out of him, that's all."

THE LOST PUP

He was lost!—not a shade of a doubt of that,
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,
With a drooping ear and a trembling paw
And a mournful look in his pleading eye
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by,

That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,
"O, mister! please, may I follow you?"
A lorn, wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh, the saddest sight except that of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Bute—who is here no more.)
So I whistled clear, and he tottered up,
And who so glad as that small lost pup?
Now he shares my board and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.

Then if things go wrong as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his rights to assuage my woes
With a warm, red tongue and a nice cold nose
And a silky head on my arm or knee
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about
He's full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three-months' colt,
And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair,
Is a gay little pup with his tail in air!
—James Clarence Harvey, in Fruitman's Guide.

Men and Dogs.

The cynical phrase: "The more I see of men the better I like dogs," is not Whitman's, but Mark Twain's "Pudd'n' Head Wilson". I am sorry that I can not refer to the chapter, as it is some time since time permitted me to "browse" in Twain. I hope that this will be of interest to the inquiring correspondent.

DOG HUNTS UP BOY'S GRAVE

How little Carlo, a brown and white spotted dog, found the grave of his dead young master, Stanley Green, a Lebanon (Pa.) lad of 13, a mile from Stanley's uncle's home here, nobody can guess.

Stanley, long an unseparable companion of his pet Carlo, died a few weeks ago, and the devoted dog was permitted to follow the coffin to the uncle's Reading home, but not to the cemetery.

For days the little dog disappeared for a day or two at a time, and finally the keeper of the cemetery discovered him lying on Stanley's grave.

Friends were notified and the dog was taken home; but every day he returns to keep watch over the mound, and is half famished from his long and faithful vigil.

BOY'S DOG GUARDS HIS MASTER'S GRAVE

Reading, Pa., Oct. 23.—Stanley Green, 13 years old, died here several days ago and was buried at a local cemetery. His brown dog lay under his bed during his illness, and under his coffin before he was buried.

A day after the funeral the animal disappeared, and today was found crouching upon his former master's grave in a half famished condition.

ROSE SANDBERG'S SEA VOYAGE

Rose Sandberg is an only dog, and likes having her own way as much as spoiled children do.

When her mistress says, "Rose, sneeze!" Rose wrinkles up her little black nose, nods her head and says, "cha-chee!"

But when her mistress says, "Rose, say ma-ma!" then Rose barks and shivers and begs to be let off, for it is a hard thing for a dog to do. But the mistress knows her little dog can say "ma-ma", plainly, if she tries, and she says, "No, Rose, better, say ma-ma ma-ma!" Rose stops whining, tries again, opens her mouth and says "ma-ma" so plainly that any one can understand, and then she gets a lump of sugar and is called "good dog".

And Rose does other tricks too, dancing, fetching things, giving paw and jumping, for love of her mistress and sugar.

But this little dog used to be cold and distant with strangers. She would do no tricks for them, even with lumps of sugar in view, and she was fussy about her own cushion, bones and basket, which she did not like to share with others—dogs, cats or people.

Rose is a fox terrier, with nice slim paws, a satiny white coat and black patches, with tan spots over her pretty brown eyes.

Her home used to be at Alingsas in Sweden, a sweet home with a play-garden near the river. The village children all knew her there, and would call "Rosey, dear Rosey", when she went for a swim in the river or for a walk with her mistress, carrying a little basket or an umbrella in her mouth.

One sad day came, when Rose's mistress went away, and Rose could not understand about it.

They went together with friends, in a little boat, to the side of a big ship and the mistress went on board the big ship and left Rose in the little boat, with the friends. Then the big ship sailed away with the dear mistress, and Rose could see her standing there waving her hand but going farther and farther away. Rose barked and barked and tried to jump into the water and swim after the big ship. But the friends held her fast, and rowed back to shore and home to Alingsas, and Rose was very unhappy for a long, long time.

One day they took her in the little boat again, and this time they carried her cushion, her basket, and a few bones, too. They rowed out to another big ship, and Rose's heart beat quick. She wagged and wagged, expecting to find her mistress on the big ship. But no mistress was to be seen.

Rose herself was now taken on board the big ship, with the basket and things, and the friends went back home in the little boat, without her.

There she was alone, on the great ship, among strangers. Poor Rose! The ship moved off; things began to rock about, there was a storm at sea and she was so wretched that she quite forgot her good manners and even growled and barked when any one spoke to her or brought her food!

For Rose was an only dog, and liked having her own way, and if she could not have her mistress, she thought she would not be nice to anyone.

Pretty soon the ship's cat, a friendly creature, came along, and Rose growled, showed her teeth, and would not be friends. Then the cat bristled up her back in a hump and fluffed her tail out very big, and scampered off

to the roof of the pilot-house, growling and spitting at Rose, while Rose growled and snarled at the cat, and it was miserable for everybody near the pilot-house.

After a time, Rose Sandberg seemed to say to herself, "I need not be a spoiled dog, even if I am an only dog, and I think I'll just be pleasant for awhile." And when they brought her food again she did not growl but offered her paw for "thank you", as she had been taught to do at home.

This pleased the sailors who had tried to be friends with the little cross lonely passenger, and the captain said she might have her chain off and go free on the ship.

And then Rose and the ship's cat made friends, and the cat may have told Rose that there were more rats on board than one person could manage, for Rose set to work helping puss about them. She was so busy watching that she could hardly stop to eat, and she managed to catch seven of the ship's little pests before the voyage ended.

This dutiful behavior pleased the captain so much that he had Rose's basket put into his own cabin, made Rose sit next him at dinner, and gave her bits of liver and things she liked from his own plate.

Pleasant and grateful always now, Rose did all her tricks for the captain, only she did not say "ma-ma", as he did not ask her and it was so hard to do.

After many days at sea, Rose began to sniff and sniff and knew it must be "land"; and when the ship, which had sailed all the way across the ocean from Sweden to New York, came into port, Rose sat on the roof of the pilot-house, with her ears cocked, beside her good shipmate the cat, feeling sure something great would happen. Her mistress, perhaps, would be there.

But not yet.

When the ship stopped sailing and dropped anchor, a strange voice greeted Rose, but she knew it was the voice of a friends, for it called her by a Swedish pet-name, "Lilla Kuyla", that no one but her mistress knew, and must have told.

So Rose was glad to have her chain on, and followed the lady across the crowded wharf to a carriage, when they put her basket, the blanket, the cushion, and a few bones—and drove away to the railroad station.

Here Rose was put into the baggage-car, alone, with all her things, the engine whistled and away they started—where to Rose did not know.

She had a long lonely day of

travel, but she slept a good deal and tried to be patient. Something must happen soon—that she could understand. And at last the conductor called out, "Stockbridge!" and the train stopped stock-still.

Rose picked up her ears to hear, and craned her neck to see out at the door—and who should be standing there by the platform waiting, but her very own dear Swedish mistress, whom she loved best of all in the world! The baggage-man loosened her chain, and she jumped straight out of the car into those kind arms, and cried and cried to make up for all the pain she had suffered to lose her mistress, and to tell all the joy she felt to find her again.

The people standing by asked the mistress, "How long is it since your little dog has seen you?"

"Seex mons," said the mistress, in broken English. "She has come all the way from Sweden alone to find me. She is my only dog and she can say 'ma-ma'. You shall hear her."—Olive Risley Seward in Children's Magazine.

A TRUE STORY

By Katharine Clark

How many of the readers of this story have ever owned a Newfoundland dog?

I know of no more faithful animal.

My youngest brother and the dog who is the hero of my story were born on the same day. For this reason, the little puppy was presented to my brother when both were a year old.

At that time my father lived in a very large, old fashioned house in a small Canadian town.

The place was originally settled by retired British officers who, having brought their families over from England, were living in and around the town, making a delightful social circle within so small a community.

The surrounding country was mostly farm land, the farmers cultivating the soil principally for pasturage, each man owing many head of cattle and number of sheep.

Constant complaints were being made by these farmers that the dogs of the town were worrying their cattle, but little attention was given to their complaints until, one day, a farmer whom my father held in high esteem came

to tell him, that our "Rover", who had now grown from a puppy to a very large, beautiful animal, had killed several of his sheep.

Sorry as my father was to hear this, he did not for one moment believe that Rover was really the culprit.

After some conversation with the farmer, the matter was settled by my father paying him the value of the sheep that had been killed, and promising to keep a strict watch over Rover's movements.

My brother and I were very indignant when told of the accusation; for, loving our dog as we did, we felt him to be quite incapable of such a deed.

The trouble was soon forgotten, however; and in our rambles through the woods the dog was always with us. Indeed, we were almost never seen abroad without him. My father always had a feeling of safety when Rover went along, especially as the shore of the Otonbee river, which flowed by the lower part of our large garden, was our favorite playground.

Rover was a splendid swimmer, and had any accident befallen either my brother or myself, he would have proved himself quite as useful as any human being.

One of the peculiarities may be worth recording, although it has really nothing to do with my story. On every week-day, as soon as we appeared on the veranda, Rover was always in readiness to accompany us on whatever jaunt we had in mind for that day; but on Sunday he seemed to realize that our walk to church did not include him, and so he remained dozing throughout the entire morning.

One day, as we were returning from one of our rambles, we saw our father coming toward us, looking very solemn; and to our great amazement we heard that Rover was again in disgrace.

This time the farmer would not be reconciled with payment. He demanded that the dog should be killed or sent away.

Our sorrow knew no bounds, for we realized that we and our pet must be parted.

It was suggested that Rover should be sent away for the summer months only, and that as soon as the sheep were housed in their winter quarters he might return to us.

The plan was to lend him to a lumberman living about twenty miles from our home, who, having a large family, would be more than pleased to accept the dog as a household guardian while he was away cutting timber in the forest.

We knew this lumberman would be a good master, and that Rover would be well taken care of, and that if we persisted in keeping him with us, he might eventually lose his life; for the law allowed that any animal doing an injury to property might be put to death.

So one day two sorrowful children said good-bye to their beloved companion.

Rover was tied behind the stage that passed our house twice a week, and the stage driver promised to be good to him and to leave him at the home of his new master the next morning.

All that day and the two days following we wandered about, feeling very lonely. Everything seemed dreary without our companion.

On the evening of the third day after Rover's departure we were just saying good-night when, suddenly a bark and a scratch at the front door brought a loud exclamation from us both—for whose bark was that if not Rover's!

Yes, there he was, our beautiful dog! Twenty miles he had traveled to reach his old home and friends.

What a happy reunion it was! Such bones as we begged of the cook! No dog fared better than did our Rover that night.

My father said nothing, although at the time we did not notice his silence; and little we dreamed how short-lived our happiness was to be.

Early next morning we were up and planning all sorts of fun. Rover, in spite of his long run of the day before, seemed ready for everything.

I think it was late in the afternoon of the same day, as we were returning from the boathouse, where Rover, my brother, and I had been playing, that we heard my father calling the dog.

Off Rover bounded in answer to the call; and as we neared the gate we saw a man, seated in a carriage, in deep conversation with my father.

Then it dawned upon us what it all meant. Again Rover must go!

My father got into the carriage, and off he and the man started, Rover running under the wheels in obedience to my father's whistle.

Oh, how we cried as we watched the carriage disappearing in the distance! We felt the world to be a sad place indeed.

The days came and went, however, and gradually we grew reconciled to our loss—perhaps my brother and I became greater chums, having no third companion to share our fun. At all events, we began to think less

about Rover and to enter into everything with the usual happiness of childhood.

On Sunday morning, about ten days later, my brother, who, after we returned from morning service, had been sitting quiet and in a listening attitude for some minutes, suddenly disappeared, and presently we heard him calling us from the garden to come quickly.

What could it be? we wondered, as again he called to us. Through the large French windows and down the garden path we hastened to a clump of trees from which, as we neared it, a faint moaning also was heard.

There we found my brother kneeling on the ground, and beside him, licking his hand, was our Rover!

Around the dog's neck was a strong iron chain, and to that chain was attached the heavy block to which he had been fastened. His coat was covered with burrs which stuck to his long, black hair, making him a pitiable object to behold. His poor back was cruelly scarred where the chain had rubbed away the hair, and his glossy black coat looked like a dusty covering.

So tired and weak was the dog that all he could do was to lick our hands instead of giving the joyous bark with which he was wont to welcome us.

It was nearly half an hour before we were able to remove the chain and heavy weight which he had dragged so far in his frantic efforts to reach his home and friends; and after giving him the food of which he was so sorely in need, and making him as comfortable as we could, we left him to rest.

The burrs had to be removed so gently that, knowing the poor dog had suffered so much already, we decided to wait until the following day before giving him further pain.

So in we went to talk over our dog's brave act with our parents.

We found our good father, quite overcome by the dog's faithfulness, waiting to tell us that Rover should not be sent away again.

The arrangement was that we were to try once more giving him his freedom, and if at any time he attacked the sheep, then he was to be chained at all hours when we were not able to be with him.

Perhaps Rover knew the reason of his punishment, or had learned his lesson through suffering; for, from that day until his death at the age of 14 years, we never heard another complaint about him.

And no wonder!

For, six months later, as my

brother and I were playing in the garden one morning, we saw walking toward us the farmer whom we had come to look upon as a personal enemy.

In one arm he carried a little lamb, and in his hand a queer-looking box, between the bars of which peered a pair of bright eyes.

The box contained a rabbit—a present for my brother, and the pet lamb was for me.

For a few moments my brother and I quite forgot our old-time resentment.

The farmer had come to effect a reconciliation.

In the first place, he wanted to tell us that at last the real culprit had been found; and, secondly, he wished to give us each a peace-offering, and to ask us to forgive his suspicions of Rover.

The dear old dog, as he watched us, did not appear to be at all surprised.

DOG FINDS A BABY GIRL IN A HALLWAY

New York, February 21.—If the mother who yesterday abandoned her baby girl in the hallway of the apartment building at No. 1765 Park avenue loved the child as much as does the finder, her heart must be very heavy today. But even the finder was not permitted to keep the blue-eyed little waif, although he was willing to give up all of his time to watch over her, for he was only Prince, a fox terrier, and the pet of the building.

The baby could not have been left in the hall long before Prince found her, for there was a bottle of warm milk on the floor beside the child when Mrs.Mary O'Shea, the janitress, hastened. to the hallway in answer to Prince's barks. When he saw Mrs. O'Shea Prince ran to a dim corner and whined. Mrs. O'Shea followed and found a blue silk bundle, from which came the cries of an infant. The baby was carried to the janitress' rooms, while Prince scampered about in the greatest excitement.

Then, while Mrs. O'Shea held the baby on her lap and untied the dainty bundle, Prince crouched at her feet and watched every movement.

The little stranger proved to be about three days old. She was dressed in a white slip and wore pink bootees. She was laid on a bed and Prince wagged his tail as he kept watch when Mrs. O'-Shea left the room. His joy was short lived, though, for Mrs. O'-Shea called up police headquar-

ters and soon there came policemen from the East 126th street station to carry away the baby. There was some rivalry as to which of the policemen should bear the tiny bundle, and the man who won carried his honors and his burden blushingly.

From the police station the baby was taken to the Bellevue hospital.

A woman of slight, girlish figure was noticed carrying a bundle into the apartment house late in the afternoon, but little attention was paid to her.

THE POWER OF THE DOG

There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women to fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—it's your own affair
But . . . you've given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how still!)
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear!

ONE TRUE AFFINITY

If there was ever a true affinity upon this old earth, it exists between a boy and a dog. The boy who does not just naturally love a dog is not normal—provided he has ever owned and associated with one. Nature has left something out of him which should be there. In these days of tabloid domestic economy, when families live in pigeonholes and city people almost forget what fields and woods look like, we have tried to eliminate the dog from his rightful place. His place is that of a faithful companion, vigilant guardian and chum who never has a grouch, never demands more than a bone and does not care whether his master is a prince or a pauper. We are trying to raise children without dogs. We are trying to cultivate in our boys and girls the virtues of love, patience, kindliness and humanity without giving them dogs.

In the grist of a good city's news the other day was the story of a boy ten years old who had a dog. This animal had no pride of pedigree, but that didn't make the least difference. The boy had some bad companions, and he played truant from school. In some way or other the boy's parents blamed the faithful dog. The boy was forced to give his pet to a neighbor and the boy's family moved far into another part of the city. The boy yearned for his dog. His little heart was broken and he cried day and night. One day this boy tied a few things into a package, took five dollars from his mother's dresser and went away, far back to where his dog was, and two days later he was found playing with his four-footed friend.

Then the officers and the parents did a surprising thing. They locked up this little boy and took away his dog. And they wondered what they were going to do with the boy. And again the boy cried and was inconcolable. The parole-officer said: "That boy is a proposition. When he has his dog he is a good boy, but he will not be separated. I expect that the dog will have to be returned to him."

The boy who will cling so tenaciously to his dog is not inherently bad. What possible harm can come from giving him back his chum? These must be strange parents who will deliberately deprive a child of ten years of his dearest treasure. The writer of this has deep sympathy for this bereaved youngster, for far back in the haze of his vanished youth

there was a dog that he loved better even than the school teacher. That dog was ever at his heels and shared in all his boyhood joys and sorrows. If there is something that corresponds to a woodshed in heaven, we hope that that faithful old tail is still wagging lustily. Out of wearying responsibilities, grinding duties and the turmoil of manhood estate we take time to raise our voice against that unkind conspiracy which is trying to rob this ten-year-old boy of his dog.

A passenger on a steamer on the Mississippi river had a dog whose stupidity became the subject of general remark. In vindication of his worthless cur the owner offered to bet that he could tell his dog three things in succession and the dog would do exactly as he was told. When the bet was completed the cunning owner grabbed the dog and threw him into the river, calling out as the dog struck the water: "Swim, Major, swim." The dog headed for the shore; and, as he drew near the shallow water, was told: "Wade, Major, wade." When the dog crawled from the water he was told: "Shake yourself, Major, shake yourself."

DOG MUST BE REAL GENTLEMAN TO LIVE

A Dog's Privileges and Restrictions.

Here are some of the things a dog may do:

He may bark on his own premises, even at night.

He may chase little snowbirds and gambol all day long.

He may sit up in the corner and beg for a chunk of meat.

He may do any other cute little thing, so long as he behaves himself, but—

Here are some of the things he may not do:

He may not bark at night and disturb the neighbors, without running the risk of being shot if he trespasses.

He may not stand on a street car track and expect damages if he gets killed.

He may not froth at the mouth without risking death at the hands of anyone who wants to shoot him.

He may not bite at pedestrians' heels without the same risk.

He may not go on the street without a license.

He may not go without a muzzle, if the mayor or the board of health orders him to be muzzled.

Every dog has his day, and this is the dog's day in court.

Recently Justice Jaggard wrote a supreme court decision holding that the owner of a dog killed by a street car is not entitled to demages, because the dog is presumed to have sense enough to get off the track when he sees the car coming. Yesterday Judge Hugo O. Hanft decided in municipal court that a policeman has a right to shoot a dog, whether that dog be mad or not, whether he has bitten anyone or not, provided the policeman believes the dog to be mad.

As a matter of fact, man's best friend, who roams in such wildness in Constantinople, has mighty few privileges in St. Paul. Judge Hanft talked about the dog this morning, anent his decision.

"My memorandum on the dog decision," he said, "was of course too long for newspaper space, and a mere statement of the decision itself may not be fully explanatory to the lay mind. I went into the question thoroughly, hunting up many authorities, because I realize the widespread love of man for his dog and the deep interest involved in all dog litigations. The facts in this case were that the dog, an unlicensed animal, had been complained of; that the policeman had been sent to shoot him if the dog was found to be mad; that the policeman entered the yard intending to ring the bell and see the dog's owner; that the dog intercepted and snapped at him, foaming at the mouth, and that the policeman, believing the dog to be mad or vicious, shot him. And in this he was fully justified."

In his formal memorandum on the dog case Judge Hanft said, among other things:

"The dog, the faithful companion of man from the earliest times, has been the theme of the poets' song and the hero of many daring and noble deeds on the one hand, and an almost universal outcast and object of contempt on the other; in some instances of a fabulous value, in others being, if anything, less than worthless."

Judge Hanft noted that a dog is recognized as property insofar as his owner may recover damages for wrongfully killing him, but he is base property, subject at all times to such regulations as are necessary for the preservation of community safety and peace. "While a dog is not, per se, a nuisance, one with certain habits and propensities, such as flying at persons and teams on the public street, is a nuisance of the worst kind, which it is clearly the duty of the police to suppress."

There are certain rights of

human beings," said Judge Hanft, "which even dogs are bound to respect. If a dog shows a vicious intention of biting a human being, that human being has a right to kill the dog without waiting for him to bite."

"But in the case of human beings," was suggested, "in Minnesota a threatening attitude is not justification for the killing of a man."

"That's true," said Judge Hanft, "but dogs are not judged on the basis of human beings—not by a long shot. In running over authorities and decisions in other states—we have few decisions in this state—I found some striking examples of just how far a dog may go and just what a policeman's duty is. In the New York police board case a policeman had been ordered to shoot or bring in a dog believed to be mad or vicious, but when he found that the dog belonged to a person of influence he returned without the dog or his death certificate. He was discharged and on suit for instatement the supreme court decided that his dismissal was justified by his failure to obey orders. I think the policeman's duty in such a case is very plain.

"Referring to the case recently decided, the decision being written by Justice Jaggard, in which it was held that a dog must get out of the way of a street car, there was another decision two years ago. Two dogs were fighting on the street car track and the motorman deliberately ran into them. Their attention was all on their fight and they had no chance of escape. Decision was against the company and damages were assessed. Immediately every man who owned a dog that was killed by a street car took advantage of this decision, but in the recent case it was plainly shown that the dog was on the track with no fight on his mind or other diverting influence, and he should have gone right away from there. When he failed to do so, he virtually committed suicide. The owner was not entitled to damages."

All dogs are required to be licensed, and any dog running at large without license is liable to be shot at any time. And if the Mayor or board of health shall order dogs to be muzzled, that is an emergency condition which the dog's owner ignores at his peril. Taken all in all, a dog, to be happy and prosperous in St. Paul, must be very much on his good behavior.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION'S OPINION OF A DOG

Lord Byron having tried the world and found it filled with lying, vanity and deception, entertained a low idea of human nature and exalted the character of the dog. Burns saw in the dog not only a professor of human morality, but even a professor of religious morality, preaching by example.

"Man," said he, "is the dog's god. The animal knows no other and can conceive no other. See how he worships, how he crouches at his feet, how lovingly he caresses him, how humbly he regards him, how joyfully he obeys. His whole soul centres about his god; all his powers, all the faculties of his nature are employed in his service."

No matter how we look at the intellectual faculties of the dog, we are compelled to admit that they approach very nearly the powers of man, and that in certain cases, where affection, courage and fidelity are required these characteristics are more marked in the dog than in some men.

What shall be said of a dog, who had his leg set by a surgeon, and who brought to that same physician any other dog that he found suffering? Yet there are many well authenticated instances of such action.

The most striking illustrations of the spiritual attachment of dogs lie in the numerous instances of their dying for sorrow. One of the most interesting of these is reported by M. Henri Giraud, President of the Civil Court at Niort. He reports the case of a dog that died of grief for his dead master, as he knew by personal knowledge.

Another authentic case is that of the dog named Finot, which belonged to a young artist named Charles Brencard. The artist was poor, and the dog sought his food in the neighorhood, but awaited his master's return home each evening at 7 o'clock.

One night his master was seized with pleurisy and taken to the hospital, where he died two days later. Finot had followed his master to the door of the hospital, but stopped there. He waited in the street all night. He waited for five days and nights in front of the hospital, eating nothing and drinking in the gutter.

On the sixth day Finot was found stretched out dead on the pavement, perished from cold and hunger. Has there ever been reported a case of greater devotion on the part of a human being?

But dogs have even gone so far as to commit suicide, plainly from a sense of disgrace, sometimes un-

merited. We have the case of a dog that threw itself into the canal at St. Martin, Paris, and did not try to swim, because its master had punished it. In 1908, not far from the observatory in Paris, a dog was seen to deliberately run in front of an omnibus and throw itself beneath the wheels —its mistress had died. Here was evidently not only despair, but deliberate premeditation and determination to end all.

I wish, however, to call the attention of my readers especially to the dog's power of smell. This seems to be its dominating sense. In man vision is the leading sense, for most of our sciences are based upon optical observation. Even our passions are largely controlled by this sense, love especially.

If the dog had the power of classification it would give the first place to the sense of smell. The dog does not know its master, its friend or its enemy by sight, but by smell. The dog possesses faculties of which we have little notion. A dog brought from Paris to London returns home, we know not how.

But that the dog is possessed of a high order of intelligence, that it loves and hates, that it is devoted in a highly affectionate degree, is past dispute. We must reject as altogether inadequate the statement of Descartes that it is all automatic. It is certain that in this world of ours there are many human beings far more brutal, coarse, more wicked and less intelligent than many dogs.

THE KID AND THE LITTLE BROWN PUP

A kid was standing on the street corner out in the neighborhood where furnished rooms for light housekeeping are in the majority. He leaned with one shoulder against a fence and swayed the other to and fro, the while kicking carelessly at the sod beneath him. Sunshine was beating upon the pavements and a lazy fall wind raised autumn dust which trailed in clouds down the street.

After a time a little dark brown pup came trotting with an intent air down the sidewalk. A short rope was dragging at his neck. Occasionally he trod upon the end of it and stumbled. He stopped opposite the kid and the two regarded each other shyly. Presently the pup made a little advance with his tail. The kid put out his hand and called to him. In an apologetic manner the dog came close and the two had an interchange of friendly pattings and waggles. The dog be-

came more enthusiastic with each moment of the interview, until with his gleeful caperings he threatened to overturn the child. Whereupon the latter struck the dog a blow on the head.

This thing seemed to overpower and astonish the little dark brown dog, and wounded him to the heart. When the blow was repeated, together with an admonition in childish sentences, he turned over on his back and held his paws in a peculiar manner. At the same time with his eyes and ears offered a small doggish prayer to the child. He looked so comical that the child was greatly amused and gave him little taps to keep him in the position of supplication. But the little dark brown dog took this chastisement in the most serious way, and no doubt considered that he had committed some grave crime, for he wriggled contritely and showed repentance in every way in his power.

At last the child grew weary of this amusement and turned toward home. The dog lay upon his back and turned his eyes upon the retreating kid. Then the kid turned and beat his pursuer with a small stick he had found and the dog lay down and prayed his doggish prayer until the child had finished. Then he scrambled up and took up the pursuit again. When the child reached his door step he turned and was confronted by a very guilty looking dark brown dog, one that forgot the rope around his neck and tripped upon it. The child sat down on the step and suddnely saw in him a valuable thing. He made a swift, avaricious charge and seized the rope.

He dragged his captive into a dark hall and up a long stairway. The very energy of the captor frightened the prisoner and he made protest but the child at last handed the brown dog across the threshold of the back room on the third floor, where he and his parent and other elders mainly congregated from the three rooms in the dingy suite. No one was in. The child sat on the floor and made overtures to the dog. In an instant they were firm and abiding comrades. But when the child's family appeared they made a great row. Scorn was leveled at the dog from all sides so that he became much embarrassed and dropped like a scorched plant. But the child went sturdily to the center of the floor and was championing his new friend at the top of his voice when the father of the family came in from work.

A family council was held. Upon the end of this depended the dog's fate, but he in no way

heeded, being busily engaged in chewing at the end of the child's dress. The father was in a particulary savage mood that evening, and when he found that it would amaze and anger everybody if it were decided that the dog should remain, he promptly decreed that it should be so. The child and the little brown dog from then on were associated together at all times save when the child slept. If the grown folks kicked at the dog and threw things at him the child made loud and violent objections until they were glad to let him alone. And the dog grew very skillful in avoiding missiles and feet.

Sometimes the child himself used to beat the dog. The latter always accepted these thrashings meekly and with an air of admitted guilt. He forgave his friend the moment the beating finished and was ready to caress the child's hand with his little red tongue. When misfortunes came upon the child and his troubles overwhelmed him, he usually would crawl under the table and lay his head upon the dog's back. The dog never remembered his unjust beatings. The little animal did not achieve intimacy with other members of the family. He had no confidence in them and the fear he would show at their casual approach often exasperated them. But despite them the dog prospered. His devotion to the child grew until it was a sublime thing. Down in the mystic, hidden fields of his little dog soul bloomed flowers of love and fidelity and perfect faith.

One day the father of the family got uproariously drunk. He came home and held high carnival with the kitchen utensils, the furniture and his wife. He was in the midst of this recreation when the child, followed by the little brown dog came in. The head of the household gave a huge howl of joy and knocked the pup down with a coffee pot which he originally had intended to throw at his wife. The dog, yelping in supreme astonishment and fear, writhed to his feet and ran for cover as had the child at first sight of his father. The man's ponderous foot caught the dog and made him swerve as if caught in a tide. A second blow from the coffee pot laid the pup low on the floor. The child, like a knight, came valiantly forth and emitted a wail of protest.

The father paid no attention, but advanced with glee upon the dog. He was in a mood for having fun and it occurred to him that it would be ecstasy to throw the dog out of the window. So he reached down and, grasping the pup by a little leg, swung

him around two or three times hilariously about his head and then flung him through the window. The dark brown body crashed in a heap on the roof of a shed. From thence it rolled to the alleyway. The child in the room above gave a long, dirge-like cry and toddled hastily out of the door. It took him a long time to reach the alley, because he was a chubby, little thing and he had to go down stairs backward, holding all the time onto the step just above him.

When they came for him later, after the father had been quieted and put to bed, they found him on the ground beside the body of the dark brown dog.

DOG JOINES POLICE FORCE

Goshen, Ind., July 30.—Buster is a police dog. Buster walks his beat every night like a veteran and has a rare sense of his importance and a strong instinct for duty.

Buster is a big tan bulldog weighing sixty-one pounds and belonging to McMahon. That is, he did belong to John before he joined the force. Now he accompanies the night officers on their beats all night and seeks cool places during the day time.

Buster knows the police and will promptly resent any attack on the uniform. A drunken man put up a fight one night and Buster had the fellow on his back before an officer could move.

When the police search railroad yards or any district of the city at night, they slip Buster's muzzle and he does good scout duty.

FOX TERRIER SHOWS GRIEF

Grieving over the disappearance of her favorite poodle, Mrs. J. Frank McKinley is ill at her residence, 5430 Cornell avenue.

The dog, which disappeared last Tuesday, answers to the name of John McKinley, and ignores any other call. It is remarkably intelligent. It can dance, turn somersaults, and perform cakewalk. It is feared the little animal has been stolen or else killed by a street car.

A liberal reward has been advertised in The Tribune for the dog's return. Since the poodle disappeared its boon companion and lifelong friend, Duke, a fox terrier, has refused food and cannot be consoled.

BULL DOG KILLS MAN IN FIERCE BLOODY BATTLE

New York, Dec. 13.—The horrible story of a battle to the death between a man and a huge bulldog, in which the man was killed and left lying in a pool of his own blood, was told today at the Coroner's jury inquest into the death of Carl Limpert.

The dog that figured in the unique tragedy was the property of Limpert's sister, Mrs. Schuerman. It developed an intense hatred for Limpert and on several occasions attacked him savagely. Despite Limper's advice the woman refused to part with her pet.

Early yesterday when Limpert entered his sister's flat he found the dog in sole possession. Ferociously the brute flung himself upon the man and for nearly half an hour the combatants rolled about on the floor in a deadly struggle, Limpert being unable to reach the door.

Later in the day Limpert's dead body was found lying on the floor beside an overturned table. His throat was torn to shreds, and his head and shoulders lay in a fast-drying puddle of blood. The dog, his muzzle stained with a darkening red and his head and body bleeding from gashes received when he had been hurled against the furniture by his human antagonist, cowered in a corner.

SORROWS OF A DOG

Editor Tribune:—I am a dog. Ever since I can remember I have been owned by an old woman who spends all her time eating and drinking. Several times a week she goes to some other women and they pretend to be glad to see each other. They really don't love each other, for we dogs have a way of knowing that. They have some cards that they lay around on tables and do a lot of other foolish things. She always takes me with her wherever she goes, and they handle me and pet me and I like it. Sometimes I look out of the window of the house where the woman lives and see other dogs running and playing. I often wish I could live like other dogs, hunt for bones, chase cats, etc. I never in my life had the pleasure of hunting for bones. Whenever any boys and girls come on the lawn of her house she chases them. I would never chase any young dogs or dogs that are smaller than I, and I am only a dog. I don't like the city. The place for dogs is in the country. If people want to be kind to us they should not bring us into the city.

Poodle Dog.

DOG REMOVAL BY DYNAMITE

Weary of the presence and activity of a small dog with an ordinate affection for his master, John Pinto, a Bradenville (Pa.) miner, who understood how dynamite worked, conceived the idea of the dog's painless removal. Procuring a stick of the explosive, Pinto attached it to the dog's collar, lighted the fuse, waited till the crackling assured him it was well ignited, then with a parting injunction to the dog to "sitta down, nice-a da Fide," he took his heels.

But Fido did not "sitta down.' Instead he wagged his little tail, emitted a merry yelp and dashed after his fleeing master. Pinto, hearing the dog behind him, raced madly up the road, cursing in four Italian dialects in his terror.

Pinto made for a house and sought its shelter at top speed. As he reached the door faithful Fido was close at his heels.

With a yell of terror Pinto bunded across the threshold, slamming the door in the dog's face just as the explosion occurred. The windows were shattered, the door unhinged and a huge hole was torn in the ground but Pinto escaped injury.

After he had recovered a little of his breath and nerve and found that he was all together, Pinto sent out searching parties for Fido. Aside from a few shattered wags from the tail there was not enough left of the animal to make a showing at one small breakfast sausage. It had been easier for Fido than for Pinto.

—A. J. R.

NO FRIEND LIKE THE DOG

Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits? Seek him not; it would be a useless task. But take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you for his master you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you, but he will not abandon you to follow a king to his palace. Your friends may quit you in misfortune, but your dog will remain; he will die at your feet, or if you depart before him on the great voyage will accompany you to your last abode.—From "History of the Dog", Our Dumb Animals.

DENVER DOG BEATS HIS WAY FROM JERSEY BACK HOME

Fritz, a seven-year-old Irish setter, is the champion traveling dog. He has traveled alone and unaided from Atlantic City, N. J., to Denver, Colo., in three months. Three months is a record for any gnetleman of the road to be proud of.

Seven months ago Fritz belonged to Joseph Lerch. Because his neighbors admired the dog so much, Lerch gave him to them when they left Denver last April for Atlantic City.

Yesterday Fritz appeared in Denver to the great amazement of his former master and all who had known him before he was taken to the East.

Fritz, like other traveling "boys", does not use his legs exclusively to cover the distance, but unlike these roamers, he is not content to ride the tops or the rods or the blind baggage of railway trains. No dust and soot and cold for him. Oh, no. Only the inside of the best of passenger coaches will be put up with by this traveling gentleman dog.

"I am confident that Fritz rode the railroad trains all or the most of the way here," declared Lerch. "Ever since he was a pup he has been used to accompanying me on railroad as well as street cars. He always eludes the conductors."

RUFUS MADE A KILL

A shepherd dog answering to the name of "Rufus", owned by Mrs. Helen Duryea, put nine of the Wadsworth hounds in the shade Friday of last week.

Over in the town of Sparta is located a hunting lodge, maintained by the Genesee Valley Hunt Club. The Wadsworths, of Genesee, and their party numbering about half a dozen, were out fox hunting with nine of the best hounds from the pack. The hunters wandered over on East Hill in this town on the farm of Mrs. Helen Duryea and they were on track of a fox. The hounds, followed by the party on horseback ran over the Duryea farm, the fox being far in the lead of them all.

Finally "Rufus" heard the racket and took after the hunters, hounds and fox. With several leaps and bounds, "Rufus" shot ahead of the hounds caught and killed the fox and held possession of it until the arrival of the hounds and hunters. Upon the promise of $2, a boy living on the place, allowed the hunters to carry off the fox.

HIS LAST HUNT

"No, 'Duke', you can't go! You're too old! You can't keep up any more! Lie down now in the sun, and take a good rest while we're gone!"

The old dog looked entreatingly into the speaker's face, but he obeyed. He was not so old by five years as his master, who was still young and vigorous for the chase. Yet he must lie in the sun, now and wait—oh, so impatiently—for the young master's return from those hunts in which he had once been the life and leader. He dropped back upon the ground, and lay with his nose pointing to the hedge through which his master, with his college friend, and "Music", the new young dog, had passed, leaving Duke to doze and dream.

The sun was warm—it would be a glorious day in the woods, Duke thought. And then, for the first time, he noticed that there were woods just beyond the hedge—tall trees, with the sunlight sifting through them—and that the hedge itself was not as he had believed it, but taller and more open—a part of the forest, in fact. And from between the branches there stepped, just then, a man, young of face, and clothed all in green, like the forest.

"Up, Duke!" he cried, gaily; "up, old dog! The red deer runs to the north, and who so fit as you to follow! Haste, haste, brave fellow, for the hunt waits!"

Who had spoken of him as being old! Duke could not remember. The blood tingled and surged through his veins. As he bounded on ahead, he lifted up his voice in a deep joyous bay. Then, all at once, they were among a gay party—men of lively dress, on horses smartly caparisoned; other men, too, in the green dress of him who had called. And there were dogs. Duke had never seen them before, but they rallied about him and gave tongue to their new leader.

"Away! Away!" called the handsomest of the horsemen. "To the chase!"

Through the sun-bright morning woods—the scent of the red deer before, the baying of the pack and the shouts of the huntsmen behind! Slender branches leaned forward and tipped dew on him as he passed. A brown bird overhead whistled and called A rabbit sprang out before, leaping wildly for a little way, and then disappeared in the bushes unheeded. Bright, startled eyes from everywhere amid the branches looked down as the old dog passed—the old dog that had become the new dog; and far ahead the red deer running to the

north, heard the bay of the leader of the pack coming nearer and nearer, and into his eyes came fear, and into his feet came an added swiftness that stretched his length yet closer and still closer to the ground, in a wild and frantic race for life.

The sun crept higher up the trees. The forest thinned into a wide open. The antler of the red deer went tossing against the sky. The rest of the pack, the huntsmen—they were far behind and forgotten. Duke was alone—alone on the downs, with the red deer running to the north.

Old dog! Had anybody ever called him that? He had dreamed it, surely. Old dog, indeed.

The sun is just overhead now, and dazzles on the sand dunes. Perhaps it blinds the red deer, for on a mound he halts an instant and, turning, snuffs the wind. For a moment he makes a brave figure against the blue, and then is off again, wildly and with long, reckless leaps. The distance between him and his pursuer is growing shorter, and he knows it. The muscles in his little limbs are stretched and strained and failing. And behind him comes, and still comes, the old dog—the old dog that is the new dog—eager, tireless, and swift as the winds of March.

The sun slips down the sky. There is no longer even the voice of the following pack. They are alone in the world, it would seem, Duke and the red deer running to the north. They have crossed a river—they have climbed a hill—they have plunged through brush and brake—they have leaped a wall, and always the red deer is nearer and nearer flagging in strength, and always Duke is fresher and swifter and surer of his prey. And now there is a place of tall grass where the deer, perhaps, hoped the old dog could not follow. Old dog? Ha! With long, leaping bounds he skims the waving green on the wings of youth. But it is too late. He is fagged and done, and the "old dog" drags him down.

The sun is now in the sky. The weary pack and the shouting, bedecked horsemen come up, and the men in Lincoln green. And there, amid the grass, is Duke, guarding his fallen prey. How they rally about him! How the handsomest horseman of all goes down beside him to praise and to caress! How they cheer and throw up their hats for the hero who had followed the great red upland deer to the north, and dragged him down alone. Through the darkening woods, bearing trophy homeward, they go, shouting and laughing and praising, until at last they reach a wide

court and a great, brown fire-lit hall, where the feast is waiting. And now others—and these are fine ladies—come out to welcome the huntsmen, and then to join them in praises and caresses and cheers for the old dog. Old dog? Old—?

"Duke! hey, Duke! See what we've brought home!"

It was his master's voice, and Duke started. The lights of the great hall, the green huntsmen, and gay ladies swept together, and became a pleasant hedge from which the sunlight was falling. A deep shadow had crept out from it and lay all about him. Looking down at him was the smiling face of his master, and in his hand swung three rabbits. Duke regarded him confusedly for a moment, and then gradually his look became one of solemn indifference. Rabbits! Showing rabbits! To him!

"I don't know what has got into Duke," he heard his master saying one morning, a week later. "He never wants to go with us any more, but just walks away with a superior air when he sees us getting the guns ready."

"Perhaps he's getting too old."

Duke scornfully walked over to the hedge, sniffing.

Old! Old! Yes, he was too old, indeed, for the sport of rabbit chasing—he who had seen real hunting at last, and followed and dragged down alone the great, red upland deer!

OLD ROVE

Ida A. Graves

They were seated round the fireplace, on a rainy afternoon,
Talking of the hunting season that was coming soon,
When the door was opened softly, and a well known form appeared.
'Twas the Captain, so they called him; one that all of them revered.

He was given warmest greeting, for they loved this hunter well
For his quiet, kindly manner and the stories he could tell;
But this evening he was silent when they pressed him for a tale,
And the more observing 'mong them noticed that his face was pale.

Then one ventured the suggestion that "Perhaps his traps was stole,"
And another, "Had some loafer swiped his new cane fishing pole?"
Or had some one " 'bused his Rover, run him off to hunt awhile?"
Thus the jokes and lively banter, but the hunter did not smile.

They regretted soon their jesting, for he raised his head and spoke;
And they saw 'twas with an effort, for his voice was strained, and broke.
"Boys," he sadly said, "I've shot him! Shot my good, old, faithful Rove!"
Now his tears were softly falling, though to check them hard he strove.

"And I tell you, boys, I shook so I could hardly hold my gun,
For to shoot my faithful Rover was the hardest work I've done.
"I have had Rove since a puppy, and I knew what he would do;
He has been my staunch companion, ever trusty, fond and true.

"In the stormiest winter weather, though he might be tired and lame,
He has never once deserted; he was always just the same.
"Never in the years I've had him has he left and gone home first;
Often have we lunched together, at the same stream quenched our thirst.

"But at last age crept upon him, and he grew dull, stiff, and lame;
And though I still took him hunting, he could scarcely see the game;
"So I thought 'twere surely better that his sufferings should cease,
And that from his growing weakness he should find a quick release.

"Tears? Ah, yes! I couldn't stay them, for I felt a crushing grief;
Though when he was dead—poor Rover—I could only feel relief.
"And I wonder when the angels come, my spirit home to send,
If they'll find me as my dog was, faithful even to the end?"

RUSSIAN POLICE DOGS TESTED

Highly successful trials of police dogs have been made at Novaya Derevnya, a suburb of St. Petersburg. A training establishment for such dogs was started here a few months ago and the training of the animals has made wonderful progress in the short interval.

The trials were in the nature

of a competition open to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other towns. They were carried out in an extensive park placed at the disposal of the organizing committee by an enthusiastic amateur.

The tests included wall climbing, the fetching of heavy and clumsy objects, the tracking of persons, and the finding of articles dropped by them in the depths of a wood and the attacking of a thickly padded suppositious criminal, who hit at the dogs with a stick, fired revolvers, and did everything possible, but in vain, to drive them off. The first prize was won by Tref, a dog belonging to the Moscow prefect of police.

The St. Petersburg police dogs already demonstrated their value. During the last few weeks several robbers have been tracked through their instrumentality.

A DOG STORY

We brought from Scotland a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time." He seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.

DOG IS TRAINED TO STEAL SHOES

A dog thief was reported to the Pueblo police by a second-hand man, who claims that the animal has been making raids on goods exposed on the sidewalk. The police believe that the dog is a trained animal, and that he carries the stolen goods to the master, who remains in some convenient place near by. The dog has already got away with at least a dozen pairs of shoes, one pair of trousers and a raincoat. Although he was closely pursued when he took a raincoat from a chair, the dog succeeded in getting away, dragging the coat after him. His specialty seems to be coarse shoes, which are displayed along the street.

A TROLLEY MASCOT

"Prince" is said to be the only trolley dog in the United States. The emergency men of the Richmond Light and Railroad Company believe that Prince is the smartest trolley dog in existence.

Prince was picked up by Calvin O'Brien, stationed at the company's barns at Tompkinsville, Staten Island.

The horses of the outfit and Prince seem to feel that they are fellow workers. According to the doubtless veracious newspaper report from which we take this,—

"The two horses used in the emergency wagon of the trolley company are great friends of Prince. If O'Brien asks Prince where is Paddy and Kitty, he will immediately jump off the car, run over to the stable door, stand upon his hind legs and remain in that position until the door is opened, when he will run into the stable, go over to Paddy, who will lower his head so that Prince can touch his snout with his paws, as if to say, 'All right. I am with you.'

"Kitty will do likewise. Kitty is a bay mare that was once the property of Thomas F. Ryan, the financier."

ONLY TINY DOG BUT IT CAN EAT

Consigned to one of New York's Fifth Avenue millionaires, a tiny dog, weighing three pounds and about six inches in height, over all, was the guest of the local office of the Wells-Fargo Express company yesterday. Just what kind of a dog this specimen may be is not known and it is a ticklish subject to mention to the express officials who, after some argument, tossed a coin and decided that it was a Japanese poodle or else a Siberian blood hound.

Along with the dog, which was shipped from San Francisco, came explicit instructions as to its care. Ordinary dog-biscuits apparently do not comprise the menu of this dog, while raw meat and a dozen other things, such as raw whiskey and candy are tabooed.

When the dog arrived it was hungry and did not hesitate to show it to the local manager. It proceeded to eat an old boot lying around loose but finding this diet unsatisfactory, went after a package marked "valuable". Now the instructions contain nothing about his dogship to eat packages marked that way, so that the manager determined to give it a

royal feed and proceeded to take it to one of the well known restaurants. The dog, with excellent table manners, which aroused the envy of some of the other customers, sat down at one of the tables and was preparing to give an order when the waiter objected so strenuosly that the manager, perforce, was obliged to take it away.

The problem finally was settled when a caterer was summoned and the dog sat down in the Wells-Fargo office to a meal consisting of one spring chicken, six baked potatoes, a pound of mashed potatoes, two piecse of mince pie, a hamburger steak, a dish full of boiled cabbage, a quart of milk and a few other delicacies in season.

Remembering the directions to see that nothing happened to the poodle, the agent carefully examined him and discovered that it had a badly damaged eye or perhaps the lack of one.

A careful search of the office failed to reveal the missing orbit.

DOG SAVES LIVES

Spokane, Wash., Feb., 26. — High beef prices did not prevent Jack, a shaggy shepherd dog, and the pet of a boarding house near Wallace, from having a big tenderloin steak for his supper tonight.

Jack saved three lives today in a snowslide, and therefore he can have anything he wants now.

The slide started near the Missoula copper mine just as the three people were sitting down to breakfast. They had no warning of its approach and before they realized what was happening they were being swept along inside the house down a hillside.

The dog was outside and escaped the slide by a few feet. He ran barking after the house as it was swept away. After the house lodged and none emerged, Jack barked loud and long until neighbors came and rescued the snowbound boarders.

HIS GREAT LOSS

"Well, Garge," exclaimed the farmer as he greeted one of his laborers one New Year's day, "and 'ow did 'ee get on last yeear?"

"Aye, maister," was the reply, "it wur a bad yeear for I. I did lose my missus, I did lose my canary, and I did lose my dog. And it wur a good dog, too."

TINKER: THE STORY OF A DOG

By H. M. Vernon.

The little town of Laurent, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, in the southern part of the state of Illinois, boasts of only some six hundred inhabitants. Its chief and perhaps only reason for existence is the fact that a large grain "elevator" or store-house has been built there by the railway company, enabling the farmers of the district, which is one of America's wheat centres, to store their grain until the market warrants its shipment either to Chicago or some other large city. One of Chicago's largest banks, the South-Western, has established a small branch there, also for the convenience of the farmers. It is this bank—ably assisted by "Tinker"—which furnishes the material for the subjoined story.

Only on one day in each quarter is there any considerable amount of money in the Laurent bank's strong-box, that day being shipping day. For this reason, up to the time of my narrative, no great care had been taken to guard the bank premises. The staff, consisting of a manager and one assistant, were also local tradesmen, and the duty of watchman had been assigned to the chief of the local fire department, one John Kurtz, who, during the night, would give the bank building a casual look-over, and then return to the fire station. It so happened that Mr. Kurtz was the owner of a dog, a white Pomeranian, who was accredited with having more than the usual amount of "dog sense". "Tinker", as he was called, could count up to ten, discriminate colors, ring the fire-bell, open and close gates, and do many things quite beyond the powers of less clever animals. It was Tinker's proud privilege to accompany his master on his night-duty rounds, running off on his own occasionally to frighten a rabbit or two or to resuscitate a hidden bone.

During the autumn of last year the neighbouring farmers, after an unusually heavy harvest, had sold their corn and wheat, their money being deposited at the local bank for shipment the next day to Chicago. On this particular night Mr. Kurtz, after eating his evening meal at the fire station as usual, lit his pipe and strolled leisurely up the street to pay his midnight visit to the bank. On these "shipping days" it was his custom to visit the bank premises at least three times during the small hours. The first

inspection found everything quite in order. At two o'clock Kurtz, accompanied by Tinker, made his second journey, and this time there was a little excitement. The fireman had reached the end of Laurent's solitary street, and was returning on the opposite side, nearing the bank premises, when something happened. Suddenly two men jumped out from the dark recess of the local grocer's doorway and, presenting revolvers at Kurtz's head, demanded in a whisper that he should "hold up his hands". Kurtz taken completely by surprise, did so. At the same moment he was struck a violent blow from behind with a life-preserver, which rendered him practically helpless. In this condition he was carried to the bank building, the doors of which were opened in the most approved fashion by persons who not only knew their business, but apparently that of the bank as well. Here he was thrown into a corner under a desk, and his captors, of whom there were four, lost no time in getting to work on the strong-box. This was a Hall's safe, one of the few makes absolutely impervious to the "jemmy". The safe-breakers, however, scorned such antiquated methods, and proceeded to blow the safe open by means of electricity—a noiseless operation.

Kurtz meanwhile had somewhat recovered from the blow. He lay quiet until his strength returned and then, taking in the situation, he crawled slowly toward the door, which had been closed. Just as he was about to rise to his feet, however, one of the burglars saw him and dashed towards him with a curse. Kurtz, springing to his feet, reached out and grasped from a desk a ruler about half an inch thick and two feet long. With this he defended himself vigorously, being otherwise unarmed. He felled his first assailant, but the others were soon on him. They dared not fire their weapons for fear of rousing the neighborhood, and for some minutes the fireman-watchman gave an account of himself of which any man might be proud. The odds were too great, however, and Kurtz was nearing exhaustion when a loud barking outside arrested the attention of the criminals. Like a flash Kurtz saw a way of obtaining help. Fighting his way toward the door he called loudly, "Ring the bell, Tinker; ring the bell! Ring the bell, d'you hear?" The faithful dog, which had been on a rabbit hunt and so out of action until now, pricked up his ears; he had heard that command often. He had been taught to grip the rope which hung outside the fire sta-

tion and swing himself thereby until the bell resounded lustily.

Now hearing his master's order, he was away up the street like a flash, barking his loudest. Without stopping in his rush he jumped at the dangling rope, grasping it in his teeth. With a jerk of his body Tinker threw himself this way and that, the brass bell pealing out in the silent night like a cannonade. Promptly, hearing the strident notes, the firemen (volunteers) hurried from their houses. When they arrived Tinker leapt down, barking, furiously, ran a short way and then returned. This he did two or three times, finally tearing up the street toward the bank, with several of the men after him. Noting the dog's curious behaviour, and seeing that Kurtz was missing, they scented mischief.

Arrived at the bank the men found the door open and poor Kurtz lying in a pool of blood, with Tinker licking his face. The burglars, seeing that the game was up, had made a hurried flight, but not for long did they elude pursuit. A posse was at once organized, the surrounding country searched by mounted horsemen, and before six o'clock the miscreants had been captured.

Now the quiet country-folk certainly had something to talk about. The local "lock up" held four desperate bank burglars, John Kurtz lay dangerously wounded, city police were on the way to Laurent, and the bank officials from Chicago were also expected. One of these latter, Mr. Wilbur J. Liebling, heard the story of Kurtz and Tinker on his arrival and made a note of it. The village boys almost killed the dog with well-meant kindness, and a handsome collar was purchased for him by subscription among the admiring townspeople. The canine idol of the town, however, was destined to be the recipient of yet greater honours, for Mr. Liebling told the story of Tinker's action so well to the president of the South-Western Bank that a beautiful collar, heavily covered with gold and costing one hundred dollars, was publicly presented to him. That was not all, for the shareholders in the South-Western have deposited a state bond, producing a yearly interest of fifty dollars, in their bank to the credit of Tinker.

Mr. Kurtz fully recovered from his injuries and the burglars were sentenced to five years each in Joliet Penitentiary, one of them remarking in court at sight of Tinker, who was there with his master: "Curse that dog; it was him that put us away!"

The Laurent bank is now somewhat differently guarded.

DOG'S DUAL PERSONALITY

Is Dodo, owned by F. Deraemer of Spokane, a canine Jekyll and Hyde or has the animal a double, is a question with which Justice S. A. Mann is occupied when not passing sentence upon members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Dereamer, who lives with his family in a fashionable apartment house, was arrested a few days ago on the charge of harboring a vicious dog,. and at the hearing a score of witnesses testified as to Dodo's temperament. The evidence was of such a varied nature that Justice Mann continued the case for two weeks to make a thorough investigation. The owner declared that Dodo is of pleasant disposition, also presenting witnesses to prove an alibi for the dog, which was in court and impressed the presiding officer with its frank and kindly expression. O. W. Wein, the prosecuting witness, testified that his young son was bitten by the dog and there were witnesses to testify that Dodo is anything but gentle besides being a menace to the neighborhood. Justice Mann said he felt inclined to give the dog a chance and he has requested the police to shadow the animal during the next two weeks and report to the court.

THE "FOAM" ON FIDO'S LIPS

A crowd gathered at Tenth and Barton streets to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man.

The fox terrier stood in the center of the group, with wide-open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move.

At this juncture the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet-looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her, two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam," she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was eating."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

THE LOP-EARED 'BIJAH

By Holman Day.

There was no one in Sharon so piteously puzzled by that quarrel as old lop-eared 'Bijah; there was no other third party to whom it made as much difference as it did make in the case of 'Bijah. A dog, when he has grown old and his habits are set and his affections are engaged in a narrow circle into which no outsider can break, has little resource when his small world drops out from under him.

'Bijah had dwelt all his life with Miss Aura Anderson, whom Sharon women sometimes spoke of unkindly as "an old maid", in spite of the pretty pink of her cheeks. She did not deserve the title simply because the years had dusted just a bit of the pollen of Time above her brows! But a girl who has stayed at home because her invalid mother needed her has no reason to be troubled by the flouts of faded matrons. And it had been settled for a long time between Aura Anderson and David Ross that she would become a wife when Providence decided in its wisdom that she would no longer be needed as a nurse.

Courtships drag, sometimes, in the country. Country people are of more serene temperament, perhaps, than city lovers. Duty looms more largely in families where the family stands for so much as it does in the country. The folks of Sharon accepted the long engagement of David and Aura as proper under the circumstances, as they viewed other protracted engagements.

It was not deemed strange, either by neighbors or by the parties more nearly concerned, that a girl should consider herself unfitted for a wife so long as her mother required so much of her love and her time. And when at last Providence did intervene and Miss Aura was free, the folks of Sharon began to look complacently for an invitation to the wedding.

There's no telling just how much a dog understands regarding our human affairs—an old dog who has dwelt intimately, year after year, with mistress or master; a dog has eyes to see and ears to hear, but his mouth may not speak.

It would have been plain to anyone that 'Bijah understood that matters in the Anderson household were not as they had been. He had seen men with creaky shoes and sober faces carrying something long, black and

heavy out of the house. He had watched from the little closet under the stairs. There were many people in the house that day and he found refuge in the little closet.

That evening affairs in the house were much as usual, except that the wheel chair was not by the fire in the fore room and he saw nothing of the white-haired woman at whose feet he had curled and slept so many afternoons while the daughter read aloud.

David Ross was there as usual that evening—David Ross who owned the village store and who daily for years had given 'Bijah, the dog, meat scraps from the bench in the back shop, or a bone with plenty of shreds adhering. David Ross was there, as he had been on many evenings—but even the old dog understood that matters were not as they had been. In the old days there had been cozy chats and the old dog had sat resting his head on David's knee, regarding him admiringly and gratefully with one eye. The other eye was hidden under a lopped ear.

On this evening, however, it was no wonder that 'Bijah retreated to a corner and stared, a pitiful wrinkle between his shaggy brows. The trouble had not come at once. At first, all had been calm, though not as cozy as usual—calm with the hush of sadness over all. Their voices had grown sharper, and their eyes brighter bit by bit as they had talked. And so it grew into a quarrel. Their first quarrel, and at that time of all others!! It made of it a quarrel that stung and blistered and lasted.

People, like dogs, get set in their ways and do not realize that they are set until someone tries to move them. David had proposed to move Aura. For the first time in his life he had assumed the masterful airs of him who is at last so near to being husband that he can abandon the deprecatory ways of the friend—and love had been spread out over so many years between them that their courtship had been more friendship than passion.

"Of course, there are some things here that you will want to keep," David had said; "but only a few, I should judge. When you sell the house I should let most of the furniture go right along with it, for it's worth more standing here than it would be to auction it off."

"Sell it? Auction it? What are you talking about?"

"I should think you'd be foolish to hold this property and lease it to anyone," he demon-

strated, as though that were the only other alternative. "You won't be getting your money back, reckoning wear and tear and interest. People are not willing to pay decent rent in this village."

"Why, Dave Ross, you are coming right here into this house to live as soon as we get married. I wouldn't think of leaving my old home."

He grew angry before she realized that she had said anything to make him angry. One might have supposed that he had been awaiting this speech as a signal.

"Aura," he said, his voice breaking in sudden passion, "I'm not going to say anything about your ideas of duty. You've had your ideas, and I've kept quiet through all the years past and allowed you to have 'em. I might have said that you thought more of duty than you did of me, but I haven't that disposition to taunt. Like any other man that loves a woman, I've sometimes thought that you have been too contented having me wait for you. It doesn't flatter a man's love or his self-respect to have a woman settle all her other duties in life before she gets around to him. The Bible says something about a woman leaving all and cleaving to her husband. Now, at last, you're going to leave and to cleave. I've just been expecting you'd fetch up this house business."

She stared at him, wondering at the feeling that he was displaying.

"Now you are showing that you are thinking more of a thunderin' old house and its furniture than you are of leaving and cleaving. It isn't much of a compliment to me. I've been saving some money as well as earning some in my business while I've been waiting. Now I'm going to take some comfort out of it. I've had plans drawn for a new house that will be an ornament to this village. I'm going to live in some style. I want to realize that you and I are married. If I come here to live it will seem like making evening calls—I'll be looking around for my hat about ten o'clock. I just propose to have you show now that you are thinking of me first of all." There was a grate of jealousy in his tones. "I want you to leave and follow. It's only fair to do that much for me—to show that you're thinking of me first of all."

"That is to say, you want me to get up and parade just for the sake of settling a notion you've got into your head—a notion that has no right to be there."

"It has a right to be there, if you aren't willing to give in

to me in almost the first thing I've asked of you."

"There's no sense in it," she rejoined sharply. "I shall never feel right living in any other place than this house."

"What did I tell you!" he cried. "It was your mother ahead of me!" Her eyes blazed. This sudden, angry jealousy of the dead shocked her. "Now it is this house. You've always got something to put ahead of me. Yes, it's this little story-and-a-half coop that a man with my means will be ashamed to live in!" He had grown reckless, but one must grant this indulgence to him: he had been choking back his doubts and his words for many years. "When a woman loves a man the right way, she is willing to follow him without turning her head. We may as well have it settled right here and now, Aura. As long as your mother was alive I gave you up to her. But I'm not going to give you up to a house or a lot of old, gone-by furniture. I'm making a test of you, Aura. If you are not willing to leave all and follow, you'll always be putting something ahead of me—you'll get into the habit of doing it. I might as well know now as any time how much you love me."

"When I tell you that I love you, David," she said, "you ought to believe it. If you aren't going to take my word now, you never will. If you've set your mind on prancing me up and down this neighborhood just for sake of selfishness and showing off your power, you've picked the wrong woman."

"You're set then, are you?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to be boosted out of my own home to make a parade. If it's good enough for me it's good enough for you."

There was Yankee stubbornness in the tones of both. They looked at each other for a little time, their glances crossing like sword blades and just as hard as the steel of swords. Then he got up, stamped out into the hall and got his hat. She did not follow. But 'Bijah waddled after him as fast as possible, as though the old dog felt that the duties of hospitality devolved upon him. David rudely pushed him away from the front door, went out and slammed it, the door grazing the nose of astonished 'Bijah.

She waited five minutes, sitting straight in her chair, expecting that he would come back. She had wept much. But the wells of her tears were not dry. She began to weep now, but only for a little while. As she reflected, his injustice in adding this trial to the other bitter ones she was

then enduring, stirred her indignation again. She decided in her own mind that he was unjust—that the blame was all his. She would not give in to his whim—so she called it in her meditation. And her heart grew very bitter indeed when the thought came to her—a particularly hideous thought—that he had changed his mind about their marriage and had deliberately manufactured a quarrel at this time when honor compelled him to claim her as his wife. Her anger, as she pondered, took the harsh edge off her woe, and she barred her doors that night, arguing to herself that her spinsterhood was better, after all, than the slavery of matrimony; and, judging from the new traits that David Ross had so suddenly developed, the slavery that he had destined her for would be especially ignoble.

As for David Ross, there were tears in his eyes as he stamped down the street—tears in his eyes and mad jealousy of all things in his heart. After all those years of waiting friendship he now wanted love, the sort of love that his heart hungered for—uncalculating, self-sacrificing love, and he felt that he had been cheated.

Two persons went to sleep in Sharon that night entertaining some well-developed convictions regarding single blessedness.

The next day David Ross's gaze fell before the stare of old 'Bijah. The dog came to the store at the usual hour in the forenoon. He sat down and rapped his tail on the floor and bestowed on his friend his usual glance of hopeful inquiry. The one eye that was visible beamed as genially as ever. One ear was cocked up, the other lopped. But David resented the glance and scowled. The dog's cocked ear wilted. He understood, with the quick instinct of the animal, that something was wrong. To David the sight of the dog was—well, he couldn't determine in his own mind whether it was reproach or a taunt that the dog suggested. At any rate, he felt in no amiable mood toward 'Bijah.

"Go home!" he commanded, with a flirt of his hand.

'Bijah stopped pounding his social tail. But he did not stir. He was rebuked and his demeanor showed that he understood that much, but he wanted to know what the trouble was. Maybe he had been wondering over the matter since the previous evening.

"Whoosh! Get out!" cried David. "Home with you!" There was no mistaking his anger and his determination. 'Bijah, with drooping tail and meek and sidewise glance, retreated to the door and halted there, willing to

have the joke explained now at last and to come leaping back with twisting flanks and wagging tail for his daily bone. But evidently there was no facetiousness in David's soul that day. It was not a dangerous missile that he threw, but nevertheless it was a missile, and 'Bijah's heart was bruised. David flung at him a new clothespin from a basket. The dog dodged and slunk up the street to his home.

"Well, I've never see you hout old maid Anderson's pup off'm the premises before," remarked Uncle Brad Averill with the freedom that age and long acquaintance give. "You ain't bust up with her, have ye?" But Uncle Brad asked the question with as little apparent or real consciousness that he was touching on truth as though he had inquired whether David intended to start for the moon that day. The engagement between David and Aura was as firmly established a local landmark as the Union meetinghouse.

"It's no place for dogs 'round a store," stated David grouchily. But he did not show any disposition to molest Uncle Brad's dog, which lay comfortably snoring at his master's feet.

"Why ain't you said so before?" demanded Uncle Brad. "If you ain't wanted my dog to come in here all you've had to do was to speak of it."

"Well, there's a—a—difference in dog's, stammered David, uneasy under the keen gaze of the old man.

"What difference?" inquired the veteran suspiciously, and sniffing at some mystery with the quick scent of the chronic busybody. "You have always made a lot of that lop-eared dog, give him meat and bones regularly, and if there's a good-behaved dog in this whole village, he's one. What's up all of a sudden?"

"Say, is it any of your business how I run my store?" demanded David with a sudden heat that Uncle Brad could not understand. But as soon as that offended patriarch got his breath he hoisted himself out of his chair and pounded down his cane.

"No," he barked back; "it ain't. You can run it off down river on a scow if you want to. But you can't sass me when I'm asking you a sensible question—me that's traded with you all the years that I have. And I'll pass the word to the other boys that's got dogs, too."

And after Uncle Brad had trudged away it occurred to the thrifty David that ungovernable temper and unexplained mysteries were not calculated to be helpful in a business sense.

That afternoon 'Bijah returned. It might have been that, after cogitating, he had reflected that there must have been some mistake about his reception of the forenoon. He met the dog of a visiting patron of the store and came in fraternally with cheery demeanor. David Ross did not reflect upon the need of maintaining appearance. In his new soul tribulation he had become childish in his spite, for his anger gnawed inside him all the time, his anger and his grief and his hopelessness after all the years. He had grown into the belief now that she had been looking for an excuse to let him go—that now that she was free she did not want him, but had placed her heart elsewhere. Else, he pondered, why did she seize so promptly on the provocation? Well, he would show her that his was not the disposition to coax, cower or buckle under. And as she was not there where he might toss a biting word at her, in his new childishness he took it out on the dog. He threw a potato at 'Bijah, the missile struck the dog and he fled from the store with a terrified and sorrowful yelp.

"There!" stated Uncle Brad to certain loafers assembled with him in secession in the store across the way. "What did I tell ye? He's pickin' on that dog of old maid Anderson's—just that dog alone. Him and Aura's split partnership. We'd better send 'round some of our wimmen-folks and let 'em worm into Aura and see what can be found out. It's a sight if there's a bust up right after the old lady's passin' away. What we want to find out is whether it's her that give him the go-by, or tantry-versy."

From then on the knowledge that he was under espionage scraped David's raw feelings cruelly.

The sharp-eyed callers, who gimleted Miss Aura unmercifully, gave her to understand that there was gossip about her breaking off with David Ross. Miss Aura decided that David must have been talking, and at that supposed insult from him she grew bitter in her thoughts and unforgiving indeed.

It was observed that she spent a good deal of time at the foot of the ladder on which Henry Berry was propped while he painted and repaired her house. It was noted that Henry made a long job of it. It was decided that David had been "shipped" for Henry.

It was also noticed that Widow Ella Dow spent more time over her purchases in Ross's store than before. There were confer-

ences across the counter in tones so subdued that the loafers could not catch the drift of the conversation, and from the widow's heightened color when she went out, they drew their own conclusions, which conclusions did not deal wholly with the business side of the widow's visit. And at about that time the old 'Bijah made a somewhat singular change in his habits and his proclaimed preferences.

Uncle Brad stated that it was the smell of paint did it. "A dog can't stand paint smell only about so long and he gets sick," he declared. "Seems like that Hen Berry ain't ever goin' to get done daubin' paint on that Anderson house. He's painted everything now except the glass in the winders and the front lawn, and he'll be puttin' green on the lawn, even if she don't let him coat the winders. I don't wonder at the dog stayin' away."

That was what had happened! 'Bijah had, after a period of canine cogitation, made a new choice of patrons. Dogs display strange partialities. During the years of "keeping company" the dog had become accustomed to having David Ross as a part of the Anderson household—for he was in the sitting room every evening with his knee ready for 'Bijah's affectionate chin and his hand ready to fondle that floppy ear. Dogs cleave to men who show affection toward them. The house was lonely since David had departed. It would be unjust to 'Bijah to say that his election was influenced in any way by the memory of the meat bench in the back shop. Dogs are of nobler nature than that. He did not return to the meat bench, for David Ross would not allow him to enter the store. But if 'Bijah was abashed he was not turned aside from the devotion to which he had set himself.

Daily he posted himself across from the store and gazed at the door with his single visible eye, adoringly, hopefully, patiently. And all the village people looked at him and grinned. And when David saw the grins and beheld the persevering dog across the way, he said unpleasant things under his breath and went out and flung articles that he picked up hastily from barrels or boxes. But old 'Bijah merely ducked or dodged, or yelped when the missile went true to the mark.

One day 'Bijah found a pair of slippers in the back yard of the Anderson place where he ate the scraps that were flung to him by a careless mistress who resented his long hours of devotion down the street. They were slippers that David had worn on those

winter evenings when he left his wet boots in the hallway; they were slippers that Miss Aura had embroidered. Now she cast them away in anger.

The old dog recognized them, of course. Had they not gently scratched his fuzzy coat by the hour? Those were pleasant memories, those recollections of the winter evenings by the Anderson fireside, the old lady in her wheel chair, David in slippers and Miss Aura reading aloud.

'Bijah took one of the slippers in his mouth and walked down the street with it. He did not dare to enter the store. He had been rebuffed too often. But he meekly laid the slipper on the threshold. Whether he meant it as a peace offering, or merely recognized its proprietorship is not to be known. He brought it and left it, and the loafers, understanding what it was and from whence it had come, laughed long and loud.

Singularly enough, David Ross, coming out to learn the reason for this hilarity, did not throw the slipper at the one who had brought it. Just why, is not to be known. But a sudden flush from some emotion came upon his cheek and he picked up the slipper and carried it into his store and put it into a drawer of his desk.

Thereat, seeing signs of improvement in disposition, it is probable that the lop-eared dog was mightily rejoiced. For he trotted back to the Anderson back yard and brought the other slipper and laid it on the treshold, not presuming further on the good nature of the friend who had turned against him so suddenly and for no reason that his dog mind could understand.

And David Ross, hearing the renewed and still louder laughter, came out and took up that slipper, too, and carried it to its mate. But he was angry, and the words he muttered were not seemly.

The buzz of gossip that ensued outside, the comments that he could not hear, but of whose tenor he was assured in his own mind, stirred him to sudden and rather unconsidered action. He determined that he had endured a certain kind of persecution, so he termed it—a certain kind of provocative of gossip—just as long as he could.

He put on his hat, locked the door of his store and started up the street. He resolved, in his strange, new passion, that he would not sneak to his task by night. He would not give gossip any opportunity to draw conclusions nor to guess. He would go by daylight to Miss Aura Ander-

son's house, for he had business to transact with that lady.

'Bijah, seeing him on his way, got up from his haunches, shook himself and started along, too. Warned by the fresh laughter, David turned around and fired a rock at the dog. 'Bijah gazed reproachfully—and then kept on when David moved again. And so they came to the door of the Anderson house.

She answered the ring at the bell very promptly. She had seen them coming, She did not ask him to enter. He would not have gone in even if she had asked him. He proposed to stand out where the gossips of Sharon could see him if they cared to look.

"Miss Anderson," he said, "I want you to hitch your dog up so that he will not pester me all the time."

"Mr. Ross," she returned, "if you will stop and think a moment you will remember that you brought that dog to this house when he was a puppy and gave him to us. You seem to have taken your property back again. And while you are taking property," she added, "I wish you would take this. I've been waiting for an opportunity to return it." It was a tiny parcel in tissue paper. He knew it was a ring.

He clutched it in the palm of his big hand.

"If you consider that the dog is mine," he said, "I will say right now I disown him. If he is a stray dog, I shall, as first selectman, order him killed. I don't propose to be made the laughing stock of this town by having that old lop-eared dog sitting across from my store from daylight to dark, and following me whenever I move out on the street."

"From what I know of you I should think you might be cruel enough to turn on a faithful old friend like 'Bijah," she rejoined, her color high and her eyes sparkling. Looking at her now, he realized how he had been missing the sound of her voice through all the long days and the evenings since he had flung himself through her door and had stamped away into the night. "It seems to be a part of your nature to turn about and abuse those who have been faithful to you."

At a moment Mr. Berry came into sight from the direction of the stable. He brought a blind that had been painted and proceeded to hang it at a window near the door. He grinned blandly on David. David turned red and did not utter what was in his mind to say to her. The presence of this listener troubled him.

"Well?" she inquired smartly. His eyes wandered and rested on old 'Bijah waiting humbly at the gate. Mr. Berry fumbled long at the blind.

"There's a pair of slippers that belong to you—the dog brought 'em to the store," said David, with desperate plunge into trivialities.

"I threw them away," she said scornfully. Then she waited, her mien showing impatience.

"Yes, the same as you threw me away."

"But someone seems to have picked you up pretty promptly, judging from what I hear from the store."

She looked to him defiantly, but after his last remark he seemed to lose his selfpossession and his angry mood. His eyes were filled with tears, and her expression showed that she was frankly astonished.

Those who know dogs well assert that they have wonderful instinct. But the dog has never been able to express himself on the matter. Instinct is a mysterious characteristic, and it is hard to understand it. But is it not easy for human or canine to understand the tone and the inflection of the voice—the quality of the expression in the eye? He looked away at the dog to hide his sudden weakness. 'Bijah blinked his one eye and appeared to understand promptly that new conditions existed. A dog is not easily subdued by the inflictions of human tyranny, nor is his memory long for abuse when it is a question of one he loves. 'Bijah walked straight to the porch, his tail wagging, his one eye expressing love and appeal and forgiveness. He had detected the old and the more familiar quality in the eyes of his friend. Without rebuke or constraint he came and sat down between them, nosing his cold, black tip of snout into David's caressing hand.

"There are people ready to make trouble for us, Aura," he said gently. "But if anyone says that I have ever forgotten you and if anyone dares to say that I don't love you better than all the world put together, they lie." Now he did not seem to mind the presence of Mr. Berry. "I want you to understand that. By saying what is the truth I've been square with you and with myself. Now I'll go away."

He did not presume to look at her. And when she spoke, his heart thrilled at the gentleness, the appeal in her tones. "Why?" she asked, but there was a world of meaning in the half-whispered word. His eyes turned upon hers and for a long time read them hungerily. Love that has long

endured, love that has dwelt between twain through quiet years of understanding, does not require words with which to excuse, to beg forgiveness, to explain.

"Aura," he said after a time, "I didn't realize until just now as I was coming up the road how fine the old place could be made to look with paint and a little fixing. With a tower—now see what you think of the suggestion—on that corner to let a little more light into the sitting room, and the piazza extended around to the other side, this house can be made one of the prettiest in the village." It was humble and appealing surrender, and yet with a note in it that suggested that he should be lifted to the height of adviser.

"I was intending to send for you to ask about just those things," she declared, her eyes on Mr. Berry and speaking so that gentleman could hear distinctly. "I would never undertake to do anything of that sort without your advice, David, dear. Come in and we'll talk it over."

At first 'Bijah made as though to lead the way into the house. But on second thought he posted himself on the porch in front of the door that they had closed behind them, and thumped his tail and stared at Mr. Berry and at others who looked over the fence—stared at them all with an expression that said as plain as words: "No passing; there's private and personal business going on inside."

GRANDFATHER'S "DAN"

By E. W. Frentz.

In the parlor of the little house which cuddled close under a hill by the seashore there hung a picture which Johnnie loved to look at.

It was the picture of an old white-haired man, sitting on a bench by an open door. In his lap he held a long gun, and between his knees nestled a large and very handsome Newfoundland dog, with long curly black hair; but on the dog's face and chest and about his four paws and the tip of his tail there were patches of pure white.

That man was Johnnie's grandfather, who had lived all his life in this little house by the sea, and the dog was old "Dan." Grandfather had raised him from a puppy, and had kept and loved him until old age came and called him away to the place where good dogs go.

During all his long life Dan

had been a real help to his master, and Johnnie was fond of hearing his grandmother tell of the way the dog had paid his board; but best of all, he liked the story of the time when his grandfather had to help Dan. This is the story he had heard so often.

The coast on which the little house stood was very cold in winter. The ice formed thick in all the little coves, and sometimes it froze far away out into the bay. Food was not easy to get, and sometimes the family might have had to go hungry if it had not been for the ducks.

All along the shore, and especially in the little coves, there were great flocks of wild ducks which came down from the far north in order to find open water and something to eat. Whenever grandfather's family had need of meat grandfather would take down his long gun, and going down to the shore, would build a little fort of cakes of ice and snow, and by hiding in that, he would by and by get a shot at some ducks. Then it was that Dan earned his board. As soon as he saw a duck fall, away he would go, over the ice shore and into the water. He would swim out to the duck, take it carefully in his mouth, and swim back and lay it at his master's feet.

This went on for many years. No swim seemed too long and no water too cold for the dog; and by his work and grandfather's gun there was usually good meat in the little house.

But of course Dan was growing older all the time, and a dog gets to be old before a boy gets to be a young man.

One day, when a northeast storm had driven great flocks of ducks into the cove, and piled the cakes of the ice thick along the shore, grandfather took old Dan with him and went out.

It was still snowing a little, and a strong wind blew, and because of this it was a good time to get ducks enough to last the family half the winter. The snow made it easier to hide, and the wind made it harder for the ducks to hear the noise of the gun.

Time after time, as old Dan saw a bird come down, he plunged into the icy water, swam away into the mist of the snowstorm, and in a little while would come paddling back to the big ice-cake where grandfather lay, and drop his prize at the old man's feet. He did this until thirty ducks were piled on the ice. And then he started out once more. Grandfather remembered afterward that before Dan let himself down into the water this time he looked up into his face

and paused a moment and gave a whine; but he did not think much about it then.

The duck for which Dan had started lay a long way off, so that the dog had to swim farther than usual; but he kept steadily on, pounding his way through the waves, until he reached the bird. Grandfather saw him take it in his mouth and start back. But he seemed to swim very slowly, and to make no headway against the waves. Then, suddenly, he dropped the bird and gave a long, whimpering cry. He was old. The chill of the waters had struck to his heart. His strength was gone and he could do no more. The cry was a call for help, to the friend he had known longest and best.

The moment he heard the call grandfather stood up and looked. He saw the old dog battling for his life, his head barely above water, his big, kind eyes turned toward the shore. Grandfather dropped his gun and tore off his heavy coat. "Hold on, Danny, old boy! I'm coming!" he called. Then he pulled off his boots and plunged into the water.

The cold cut through him like a knife and stiffened his arms and legs, for he, too, was old. But the thought of his faithful friend made him forget everything else, and after what seemed a long time he was able to reach out one hand and grasp Dan's collar.

It was a hard swim back to the ice-cake, but the dog helped himself all he could, and the hand on his collar kept his head above the water. When they reached the ice the man pushed the dog up first, and then the dog turned round, and fixing his teeth in the man's shirt, helped him out.

They left the ducks and the gun on the shore, and together crawled slowly up to the house, where grandmother soon had them wrapped in hot blankets before a blazing open fire.

After the day Dan would never let grandfather out of sight, nor would he follow any other member of the family.

HOW TO TEACH A DOG

A physician was driving through a village when he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said: "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The man glanced up with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see, it's this way: you have to know more'n the dog or else you can't learn him nothin'."

THE STORY OF A HERO

In 1871 the steamship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope, bound for England. Among the passengers was a child of two years and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome dog called Nero.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was to be seen and the island of St. Helena was the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with the breeze blowing and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of passengers were assembled on deck; merry groups had clustered together; now and then there rose a little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by a loud, piercing scream. The nurse, who had been holding the child in her arms at the side of the vessel, had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her charge had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than can be written down something rushed quickly past her. There was a leap over the vessel's side and a splash into the water, and then Nero's head appeared above the waves holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the brave dog's head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat and that one spot upon the waves, still holding firmly to the tiny scarlet point. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth. Then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive?" shouted every lip as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!"

came simultaneously from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board, and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," "Good fellow," resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praises showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked up into her face with his big, faithful, brown eyes.

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and taking the shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. One old sailor stood near with tears running down his weather-beaten face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and hero of the ship. He bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how, from that time on, he made himself the sentinel and bodyguard of the child. He always placed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt, drew her back. It was as though he said:

"I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once; but I may not be so lucky again. I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and they were given with a will. And a "Good-by, Nero," "Good-by, good dog," resounded on every side. Every one crowded around to give him a pat on the head as he trotted down the gang-plank. To all these demonstrations he could only reply with a wag of his tail and a twinkle of his faithful brown eyes. He kept very close to the nurse's side and watched anxiously his charge's arrival on dry land.

He was taken to the home of his little mistress, where he lived, loved and honored, until he died of old age, with his shaggy gray head resting on the knee of the child (now a woman) that he had saved. His grave is in an England churchyard, in the burial-plot of the family to which he belonged, and is marked with a fair, white stone, on which is engraved:

"Sacred to the memory of Nero."

His portrait hangs over the chimney-piece of an English drawing-room, beneath which sits a fair-haired woman, who often looks up at Nero's portrait as she tells how he sprang into the Atlantic Ocean after her and held her until help came.

HIS MASTER'S SUCCESSOR

Forming a touching illustration of a dog's devotion to a dead master is Bob, "the unsalaried track-walker" of the Northern Pacific railroad at Tacoma.

Following the route of his dead master, who walked tracks and tended switch lights for the Northern Pacific in the local yards, and who was killed by a switch engine, Bob, the pet dog of the family of William H. Gehring, continues to patrol the tracks and guard the lamps, although his master has answered the call to the Great Beyond.

No amount of coaxing, bribe efforts of meat, or even a collar and chain can prevent this little faithful, brown, shaggy dog from going to work each day and returning home with the setting sun on the same hours of his dead master's arrivals and departures.

"Bob, the Trackwalker," as he has been nicl named by the railroad men, is not a dog with blood or pedigree, but just a plain dog. His ears are scarred from many battles, and his stub of a tail wags pathetically when he is petted. He was given to one of the Gehring children four years ago, because his owner could not see anything in him but just plain dog. The owner did not look beyond the skin, and he missed the big, grateful heart.

It is Bob's daily habit to leave home at 7:30 o'clock in the morning, and return promptly after four in the afternoon. Between the time he leaves and returns he is on the job every minute. He goes over the same ground covered by his master, and when tired lies in front of the shanty that was used by the trackwalker. By growling and showing vicious rows of teeth, the dog guards the shanty during the noon hour.

Bob has found a warm spot in the heart of every employe of the Northern Pacific with whom he has come in contact. The sight of the shaggy, dirty little animal trotting up and down the tracks each day brings tears to the men's eyes, and, at meal hours, switchmen and flagmen vie with each other in looking after his welfare.

"JACK", TRICK DOG, AMUSES CROWD BY DIVING FROM BELLE ISLE BRIDGE

"Jack", a fox terrier, with a strain of bull, the property of Fred Witzel, 1441 Jefferson avenue, is a high diver and a submarine retriever. Yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a considerable crowd, Jack dove off the Belle Isle bridge and retrieved a stone from the bottom, which his master had thrown in 12 feet of water. He repeats this performance almost every day.

Jack likes fire as well as water. Given a box of matches, he will ignite them with his teeth, scatter them in a wild scramble of feet, and keep up the war-dance and snapping until the last match has been cracked, grabbed, burned and extinguished in his mouth. Of course, the lucifers burn Jack's jaws, but he does the stunt voluntarily and gladly, and seems to get more pleasure than pain from the trick.

The submarine dog is also an aerolist, and will take a short run and fly up and over a vertical pole, 12 feet in height. Another favorite pastime of the canine is catching a base ball in his teeth. He will stop and hold any ball thrown within range at the best arm speed.

DOG STARVING HIMSELF

Chicago, Jan. 13.—Max, a collie owned by Adam Lakowski, Melrose Park, is starving himself from grief over the death of his inseparable friend, a horse owned by his master.

Last Monday Lakowski, who is a butcher, accompanied by Max, started for Chicago to buy a supply of meat. A Lake street car struck and killed the horse.

Max was unhurt, but when the horse fell to the street he set up a mournful howl and remained by the body until the police removed it. Now he won't leave the stall where his comrade formerly stood.

Somehow it gives me great delight
To see a dog and tomcat fight;
To watch Sir Tommie's "swell" prelude
Just when he strikes an attitude—
and spits.

To hear the dog's aggressive howl,
Also the cat's defiant yowl;
To see their methods of defense
About the time they both commence—
their dialogue.

STRAY DOG AND STRAY CAT ARE COMPANIONS AT THE DOG POUND

Jerry, the stray cocker spaniel that jumped into the automobile of Miss Susan L. Graves of the Minneapolis Humane society and refused to leave until he was placed in the dog pound, does not believe in hoodoos. He refuses to consider it a sign of bad luck to have a black cat cross his path.

As proof of his belief he has made friends with Tom, a cat whose coat is as black as night. Like himself, the cat is a vagrant and was picked up the other day by the dog catcher. The dog and cat are close friends. They play together in the pound and share the same kennel at night.

Nothing is known of either the dog or cat, aside from the fact both were found on the streets. An effort is being made by the police to locate the dog's owner so he need not have to be killed.

THE AMENITIES OF PUPPY LIFE

A "Dog's Life" is a proverbially hard one in the estimation of most persons, but the following story lends it some appearance of easy sociability. The anecdote is given to the London Spectator by a correspondent living in New Zealand. It relates to three different dogs and shows a spirit of caste as existing among dogs. How far this feeling may be of natural growth, or may have been imbibed from intercourse with men, is open to question.

"Last week I rode over to see a friend half a dozen miles away, and my two collies, 'Senta' and 'Tom,' mother and son, accompanied me. While waiting for luncheon, my host and hostess and I sat on the veranda, and the dogs lay on the lawn in front of the steps.

"To them entered a shambling, awkward setter puppy about eight months old, and finding company present, set himself out to be agreeable to his guests by all sorts of uncouth gambols and invitations to play. But Tom and his mother, either disdaining so callow a playmate or feeling the restraint of their unaccustomed surroundings, coldly repulsed his advances, and when he became too pressing they simply got up and moved away a yard or two.

"This seemed to nonplus the puppy, and after having regarded them for a while in an apparently pained manner, he turned and trotted off to a patch of forest—

we call it 'bush' here—about a hundred yards away.

"Presently he returned with the bones of a calf's leg, complete from hoof to hip-joint, and still bound together by its dried ligaments. It gave him some trouble to get this through the bars of the gate, but he solved the problem rather cleverly by getting through himself and then reaching back and taking the end.

"This precious offering—an heirloom, I should judge from its appearance—he laid in front of Senta, his every joint exhibiting the most extreme friendliness, and finding that she only averted her head, he took it to Tom.

"Tom's head followed suit, but I saw one furtive eye on the bone, and told him to take it, which he did, to the puppy's exuberant delight. The next moment they were all three gnawing at it, and the ice having been thus broken, a wild game of play followed."

STOOD GUARD BY HIS MASTER'S BODY

Somebody write a panegyric in commemoration of the rare loyalty and unswerving faithfulness though suffering near to death of the beagle hound, who, during the life of Edward F. Tully, of South Bridge, Mass., was his best friend and companion. "Joe" is the beagle's name.

For 36 hours he stood guard over the body of his master and now the veterinary who is caring for the dog says he may die. The dog was all but frozen when taken from his master's body.

Tully started off in the woods with his beagle to shoot rabbits. When he failed to return after 24 hours a party was sent out to look for him. They found his frozen body and the dog standing shivering over it.

THE MOST INTELLIGENT DOG

The Clifton (Mo.) Rustler tells a dog story. At the home of Jesse Griffin the hogs gathered at the gate and squealed when Mrs. Griffin approached the pen. This squealing for corn woke up the dog, and, knowing he could not continue the nap until something was done to abate the noise, the dog went to the corn crib and carried an ear in his mouth, rolling it under the gate to the pigs. They ceased the squealing and went after the corn while the dog walked back to the barn and resumed his nap.

DOG TROTS 20,000 MILES

London, Oct. 16.—A wonderful record as a traveler has been achieved by Dash, the smooth-haired fox terrier, which accompanied Doctor M. A. Stein, an archaeological explorer, through out his great journey of 10,000 miles in two years and eight months, the actual distance covered by Dash, taking into account his canine habits of progression may be estimated at well over 20,000 miles. Dash made that journey on foot practically the whole way, except when he went "pony back" for short distances at times of great heat When in the Taklamakan desert Dash, like the rest of his party, had his water allowance strictly limited. It came from the supply carried on camels in the form of ice.

Dash went over mountain passes as high as 16,000 feet above the sea level. Throughout the journey the dog kept well, and his menu was made up of scraps from the camp larder. Each night he slept in Doctor Stein's tent, and on occasions proved himself a very useful watch dog. On the high Tibetan uplands his chief recreation was chasing wild donkeys, yaks and the like. He managed to kill several hares and bring them in to supplement the stores of food.

Upon many journeys along the Indian Northwest frontier Dash has also been the comrade of his master, and he has probably seen far more of the world than most people. He has true British terrier blood in his viens, although India was his birthplace. The dog is now in quarantine after having come from India.

HIS FIRST ATTEMPT

She had purchased a tiny Pomeranian dog at the fancier's and was feeding him on dog biscuit.

"Isn't he just too cute for anything!" she exclaimed with a smile. "Just look how he eats his biscuit? I wonder what he would say if he could talk?"

"I guess he'd say those biscuits were not the kind his mother made," chuckled the big husband from behind his sporting page.

THE REAL MOURNERS

The Bull Pup—How did you lose your tail, old man?

The Yellow Cur—In a trolley accident.

The Bull Pup—Do you miss it?

The Yellow Cur—Not as much as the boys do who used to tie tin cans to it.

COLLIE LEAPED

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 14.—Douglas, a pedigreed collie of Scotch extraction and name, owes to his accomplishments in the German language his restoration to his master, Henry B. Ruthmann.

The collie was sold to Ruthmann six weeks ago. Two weeks ago the dog disappeared from Ruthmann's home. A few days ago, as Ruthmann was passing the St. Louis dog exchange, he saw it in the show window. He hastened to swear out a replevin suit to recover the dog.

Accompanied by a constable Ruthmann returned to the dog exchange. They found Douglass surrounded by so many collies that Ruthmann was uncertain which was his.

"Here, dog," he called, and all the collies wagged their tails.

"Ach, mein schoenster, kennst du deinen Herrn nicht?" said Ruthmann.

At the sound of the gutterals Douglas leaped from the mass of dogs and overwhelmed Ruthmann with canine caresses.

DOG LICKS THE HAND THAT STONED HIM

The other day, as I was returning home from a shopping tour, I came upon two boys, aged about ten and fourteen years, respectively. They were engaged in stoning a poor, half-starved and frozen dog.

"Oh, boys, you must not abuse that poor dog," I cried. "Don't you know that it is very wicked and cruel to do that? How would you like it, if you were very cold and hungry, if somebody were to pelt you with stones?"

The lads looked abashed. One of them dropped his stones and turned away, while the other laughed nervously.

"Why were you stoning that dog?" I asked.

"Oh, just for fun," came the response from the bolder of the two lads.

"Well, that's a very queer way of having fun, I must say." Then I talked to them, plainly but not unkindly, and finally they confessed that it was cruel to abuse a half-starved dog and that they were sorry. Meanwhile, the dog, with a little coaxing, came up to where we were standing. On receiving a few caresses he fairly talked with delight, and then, what do you think he did? He licked the hand of the oldest boy who had been stoning him. This was almost too much for the lad, for he struggled hard to sallow a lump that arose in his throat.

I took the dog to my home, the boys accompanying me, and there we fed him and gave him a warm bed. He remained over night, but the next morning was gone. Since then I have never seen the animal.

Now, this incident illustrates just how you club members can often protect an animal that is being abused, and at the same time convert the person or persons who are abusing it. Always remember that when reproving a person for being cruel you must speak to them gently. If you address them in a commanding, insulting manner you only will harden them the more. Then the poor animal must suffer for your mistake. Through kindness you make them ashamed of their brutal conduct, and from shame they are moved to pity the creature that has been mistreated. Remember this rule, dear cousins, and see how many persons you can convert through kindness.

UNGRATEFUL DOG RAN AWAY

"That dog that I nursed and cared for was the worst kind of yellow pup," said Miss May Blair, bookkeeper at the West hotel, yesterday, when she reported that her charge had run away after receiving only the best of care from her.

"I took that ungrateful dog in when he was suffering with a crushed foot," continued Miss Blair, "and after a good night's rest and a two-pound steak for breakfast, he disappeared. He seemed such a nice dog, too, and I wanted to keep him all the time.

"To nurse his sore foot set me back about three hours' work at the hotel and to take him home in a taxicab cost me $3, and all the thanks I got was to have my home all mussed up when he chased our cat around the parlor. The way he could cover ground with only three legs in use was something wonderful to behold."

ROLLED DOG ON BARREL

Captain Armstrong, night superintendent of the morgue, and Joseph Leray and John McGann, of the Bellevue hospital service, watching the river from the foot of East Twenty-ninth street about 4 p. m. yesterday spied in midstream what seemed to be a human head, bobbing to the choppy surface between dips as the current sped it along. The three men dropped into the life saving boat in the dock, and after a hard and rapid pull of 150 yards,

reached the head. Leray leaned over and hauled into the boat—a setter dog, buffeted into insensibility, but still warm.

The rescuers made for shore as fast as they could and carried their unconscious burden to Doctors Smith and Carlucci in the admission ward at Belleveue. The doctors rolled the dog on a barrel, pried open its jaws and worked its legs to induce respiration.

It looked like a nearly hopeless case until Dr. Carlucci poured a pint of whiskey into the resistless jaws to keep the backward river water company. That had the effect, for the dog sighed. Then the doctors wrapped the patient in a hot blanket and put it on a coil of sizzling steam pipes in the boiler room.

In half an hour the engineer, slipping his hand inside the blanket, felt a grateful tongue lapping it. He shifted the blanket to a spot less scorching and peered inside. The cure was working too well for utterance, but about two hours later, when it had been slept off, the blanket opened unaided from the outside and the dog stepped out, with its tail in good order, but rather shaky.—New York World.

DROPPED THE SUBJECT

"Five thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needle work even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for $5000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it—just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak feminine mind! You don't seem to realize it. Five thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."

She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak feminine mind part of it.

Paul's "Ric"

DOG SAVES TWO LIVES, THEN DIES IN FLAMES

Roused by a faithful dog which afterward was burned to death, James Hickman, Jacob Draper, William Rice, James Barrett and Captain J. B. Haines, local sportsmen, jumped into the icy waters of Brigantine channel early this morning to save themselves when their launch, the Reba, caught fire from leaking gasoline. Draper and Hickman were so badly burned that they were taken to the city hospital here, after they had been picked up by a rescue party, headed by Captain Dory Robinson, John Bailey and Harry Monroe, guided to the scene by the blazing boat.

The men had started on a bay trip and were sleeping when the dog, chained to the deck, barked furiously and awakened them. Gasoline leaking from a feed pipe had ignited from a cabin lamp and the men barely managed to reach the deck and leap overboard before an explosion shook the boat and left it a mass of flames. Loud barking of the dog had turned to wails of agony while the men were escaping, but their efforts to save the animal were futile.

The men swam through the chilly water to the small tender of their boat, where they were found by the rescue party and brought back to this city.

A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT

Mutely came a stray dog to the home of two little boys. The dog had the friendliest eyes and the wagfulest tail you ever saw, and, after reconnoitering the situation for a while and learning that the two little boys would not throw bricks at it or beat it joyously with clubs, it romped with them. It would lick their hands and faces to show its gratitude, and when they did not want to play, it would lie on the ground and just look happy at them.

It wasn't a blooded dog—unless bloodedness consists in possessing some element of almost every known dog family.

But, mongrel though it was, this stray dog had friendly eyes and a wagful tail, and all the object it seemed to have in life was to make these two boys happy.

In doing this it barked a great deal, and once in a while it ran through a flower bed. There was a lady who lived next door to the house where the two little boys lived, and she did not like dogs. She discovered that this stray dog did not wear a collar and that it did not have a license to exist.

Nowadays, you know, in many communities, even a magnificent Newfoundland that saves a child from drowning must show its license or be executed.

So this lady next door telephoned to the police and told them a stray dog had wandered into her neighborhood and she wished they would send for it and kill it.

And the little boys were eating their luncheon when one of them looked from the window and saw the officer taking the dog away. He had tied a rope around its neck. The boys and their mamma ran out and asked why he did this. He explained that orders were orders and told how he happened to have been sent for the dog.

Then, the little boys not knowing what to do, and their mamma being likewise unversed in the ways of such things, and their papa being away at work, the officer took the stray dog with the friendly eyes and the wagful tail down the alley.

Soon a shot was heard.

That afternoon the little boys went down the alley and saw the stray dog lying on the ground, but the friendly eyes were shut and the wag was gone from its tail.

But were the little boys resentful? Did they say naughty things about the lady next door, who had caused the killing of a bright little mongrel dog that only wanted a chance to live and romp and play with children? No, indeed.

That night one of them attached this codicil to his prayers:

"And, God, please forgive Mr. X., who lives right next door to us. You know, Mrs. X. had the policeman shoot the dog today, and so Mr. X. must be a very great sinner or You would not punish him by marrying him to her." —Wilbur D. Nesbit.

CANINE JUSTICE

In his voyage of polar exploration Commander Fiala observed among his dogs a sort of government quite independent of that of their keepers. They were of the Eskimo variety and were trained to work in teams. In their general conduct, however, they acted as a community, and their rules had reference to the common good. There was no penalty less than that of death.

During the period of darkness we lost eight dogs. Three of them, splendid large animals, were killed by their companions. The other five either wandered off on the young ice and were blown away or were killed by the pack at a distance from camp.

Every dog was known by name.

It is a curious fact that when one dog has antagonized the others the only way to save him from destruction later on is to chain him. Then the other dogs let him alone. Unfortunately for us, the dogs that seemed to incur the enmity of their fellows were the large, strong animals, the bullies and fighters.

There seemed to be a degree of justice in their judgments. From close observation I found that the dogs generally forgave a bite on the head or body, but that an attack on the legs seemed to be considered foul play and must be paid for by the life of the offending canine. The whole pack united in his execution.—Youth's Companion.

POINTER OR SETTER, WHICH?

Disputes between men devoted to the pointer or the setter are continuous and sometimes acrimonious as to the relative merits of their favorite breed. This is to be regretted, as it is certain that the efforts of all men interested should be directed to the perfection of all dogs devoted to the gun and its continuation rather than the promoting of one breed at the expense of another. Commercialism in dog breeding has something to do with the matter, prejudice much, lack of extended experience a great deal. As far as studbook records go the setter has received, so far, an overwhelming popular verdict.

The setter will always have the advantage of his long coat, which protects him from briers, from cold and from wet, and, in spite of arguments to the contrary, which must be based more on inference than on experience, he endures heat equally well with the pointer. Among burs, Spanish needles, and particularly the dreaded sand bur of Florida and some other sections, the pointer has an advantage, but it is not enough to make up the balance in any case, and if the setter have his feathers removed and the hair clipped short under the flanks and shoulders the difference almost entirely disappears, while there is no method of protecting the thin-coated pointer against torture in a country unsuited to him.

At almost any age and any stage of the day's hunt most setters can be depended upon to do the quicker and snappier work and are more pleasing to the eye of many, particularly when they assume those high-headed attitudes on point which the pointer rarely achieves, his point being more often in the nature of a

crouch as if about to spring. This matter is one of personal preference between the high and the low standing dog in regard to the ease with which they are seen in heavy cover or failing light.

But in the matter of breeding lies the setter's greatest superiority after all. Even in the results of the most careless or ignorant mating this dog more uniformly shows offspring of good type and future promise with the best characteristics of the breed in more or less consistent evidence. The most important reason for this is perhaps that pointer blood is the more mixed of the two, there undoubtedly having been a number of out crosses to hound stock in England not so many years ago, when certain hound characteristics were required by bench judges in this type of dog.—Todd Russell, in Outing.

THE "MAD DOG" BOGY

Dr. Langdon Frothingham, in the course of a discussion of rabies in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, says that for practical purposes all other possible sources of infection can be excluded except the bite of a rabid dog, which in certain conditions will run from twenty to eighty miles, biting nearly every person and animal it meets. He concludes that if there were no dogs there would be no rabies, except in countries infested by wolves.

If the disease is to be avoided the dogs must be prevented from biting, and the only way to do it, he declares, is to muzzle them. It is often impossible or even difficult, he remarks, to cure an infectious disease, but it is a simpler matter to prevent it.

There is no known cure for rabies, he asserts, after the symptoms of the disease have disappeared; on the other hand, there is no infectious disease which is so absolutely simple to prevent and yet so difficult, owing to misdirected sympathy of the socalled humane.

The physician declares that while the disease is exceedingly rare, the universally fatal course of it after it has once developed and the horror of its symptoms makes it important for us to recognize it as an actuality.

Certain prevalent errors are responsible for some of the confusion concerning rabies, the writer says. He enumerates them as follows:

1. Killing a dog after the animal has bitten a man. If a suspected animal remains healthy for ten days after biting there

can be no danger to the bitten, even if the dog later does become rabid, while the consolation to be derived from the continuance of health in the dog is of the greatest value in relieving morbid apprehensions in the person who has been bitten.

2. The statement that rabid dogs show fear of water. This appears to be never the case, although in a majority of persons suffering from rabies there is some dread of drinking, from the experience that fluids in the mouth may produce pharyngeal spasm.

3. That the bites of non-rabid animals or human beings can ever produce rabies. Spontaneous generation has been disproved as conclusively regarding rabies as concerning any other disease. This does not deny the possible virulence of the saliva of non-rabid animals or even of human beings, but does deny that it may produce specific rabies.

4. That the period of incubation can be exceedingly prolonged. Great doubt is attached to any case in which the period of incubation has been reported to be a year or longer. It is probable that the incubation period in man has a minimum of about eleven days, a maximum not exceed- a year. Four-fifths of the cases develop in the second month, and nine-tenths within three months. It is unfortunate, as it is cruel, for a person who was bitten by any suspected animal to be kept in a lifelong state of dread and apprehension.

5. That because fright may cause death all reported rabic deaths are merely due to fright.

A CRAZYLOG

(By Fred Schaefer.)

If there's anything I like, it's dog.

Not a society dog with a pedigree longer than my own, just a plain, outcast dog who isn't too all-fired proud to scratch when a flea bites him.

That's the kind of a dog I like, and that's the kind of a dog that likes me.

I've got one dog that is so inseparable that my wife says that if I were to die she wouldn't feel like a widow unless that dog died too, and she hopes he will.

I think this one is a cross between a rat terrier and a bird dog, because he's afraid of both rats and birds. He has long woolly fur, and I know that he isn t a Mexican hairless dog because he doesn't understand Mexican.

Some say he's a Great Dane, but that's a mistake—he doesn't resemble Hamlet in the least. He isn't a blood-hound, either, because I cut his tail off and he didn't bleed to death.

But he's a fighter, that dog is. He whipped a setter—drove her off the nest in the barn and ate her eggs.

That dog saved my life. I'll tell you how it was. There was a burglar got into my house, and my dog Fitz—I call him Fitz because he has them so often—my dog Fitz waited till the burly ruffian stole the crayon portrait of my wife's mother and didn't bark.

Thus he saved my life, for if I had woke up I might have been killed in the attempt to make the burglar take along the photograph.

And then I swore that as long as that brave dog had a home I'd have one, too. Do you blame me?

LITTLE JOHNNY ON THE DOG

Dogs is menny kinds, but the but the rhi nosey rose has got a long sticker on his nose, which he draws in the fence of his country and his king. The new found ling dog is the gem of the otion an saves babys from drownding in the deap blu se. The spotty feller which has the swear name he trots along under his masters coatch, and when a man is run over he finishes him under the wheels. The dog is cald a quinine for to distingish him from cats, which is a squid. Dogs is a biped, cos tha have got 4 feets, but the kangaroon is a thre legger an romes the dessert like distent thunder.

When a dog whaggles his tail it makes him happy, but wen man is happy he shakes hands an stomps on his hat. I rather be a man than a dog cos the man can lick the dog if it isent a bul. Evry boy ot to have a dog, for to er is yuman. Gerls is nasty stuckuppers, but a boy ses wot he wants and is edible to a grate distence.

Thare was a man had a dog wich was a biter, the dog was, and one time it bit the bucher wich brot the meet to the mans hous. So wen the bit bucher come with more meet he brot along a oxes livver an thru it to the dog and sed, "You eat that an let onnest fokes alone." But the livver was so bad that the dog wudent eat it and slank in to his kenel and the bucher wasent bit an went a way. Bime by the man wich had the dogs whife

she come out for to feed the chickins, and she se the livver. So she cald the man which had the dog out and rang her hands and sed, his whife did, "O Jaceb, some thing offle has hapened!"

The man wich had the dog he cude smel the livver, and he sed, "It is a hapening now."

But his whife weeped and sed the dog had tore up the bucher. Then the dog sticked his hed out of the kenel and whaggled his ear, mutch as to say, "You dont se no sines of a streggle, do you?"

Then the bucher he come back a long the road an the wooman se him. She was fewrious mad, an she sed, "Jaceb Brown, if you cant think of nuthing better to doo than haro up yure whifes feelins mornin, noon an nite, jest for to go an tel it ti yure lo, drinkard frends, Ime a going home to my muther.

Uncle Ned he sez they are all like that, but my sisters yung man he sez she is different. He ses the yuman i is the mirrer of the sole, and that wen he looks into hern he sees a holy angle. Then she ses, "It makes me so happy for you to sa that."

Hern is brown, but hisen is blu and thats y I sa how wunderfle is man!

The colly is a dog of supprising intelegance and can fold up the sheeps, but wen the ole ram shakes his hed and stomps his feets the colly he ses, "I ges Ile nock of wurk, for I have got the wobbles real bad."

Then the sheeperd he kicks the colly, and the ole ram he buts the sheeperd, and the little lambs tha gambol on the game.

A man in Injy lived in a lonly cabin in the jingle, and one dark nit he was woked up by a offle powndin on his dore an colls for help. When he opened the dore a feller jumpt in and closed it, an held it shet for dear life, an showted, "Keep him out, keep him out!"

The house man he litted a candle and sed, wot under the sun, and goodness grashus, and for the lands sake, and wots up? The uther feller, which was wite like sheets, he sed: "Its a tagger, thats wots up. He was a lurkin round yure dore, and spranged at my throat, but I clutched him and flang him afar. Jest look at the fur which I tored out!"

The house feller he looked, an then he sed, the house feller did, "My frend, I ges you are a nacher faker, cos thats wool off of my pet lamb."

Then he sed good by and went a way feerless in to the jingle.

Mister Pitchel, thats the preecher, he ses a notty boy tide a tin

can to a dogs tail and the dog run threw a Sunday skool, in one dore and out the uther, houlin like his hart was broke, and the boys arosed to thair feets and hollered hooray. Then Mister Pitchel he spoke up an sed, Mister Pitchel did, "My childen, it is whicked for to chear cos the boy which done that wil come to a bad end."

Then a ole deecon he sed, "I ges thats so, but it looks like the dog wude get thare ferst."

Taggers is cats, and berds is reptles, but the dog he is a manual, and brings fourth his yung a live.

CITY WITH 400,000 STRAY DOGS

Within a short time the new Turkish government will have to decide definitely the unusual question, "What is to be done with the dogs of Constantinople if we provide other and adequate means of scavenging and cleansing the capital?"

Hundreds of thousands of homeless beasts for generations have scavenged the streets of the Turkish capital, and have been almost absolute monarchs of the night, enjoying a freedom which was denied to man, says the Baltimore Sun.

At present, it is estimated, there are 400,000 of them in the city.

Since man, however, has freed himself from the tyranny of spies the tide of civilization is gradually advancing, and with the advance the extermination of the canine population is threatened.

But the difficulty is how to get rid of these dogs. A Christian in mercy kills a maimed, suffering animal; a Moslem takes food to it, believing that misfortune will befall him if he destroys that to which Allah has given life.

So the great uneducated mass of Turks—Mohammedans all—will resist the killing of the dogs, which crime was formerly punishable by several days' imprisonment.

It is said that the governor of a certain Turkish seaport town once gave orders that all dogs should be shipped off to an island in the Marmora. His orders were executed, but the island was not far enough away. The beasts starved and many in desperation attempted to swim ashore.

This so frightened the inhabitants that they went out in boats and brought the remainder back to the mainland, believing that Allah in his wrath would destroy their city if the dogs perished. So the dogs were reinstated, and

continued to scavenge the towns from which the wicked governor shortly disappeared.

During the old regime an American glove manufacturer conceived the idea of utilizing the dogs of Constantinople in his business, and offered to take the whole canine community off the hands of the government at 25 cents a head. Though by this means the city would have been rid of its pests, and the government coffers made richer by some thousands of dollars, Mohammedan prejudice was too strong.

Turkish newspapers have now taken up the question, and the following typically Mohammedan proposition recently appeared in one—that the males and females shall be shipped off to different islands, where, with an attendant or two to feed them, they shall be allowed to die natural deaths.

If it is attempted to carry out this "old age" pension scheme the dogs themselves probably will have a voice in the matter, and decide which shall live longest, since for many generations the scavengers of one street have looked upon those of another as their sworn enemies, and as such to be fought and conquered.

Each street or portion of it is patrolled by a band of from ten to twenty dogs, which, like a trained army, realizes that union is strength. None of a neighboring band with safety trespasses his boundary line in search of food.

The invaded territory may appear peaceful with its guardians wrapped in slumber; but the invador knows he must act with caution, for it is the sleep of one eye only. In a moment the signal is given and the whole band is at attention.

If the city were well paved the dogs would lose their beds, for they lie in the deep holes of the broken pavements or take siesta on a rifled dirt pile; and when the streets lack a footway doorsteps and basement window sills are utilized.

For the mother with her litter of pups other beds are found, and she is always made more or less comfortable.

An inhabitant of one street puts out an old piece of matting under the shelter of a broken step, another rigs up a kennel in the gutterway, another throws her out a box or some straw; and here the poor bag of bones, with a beseeching look, brings up her fat, pushing, thriving, fighting youngsters, which, when only a few weeks old, display the instincts of their elders and the habits of "free-born" city dogs.

A glorious time of feasting and

gluttony—a day of days for these wolfish, piglike dogs—comes when a useless beast of burden, limping, worn out and suffering, is led by its owner outside the city walls to the boneyard, where it is slaughtered.

Scenting the debauch 100 or more dogs follow at a distance, clamoring and voicing their delight. As the goal is reached the victim stands still a moment gazing around wonderingly at the expectant, upturned faces of the eager, straining pack which gradually but surely closes in upon it.

The pause is brief; in an instant, before the breath is out of the poor, starved body, the dogs are upon it, tearing it to pieces.

One dog, with upper lip drawn tightly back, displaying formidably strong white teeth, advances upon the intruder with stately stride, emitting a warning gowl, while his comrades support him with short barks. Sometimes the enemy withdraws—backing hastily—to his own territory, where his united band awaits him, at other times the intruder, if caught in the act of stealing a morsel, decides to fight for his prize; but he always retires with a limp and sorrowed air.

These creatures which exhibit so savage a hatred of dogs from another street, are never vicious with human beings; the most staid old veteran among them will fawn and play around you like a puppy at the slightest word of kindness.

Standing upon his hind legs and rubbing his wet nozzle into your hand, he gently pushes the younger ones aside, as much as to say, "I am the boss."

And there is no doubt about the fact—there are bosses. Strength is everything; it is the strongest which is the largest, simply because he has always succeeded in getting the best pieces from the dirt pile.

A few of these miserable beasts, which have not enough vitality to resist the cold and snow of winter, lie for days shivering against walls; then, stupefied and numbed they die.

Young ones lie curled up on the pavements on top of one another to keep warm, while the snow falls on and around them; older and stronger fellows, apparently unconscious of climatic conditions, sleep in the road unconcernedly.

But it is at sunset each day that the dogs' real struggle for life commences for it is then that householders throw out their refuse, and dirt piles assume interesting proportions.

The beasts, however, are not the only searchers in the dirt piles; they have a common enemy

upon whom they wage enternal warfare—the ragpicker and ramassuer of dirt.

This man sets out on his rounds at night equipped with a huge basket strapped on his back a pointed stick with which to pick up his booty and a lantern As the streets are dark, except for the light of an occasional lamp fixed to a wall, the ragpicker's lantern is seen afar, and its appearance is the signal for the scavengers to take up arms. They bark themselves hoarse with rage.

Yet another nightly enemy to the dogs is the beckji—or night watchman—who taps the pavement incessantly to let householders know that he is about. If a dog happens to be in his path the beckji playfully knocks it over with the heavy club he carries and the beast, having been touched perhaps on some raw and tender wound, sets up a prolonged wail of agony, in which other members of his band hasten to join.

In the vicinity other howls are heard; the sound swells and swells until the glorious mystery and peace of night are made hideous with unearthly din.

CANINE PETS FOR BOYS

By Walden Fawcett.

In the estimation of the average boy there is no pet to compare with a dog. This is right and natural, for not only is his dog one of the boy's best friends, but the only one that is always ready to join in a romp or accompany him on a hunting or fishing excursion. Moreover an intelligent four-footed companion can be of decided assistance to a lad in case of accident or other unexpected turn of affairs. There have been numerous instances in which boys have been saved from drowning by faithful canines and innumerable other occasions when intelligent dogs have summoned much-needed assistance for their disabled masters.

The dog family has a greater number of branches than any other division of the animal kingdom, and it would be manifestly incorrect to assert that boys have a particular liking for any one class of canines. Some dog dealers declare that boys as a rule show a preference for large dogs, but when one remembers the number of bull dogs and fox terriers that may be seen in any town or city, following youthful masters, the claim may well be questioned. Then, too, it must be remembered that the average present day

American boy has a greater or less liking for hunting, and by reason of this many young men prefer hunting dogs.

In years gone by the Newfoundland dog was an ideal and much-prized play-fellow for boys. These big, shaggy animals, almost always jet black in color, were good swimmers and not easily tired by any exertion, and it was a proud boy who could boast the possession of a thorough-bred Newfoundland. Unfortunately, however, the Newfoundland dog has almost entirely disappeared of recent years. There are few of the breed to be found even on the island which was their native home, and they are never seen nowadays in dog shows or other similar exhibitions.

The place formerly held by the Newfoundlands in the hearts of young Americans has been largely taken by the St. Bernards. There are two classes of St. Bernards—the rough-coated and the smooth-coated, but the former are the more numerous on this side of the Atlantic. Every boy begins to hear about St. Bernard dog at an early age, for there is scarcely a school reader that does not contain stories of how these noble animals rescue travelers, benumbed with cold, who lose their way in the snowy fastnesses of the Alps mountains. However, it has only been of recent years that thoroughbred St. Bernard dogs have been brought to this country in any considerable numbers. Some of the blooded St. Bernard dogs with long long pedigrees which have been brought to this country by Mr. Frank Gould and other wealthy young men have cost fortunes—as much as $5,000 to $10,000 each, but this does not mean that all St. Bernard dogs are expensive. By watching his chances, a boy who desires a St. Bernard can often secure a promising pup for a few dollars.

The farmer boys of the United States have long been alive to the good points of the so-called "shepherd dogs", and gradually the town boys are coming to appreciate these exceptionally intelligent and faithful animals The canines popularly known as sheep dogs, from the fact that they are used in all parts of the country to keep watch over flocks of sheep, are in most instances Scotch collies. Whereas the most valuable dog in the world—an animal worth many thousands of dollars—is a Scotch collie, it is also true, as in the case of the St. Bernards, that excellent representatives of this dog family can be obtained by boys who cannot afford to spend much money for a playfellow.

The Great Danes constitute another class of dogs which have recently received much attention from youthful dog lovers. Although rather ferocious looking dogs, they are really very good-tempered. The hound is another canine that will endear himself to a boy owner, and for the lad who wants a dog for races, jumping contests, amateur circus performances, etc., there is, of course, nothing to compare with the old-fashioned greyhound. One of the chief disadvantages of the large dogs is found in the expense of keeping them. A St. Bernard, for instance, will eat every day as much meat as a full grown man, and that quantity of meat, even of the cheapest grade, costs a pretty penny.

Among the smaller dogs which find favor with boys, first place must unquestionably be given to the fox terrier. He is far and away the liveliest of the entire canine family. He romps and races from dawn to sunset, never seeming to grow tired, and alone and unaided he can keep his master amused by his comical tricks. Then, too, the fox terrier is a splendid "ratter," and of distinct assistance to the boy who finds enjoyment in gunning for small game. However, it must be remembered that the fox terrier is a very nervous dog, and unless he his carefully trained he will develop a tendency to bark and snap at anything and everything, making himself a decided nuisance.

Beagles are pronounced satisfactory dogs by most of the lads who own them, and the pride which a boy can take in a thoroughbred bull dog is well known. However, the fullest measure of satisfaction can only be obtained after a prize bull dog has worsted all the other fighting canines in his neighborhood, and such tests of ability are likely to bring to the bull's owner the enmity of most of the boys in his vicinity. Many boys prefer spaniels to any canine pets, possibly because of their feats in the water. They dive and swim like beavers for sticks thrown into the water, and apparently they are as ready to plunge into the breakers at an ocean beach as they are to enter the more placid waters of a lake or pond.

Not a few boys in this country own Boston terriers—probably the ugliest dogs alive—but for the most part lads are inclined to class these animals with poodles and pugs as "dogs for girls." In conclusion, it may be said that the dogs which make the best companions for boys are not necessarily thoroughbreds, although, to be sure, many of them are pos-

morning the engine and loaded cars, coming down from the mine above, and passing through the Robinson farm, caught this old spotted cow in a short railroad cut which was made in the grading of the road through the pasture, where she at the time was grazing with other cattle, and striking her with violence, cast her dead and mangled body upon the rocks on the right-hand side of the road. The sons of the family related to me how the dog showed signs of inconsolable distress.

In a few weeks Robinson got another cow, and the dog, that was growing rather old, renewed his occupation of driving in his second cow. But he had learned a new lesson—and a sad one. It was that his charge was in danger from the railroad. This faithful dog stayed with that cow day and night, following her from place to place, lying in the pasture near by when she was grazing, or standing under the shade trees with other cattle. And when the engine and train of cars would come thundering by, the dog would leap up and bark, and if near the track, would always drive the cow farther into the field away from danger.

This continued for two years, the dog being fed by his appreciative master as often as the cow was milked. Often the days and nights were cold and damp on the north side of the mountain and the snow covered the ground. But this made no change in the dog's faithfulness. One evening the dog lay down during the milking, drowsy and complaining to himself in sighs and little uneasy murmurings. The cow was then kept in the stable at night, the winter having set in. But in the morning he followed his charge back along the path that wound to the upper field around the mountain spur, and came in again the next evening as the sun lowered to the western hills, yet with weak and trembling step. The men thought he had distemper, and determined that they would not let him lie on those cold hills another day, even if he had to be claimed at home. But when the morning came again they went out to work and forgot him. Not so the daughter of the household, a girl of seventeen, who saw and pitied his feeble condition, and went early to the shed where he slept, made an enclosure of empty barrels that lay conveniently near, and placing them upright all around him, thought he could surely not get over them in his weakened condition.

That day had been ushered in with rain and snow, and along

the paths in the field were little snow-drifts that the winds had swept down from the exposed hill-tops above. At noon the girl went again to the barn to see how the dog fared, but, to her surprise, found his bed empty. She knew well where to find him. There was no other place for him but with the cow. But, thought she, well enough to go, he will certainly be well enough to return. He did return, and for several days following he hung on the heels of his inseparable companion.

It was late in November when Robinson put a collar around the dog's neck, and with a small rope tied him in the shelter where he slept at night and gave him food and water. He refused to touch his food, and with his last strength gnawed the rope, and some time during the day was gone again to the mountain side. They saw his tracks along the path toward the pastures, but the prints did not show that he ran with the freedom and strength of earlier days. They were close together and uneven, and here and there were traces of his having lain down from sheer weakness.

The father and daughter went into the fields and called the dog for a long time, but in vain. Finally, going across the pasture to the side of a sheltered slope, where the cattle often lingered, and where the cow that day had fed, they found his dead body lying among the withered grasses and sassafras sprouts of the neglected land. The wind among the pines on the mountain-side moaned a requiem over the old watchman dead at his post of duty.—From Country Gentleman.

MASTER WAS TWICE SAVED BY HIS DOG

Denver, Dec. 22.—Escaping one snowslide to be caught by another which buried him and swept his four horses to death in a gulch near Crested Butte, in this state, Andrew Mosher was rescued from death by his collie dog, only to be caught by a third slide and buried a second time, to be rescued again by the same animal.

Mosher started from his home town with supplies to the Mountain King mine, six miles distant, and when mid-distant was caught by the slide that buried him. With human instinct the dog dug a tunnel into the gulch where he had fallen and showed him the way out. The second time he was injured and fell into a swoon, from which he was awakened by the pawing of the dog.

Mosher's companion was found almost frozen to death.

DOG SAVES MASTER FROM MADDENED BULL

Escondido, Cal.—Tossed high in the air by a maddened bull, butted with the beast's head, trampled by his hoofs, R. B. Borden a rancher, would have been crushed to death but for the bravery of his dog. The attack was so sudden and vigorous that Borden had no chance to save himself and almost before he knew it he was caught on the bull's horns and flung high into the air. He struck the ground with a thump and was partly stunned. Instantly the bull was on him, stamping him with hoofs and butting with his head.

Wholly at the mercy of the beast, Borden yelled for help. The dog heard his master and came running to his assistance. There was a moment of struggle, in which the bull tried in vain to reach his new enemy, who snapped and tore madly. Then the bull gave up and retired, leaving Borden hardly able to crawl to his house.

The bull was later shot as being too dangerous to live, but the dog will get the best of everything from now on, says Borden.

MASTER ON TRAIN, DOG TROTS AFTER; MEET IN MORNING

Laurel, Miss.—When S. J. Mitchell, sheet metal worker of this city, took the train for Meridian at 10:30 p. m., he was followed to the train by his dog, a diminutive water spaniel. He drove the animal away from the train as it was about to move off. Meridian is 56 miles from Laurel.

Mr. Mitchell reached Meridian at midnight, and going to a hotel, slept till 8 o'clock. Then he walked forth and as he passed the courthouse he saw a familiar looking animal asleep on the steps. He could not believe it was his dog, but drew from his pocket a whistle with which he called his dog at home and gave a single blast. Instantly the dog recognized its master, and though tired, it flew to him, barking and wagging its tail with every mark of affection and delight.

The little dog had followed the train over trestles and cattle guards at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Mitchell brought his dog home in the car with him and so appreciative is he of the little fellow's attachment that in the future he will pay full fare for the dog whenever he rides on the cars.

A DOG HIS DEATH WATCH

St. Joseph, Mo.,—When Coroner Byrd ordered an undertaker to take charge of the body of Frank D. Close, a Chicago traveling man who was found dead near Lake Contrary, two miles from St. Joseph, this morning, Close's bird dog, which was keeping a careful vigil over its master fought the undertaker off. It was an hour before the dog was overpowered and the body removed to the city. Close went duck hunting yesterday. He fell into the lake, but was rescued and started for town. It is supposed that he lay down to rest and died of exposure. Once in the night Close's dog appeared at his hotel and acted queerly, but no attention was paid to it, and it returned to the spot where Close lay. The dog was trying to make it known that its master needed assistance.

DOG TRIES TO TELL OF LITTLE BOY'S DEATH

New York, May 15.—In her suffering from spinal trouble in the last six months the most devoted of the four children of Mrs. Rudolph Buchner, of No. 244 Franklin street, Brooklyn, was her six-year-old son, George. He was around the sick room constantly and doing his best in his small way to be of service to the invalid.

The boy was in the room as usual one afternoon. The mother noticed that he was restless, and that frequently he crept softly to the window and watched with longing eyes his playmates romping in the street. About 4 o'clock she told him to go out and play, but to be careful of the wagons and trolley cars. Followed by the fox terrier, Boy, little George hurried out.

He started to run down the street, the dog barking and running joyously in front of him, but stopped and re-entered the house. Going to a garden in the rear, he plucked spring flowers from a bush, and took them to his mother. She kissed him, put a flower in the buttonhole of his coat, and again cautioned him to be careful as he went out.

In the street the boy was joined by Walter Farmer and William Bach, who live near the Buchners. The three began to steal rides on wagons. There was no need for any one to call "tich behind", as the barking of the dog always betrayed them, and the drivers scared them off with a crack of the whip. They finally clambered aboard a truck and rode around into Greenpoint

avenue. In front of the house of Hook and Ladder No. 156 the driver ordered them off. Farmer and Bach ran to the sidewalk; Buchner darted the other way.

George did not hear the warning cries of half a dozen persons and ran directly in front of a trolley car of the Lorimer street line. Michael Mullen, the motorman, had no time to stop the car and the wheels passed over the child cutting him in two. Scores of persons saw the tragedy and a dozen women fainted. A crowd closed in about the car.

The first to reach the body was Boy, the dog, who first whined and then snapped viciously at men near him. One man kicked the dog, who ran home, whining piteously. The car had to be raised to let the body be taken out. It was carried to the Greenpoint avenue police station, the reserves of which had been called out to keep order. George's companions, who had scampered home, were so frightened they said nothing about the incident.

Meantime the fox terrier had entered the shop of the dead boy's father. The little animal seemed distraught. It ran around the place, moaning, and now and then seizing Mr. Buchner's trousers in its teeth. Whenever the man ordered Boy to be quiet the dog would slink into a corner, but in a few minutes would be back again barking sharply. Buchner was at a loss to account for the pet's behavior.

When his son had not returned at 6 o'clock, Mr. Buchner became worried. He saw young Farmer and Bach passing and asked where George was. They stammered that they didn't know, but there had been an accident a few hours before around the corner. Then they ran off. With Boy close beside him, still whining, Mr. Buchner went to the Greenpoint avenue station and found his boy's body. At sight of it he almost swooned, while the dog yelped and ran around frantically.

The news of her son's death so shocked Mrs. Buchner that two physicians who were called to attend her said that she probably would die.

Mullen, who lives in No. 1373 Atlantic avenue, was arrested charged with homicide.

"I once had a splendid bull-terrier," said Smithson. "Do you know what this animal did? One night a burglar broke into our house, and the dog jumped upon him, knocked him down, held him by the throat, and knocked him senseless with his tail."

"Very good, very good," re-

marked Johnson, musingly; "but not quite so good as a retriever I once had. We were out shooting one day, and a friend of mine unfortunately hit the dog. Well, in a few minutes he came running up carrying his tail in his mouth. My friend had shot it away."

THE DOG WAS "WISE."

Into the car came a woman carrying a dog that was just about as big as a pound of butter. The dog began to bark as soon as the woman sat down. He distributed his greetings indiscriminately at first, but presently he singled out the man opposite for special attention, and barked constantly and viciously. The woman said: "There, there, Sport," and "Now dear," and "Please do be still," but all her entreaties made no impression on the little brute.

"It is no use to talk to him," the woman finally explained to the woman sitting beside her. "I can't stop him. He always barks just that way at any man that tries to ogle me. It is embarrassing, but I haven't the heart to scold him for it. He means all right. Sport is little, but he is brainy, and you can't fool him. He is the best protector I ever had. No man need try to flirt with me when Sport is around without everybody finding out what he is up to."

The woman spoke in a loud voice. People stopped talking just then, even the car stopped running, and everybody heard what she had to say. The man opposite heard. His embarrassment was deep-hued. He went out to the rear platform and studied the fronts of the buildings on the east side of the Broadway, and every other man in the car screened his face with a newspaper lest Sport should become suspicious of him and bark again.

"Oh, 'twas a 'nawful big, black dog, an' he tried to bite Mabel, an' so I let him bite me, an' Mabel runnde away."

In her own words little Alice Farmer, 6 years old, thus tells how she saved her younger sister in Dallas, Pa., from a mad dog the other day. The dog bit Alice four times and they have brought her to New York to be treated by skilled doctors who hope, to save her from the awful death hydrophobia brings to its victims.

When her father said good-bye a tearful, shaky voice said:

"Kiss mamma and little Mabel for me, and come back and take me home as soon as you can."

MASTER'S VOICE IN 'PHONE RESTORED LOST DOG

Frankfort, April 3.—The ownership of a lost dog has been established in a remarkable manner by the Frankfort police, the dog having recognized its master's voice over the telephone.

Conrad Maier, a grocer, living in a suburban town informed the police that his pet terrier, "Ami" had been stolen. The police telephoned to Maier that a dog answering "Ami's" description had been found in the possession of a suspicious looking stranger.

The telephone receiver was then placed at the dog's ear, and Maier was introduced to talk to the animal in familiar language. The dog gave every sign of recognition and barked with joy.

The pseudo owner was so terrified by the animal's sagacity that he immediately confessed that he had stolen the dog.

BUILD TO MEMORY OF A DOG

From Wide World Magazine.

Of the memorials to dogs the most imposing of modern date is "Tell's Tower," a structure on the seashore near West Kirby, Chershire, England. It is in honor of the Great St. Bernard dog, Tell, "ancestor of most of the roughcoated champions of England, and himself winner of every prize in the kingdom. He was majestic in appearance, noble in character, and of undaunted courage." Built by the late Mr. J. Cumming Macdona, the tower is a sort of summer house, in the base of which is a vault containing Tell's remains, guarded by an effigy of that remarkable animal.

DOG SAVES TWO FROM DROWNING

Trenton, N. J., May 22.—The Rev. Asa Ferry, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and his brother, the Rev. Ebenezer Ferry, pastor of the Morrisville, Pa., Presbyterian Church, were saved from drowning yesterday by a shepherd dog. The brothers went canoeing on the Delaware river and after they had put out some distance from shore the Philadelphia minister turned around to see what had become of Bob, the dog. Bob belongs to the Morrisville minister, and he had been left on the shore. The movement caused the canoe to upset and the clergymen were spilled into the river. Both are good swimmers and

they were making their way to the shore when Ebenezer Ferry was seized with a cramp. He called for help and his brother went to his aid and tried to support him in the water. They could make no progress, and both were rapidly becoming exhausted when Bob, who had shown his excitement by running up and down the bank while the brothers struggled in the stream, plunged in and swam out to them. The dog seized his master's collar in his teeth and dragged him to shallow water. Then the big shepherd went back after the Philadelphia minister and soon pulled the reverend gentleman to shore.

BRONTE

The first picture that was ever given to the human race is the one where Father Adam was doing the King stunt in the Garden Eden with Eve and all the other animals as subjects.

Man has been busy since the days of Adam domesticating the wild animals—with every race, in every clime, one of the determining factors of history has been the wild animals that were domesticated. What would the world have done without the horse? Undoubtedly next to the horse as man's friend and companion the dog has played the most important part. As the shepherds of old counted the stars that twinkled over the hills of Judea, the dog counted the sheep, as David composed his immortal lyrics his dog attended to the flocks.

We have had domesticated animals since the dawn of history, we have had educated animals for centuries back but most of the educated animals have simply done tricks taught by brute force and inexhaustible patience.

The study of mental phenomina is as old as the race but as a science we know so little about it that it is only in its formative period. Mental suggestion is a term that means much to some and nothing to most people. Mind readers are real or fancied according to the notion of the individual.

If these things have been inexplicable mysteries when dealing with the human mind what must we think of the feats of Bronte, McCormick's wonderful dog, that counts, adds, substracts, divides, spells and does so many mysterious things that it is almost as dangerous to try to explain this phenomena as it is to explain your own feelings when you drop into a spiritualistic meeting in a strange city and

have much of your own family history paraded before you by a stranger whom you have never seen before. You are afraid to say it is a fake and yet you can't believe it. I don't know enough about Christian Science to know whether I believe in it or not but I do know that I was overwhelmed when I walked into a friend's office who had been almost blind and found he had thrown away his shades and had let the light into his darkened room. The sight of one converted sinner singing and praising his Creator is unanswerable and so after months of constant companionship with Bronte I am free to say that she is the most unsolvable animal puzzle that I have yet struck. I will not attempt to describe how this Scotch collie can tell that 24 divided by 6 is 4 or how 2 added to 4 is 6. All I know is that she will bark it out so quick that it will puzzle the human mind to keep up with her. I have seen her when placed in a closet tell how many fingers different persons in the room would hold up. I have seen her entertain judges, lawyers, doctors, preachers, men, women and children, educated and ignorant.

Some years ago Bozzie, Mr. George B. Clayson's wonderful dog was the talk of the day. H. H. Kohlsaat, editor of the Chicago Record Herald, arranged for Bozzie to entertain President Roosevelt at the White House and the papers at that time devoted pages to Bozzie and her wonderful mind-reading exhibitions. Mr. McCormick visited Mr. Clayson and it was not long before he discovered that Bozzie would perform for him as readily as she did for her master and as he had been in the Lyceum work for some years as an entertainer he was quick to see the advantage of having this great mind reading dog as an added attraction.

It was not long before Bozzie died. This was what they called Bozzie the second, as she was the second dog of that name to perform these wonderful feats.

Bronte, the present wonderful dog whose acting has made thousands of school children love and appreciate animals, has probably entertained more school children than any entertainer in America. She has entertained almost two thousand audiences of school children alone. Prof William A. Wirt of Gary, Ind., says that the respect and love of animals encouraged by her wonderful entertainments is the best thing he has had in his school experience.

Bronte has taken another step —she and the Riverside whistler held forth at the Majestic, Chicago's leading vaudeville theatre; and it is but stating the simple truth when I say that this collie dog put them over the footlights in a way that caught the crowd far better than the cigarette stunt of the famous comic opera star, Della Fox, who was the $1000 headliner in the same bill. Yes, McCormick made good and his act ought to be whipped into shape for a vaudeville headliner if he decides to remain in that field. It took almost a week to show the wise guys, as they say around the theatre, that Bronte does not work by signs. A few weeks, doing them twice a day, ought to develope a better psychic phenomena act than the fake doing of the much heralded Anna Eva Fay. The real wonders of this act have not been noted. A fifteen dollar press agent would be worth $300 a week to McCormick. He was not in vaudeville twenty-four hours until Bronte was advertised as the most wonderful dog in the world. McCormick and his dog held the stage twenty minutes during each performance and in vaudeville that is going some.

DOG HERO RESCUES CHILD FROM TRAIN

St. Louis., May 15.—Rags, a dog hero, was the center of attraction as he trotted around Edwardsville at the heels of Henry Ridgeway, policeman.

Rags saved the life of his master, Milton Ridgeway, three years old. His yelps and barks prevented the boy from being ground to death on the long trestle over Cahokla creek by the Continental Limited on the Wabash.

Rags and his master were playing near the track. Milton's father was fishing several blocks away. The boy started to climb on the trestle and Rags, apparently realizing his danger, clung to the child's clothes with his teeth.

The flyer from the east was due in a short time. Rags barked and howled his loudest, and ran to and fro on the trestle. Henry Ridgeway heard him. Dropping his line, the policeman ran toward the trestle, Rags met him on the bank, barked louder and scurried toward the bridge.

The Continental limited whistled half a mile away. Ridgeway saw his son midway on the trestle on hands and knees. Running with all speed, he grabbed the child in his arms and leaped off the end of the structure as the limited rushed in sight.

WONDERFUL RESCUE DOGS

In "The Rescue Dogs of St. Bernard," Father Darbellay, writing in the Wide World Magazine, says that the animals frequently remain out on the mountains searching for lost travelers for 15, 18 and even 24 hours at a stretch.

"On one occasion," he writes, "we went down the pass to seek some travelers who, we knew, could not possibly find their way as it was snowing hard, bitterly cold and very dark. We had three dogs with us and sent them on ahead. Presently we heard one barking. I hastened in the direction of the sound, and there found the animal pawing away in the snow. I knew someone was buried there, and pushing away the snow with our hands, we soon came across the body of a man. We gave him some wine and biscuits.

"Hearing another dog barking, I was hastening away when the animal that had found the individual mentioned gripped me by the coat and pulled me over in the snow. I wondered what was the matter, and got up quickly, discovering with the aid of a lantern, that I was on the brink of a precipice; the dog had saved me from stepping over to my death. On this particular hunt we found eight persons, including one woman and a little child. The latter was very weak and ill. One of the brethren removed his outer coat, wrapped the child in it, tied it to the back of the dogs, and sent it off to the hospice. We then wended our way in the same direction."

ROOSEVELT CHILDREN DID NOT FORGET DEAD DOG

The loyalty of the Roosevelt children to a faithful friend has just been made known here and as a result a familiar mark on the White House landscape has disappeared.

Jack, a little black and tan dog which belonged to the Roosevelt children, went the way all dogs go several years ago. First Jack was placed in a glass case which was sealed. This was put into a heavy wooden box, fashioned especially for the purpose, and the children of the family, with a number of their little friends, marched out in solemn procession to the "grave."

But the grave has disappeared, and today it became known that the body of the little pet, in its double casket, has been dug up and shipped to Oyster Bay, where it has again been buried.

DOG CARRIES CAT TO HER FOOD

From July Saint Nicholas.

The little black dog and the little gray cat had been brought up together at the stables of the Sunday Creek Coal Company in the little mining Town of Jobs, O. They went together for their meals to the home of the stable boss, nearly a quarter of a mile up the road. Finally the little gray cat became so old and ill that she could not take the journey for her daily bread; so the little black dog some time during each day picked her up, puppy-wise, and carried her up to the house, where they were fed, and then he carried her carefully back to the stables.

The first time I saw them getting ready I said to Mr. Russell, "that dog is worrying the life out of that poor old cat." He told me to watch a little longer and see what happened; and when the little black dog had arranged his burden to his own satisfaction, and that of the little gray cat, he trotted away.

Mr.Russell told me that he carried her thus back and forth until the day she died.

Animals by instinct carry food to their young and to each other. Is it still instinct when they reverse the natural order of things and carry each other to food?

DOG LOVERS

The part that the dog plays in the household arrangements of the Southern negro is proverbial. An old Tennessee darky was arrested charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old man well, said reproachfully, "Now, Uncle 'Rastus, why did you steal that pig?"

"Bekase mah pooh fambly wuz starvin', Yo' Honnah," whimpered the old man.

"Family starving!" cried the judge; "but they tell me you keep five dogs. How is that, Uncle?"

"Why, Yo' Honnah," said Uncle 'Rastus reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah fambly to eat dem dawgs!"

A view entirely opposed to that of Uncle 'Rastus was that of the Frenchman who, when a very ugly pug dog belonging to a lady came sniffing at his heels, pushed the little beast away with his foot.

"I perceive, Monsieur," said the animal's owner coldly, "that you are not very fond of dogs."

"I not fond of dogs!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Why, madam, I ate more than twenty of them during the siege of Paris!"

DOG'S REMARKABLE INTELLIGENCE

Thomas Jones, who owns a big ranch on San Juan island, lost a collie dog last fall for nearly a month, and for several days searched the woods about his place zealously for the animal, without success. One day he tossed a bone to another collie. Instead of gnawing it, he picked it up and started for the woods. He kept turning his head, apparently to see if he was followed, and Jones concluded to follow him. The dog trotted along for about a mile and stopped at the edge of the well. Jones got a ladder, climbed down and found the dog that had been lost. There was only about two inches of water in the well, but the animal would have starved to death had it not been for the other. The lost dog was in good condition, and as it had been missing 24 days the other animal must have kept it supplied with food for nearly a month.

—London Telegraph.

BARRY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

There is no finer or more useful dog in the world than the great St. Bernard. The standard of intelligence runs very high in this dog. He has great strength, and to his kind may be ascribed the saving of many lives, He is deserving of the monuments that have been erected in his memory and as evidence of his noble services as a life-saver. One of the most striking of these monuments is the one erected to "Barry of the Great St. Bernard," who saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first person he tried to save. The slayer of Barry was a soldier whom the dog has dug from a drift. The soldier was but partly conscious, and, thinking that he was being attacked by an enemy, he drew his knife and stabbed his rescuer to the heart. One may see in the museum at Berne the stuffed skin of this noble dog with its little cask on a strap around his neck.

On one occasion Barry found a child of ten years lying under the snow in the fatal slumber that precedes death from freezing. Barry warmed the child with his breath and then roused it from sleep by licking it. This much accomplished, Barry, by lying down on his side, gave the child an obvious invitation to get upon his back and ride. The child took the hint and was carried in safety to the monastery. Many stories could be told of the remarkable intelligence of Barry.

Much of this intelligence was natural, while a part of it was the result of careful training, for the great St. Bernard dogs are trained for the duties that await them as preservers of life. We are told that the training of the dogs is a very simple matter indeed. During the summer months some of the men at the monastery where these dogs are kept take the young dogs out into the valleys or hollows, where there is always snow. One man will lie down in the snow and bury himself in it, and then a dog sent to look for him. The animal is taught to bark when he has found the man and also to arouse the man if he is asleep. When the man wakes up and stands on his feet the dog leads him to the hospice, running along in front of him to show him the way.

We are told by a recent writer that the famous St. Bernard Hospice was founded in the year 962 Bernard de Menthon, a neighboring nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims who were on their way to Rome. For many years after it was founded it was continually attacked by robbers who infested the mountains. In those days the brave monks were compelled at times to barricade the doors and wait until the weather drove the robbers away before they dared venture forth. Once the Hospice was destroyed by fire. It was here that Napoleon was entertained when he took his army over the Alps into Italy in the spring of 1800. One hundred and eighty of the soldiers held the pass for a year. Napoleon's army numbered thirty thousand men and for three miles they had to fight their way, foot by foot, waist deep, in the snow.

For hundreds of years the great St. Bernard dogs have gone out as life-savers from this monastery. The present building dates from the year 1650, and there are about fifty of the monks here in this isolated place simply for the purpose of giving the help that is so often needed by travelers over the mountain passes. Men and dogs alike live lives of the highest and noblest self-sacrifice on this Hospice of Mount St. Bernard.

UNRELIABLE DOG

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."

THE DOG

By John Fleming Wilson.

"Life is too complex," he insisted, " admit that I am weak, sister, that I've reached Part II of what the missionaries call a Ruined Existence. But then—why have Ten Commandments? Let the strong and eager and virtuous observe all ten—or a dozen, if they are able. But I'm not equal to it. I could easily keep one commandment, and I might keep two. But when you mix things up beyond that, I confess, I quit. If life were simple, as your American poets sing, I should be among Those Present. But I fail to solve the problem in terms of x, y and z."

The speaker stared with sunken eyes at the clean bank clerk.

"Get to work!" was the eager answer. "Mix in with the good folks down here—you used to know'em—and get acquainted with some of the nice girls and make some money. Stop drinking. You could do it, Reynolds. Half the men in Honolulu would be glad of it."

"You are making things complex again," Reynolds returned. "You say, 'Stop drinking.' Done! But am I saved? No. I've got to do that and then mix in with nice people and make some fine girl think I am alright, and then I've got to make some money, and so on, and so on, for ever and ever. Too complex. I can do something simple, but I'm no juggler. I can't keep ten commandments and six social must-nots in the air at once. Have a drink? No? Well, so long!"

Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds finished his third "dog's nose," glanced carelessly at the morning Advertiser and walked slowly out of Cunha's into the bright Honolulu sunshine. On his way two men nodded coldly and a third took pains to cut him.

In King street he consulted the bulletin boards, stared in the shop windows and conducted himself inoffensively as a man of leisure for two hours. He then carelessly strolled up to a cafe where he lunched on whisky and crackers. An hour later he was trudging slowly down Kalekaua Road to the beach, under the hot afternoon sun, a byword and a scandal to all who saw him. For he wavered and had lost his hat. Oddly enough, this was Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds' last appearance. With rambling steps and staring eyes he passed out of the complexities of a civilization which he could not appreciate at its true value into that simplicity for

which his soul yearned. For one hundred yards beyond the grass hut that is pointed out to tourists as the residence of the former kings of Hawaii a very small girl clung to the step of a carriage and screamed shrilly as Reynolds came by.

A woman, leaning out of the carriage, jerked at her daughter's arm and scolded her vigorously.

"Of course you can't take the dog," she said. "Hurry and get in with me! We're going to catch the steamer and go home!"

"I won't leave my dog!" wailed the child, kicking up the dust.

"Get in!" her mother commanded wrathfully. "If you don't," her wary eye discerned the shameful figure of a drunken white man by the road side, "if you don't, that bad man will get you!"

The girl stared interestedly at the Bad Man. Then, jerking her mother's grasp, she darted over to him. At her heels galloped a small wizened animal with a string around its black neck.

"Please!" she begged. "I want somebody to be good to my dog!"

"Is this your dog?" he inquired.

"Yes! I founded him myself! And nobody is good to him! Will you be good to him?"

Reynolds straightened up and looked over to the lady in the carriage.

"It is a very simple matter, madam," he said with an air. "I am not much—as you perceive. But your daughter is correct in her judgment. I believe I am equal to being good to a dog. It is a simple matter."

He took the dirty string out of the little girl's hand and bowed as deeply as a dizzy head would allow him.

"I'll be good to him," he said hoarsely. "Now run on to your mother."

The child seemed satisfied and retreated, backwards, with loving eyes upon her late pet, who, to do him justice, seemed very loath to be left behind.

"Be very good to him!" she cried in farewell.

"Trust me!" he replied gravely. "And thank you for the confidence!"

As the carriage sped on he looked down at his new charge. The dog, a miserable mongrel, sat on its haunches and looked at him, blunt ears a-cock. Then, as Reynolds resumed his slightly erratic course down the white road, it fell behind resignedly.

The strange pair wandered on and on, past bright villas, through laughing crowds of tourists, into the spacious shadows of Kapiola-

ni Park. There, under a tree, the man subsided to the grass and fell asleep. The dog, after snapping at mosquitoes without success, howled miserably. Then it curled itself up between its new master's feet.

The sun dipped into the ocean and the shadows in the park deepened. The electric lights along the trolley line sparkled out on the poles and under them the gardeners passed homeward. On the beach the shark, threshing in its concrete tank behind the aquarium, sipped the cool water flowing in with the rising tide over the pool's lip and relapsed into silence. The crescent moon, swung delicately in the unfathomable sky, threw down a faint radiance and roused the night-birds. A brushing wing awakened the man and he sat up. His aching eyes saw nothing. His parched throat called loudly for a drink. He thrust his hand into his pocket and was rejoiced to find a coin. He got to his feet to start off. The tug of a string on his finger stopped him. He stared down at the dog.

"The little cur!" he said to himself. "And she wanted me to be good to you! Well, that's easy. Come on!"

He wrapped the string afresh around his finger, and walked away towards the city.

Just as he emerged from the park Reynolds crossed the road to a small shop where a huge Portuguese woman dozed among bottles of soda-water and baskets of fruit and provisions. Extracting his solitary coin Reynolds effected the purchase of some ginger-ale and a piece of dried fish. With these in hand he went back into the park. Under the shadows he emptied the bottle and fed the fish to the dog. When the animal, its hunger satisfied, licked its lips and wagged its crooked tail, he addressed it solemnly.

"Now, that was simple, wasn't it, pup? Life, dog, is very complex. But one can always be good to a dog. Now run along."

He unknotted the cord from around its throat and set it loose.

"Run along!" he ordered.

But the mongrel, wagging its tail again, pursued a centipede under a root, barked at a rat on some nocturnal hunt, and returned to curl up between the man's knees.

Reynolds considered this at length. Finally, without disturbing his new charge, he took off his shoes, threw his socks away, tore collar and cuffs from his shirt and thus began his new life. They slept together, mongrel and man, till the dawn blazed over Palolo. Then they went down to bathe together.

Two months later the manager of Bishop & Company, bankers, remarked that Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds did not call for his mail any more.

"He's dropped out," said the manager, thrusting the few letters into a pigeonhole. "Poor chap! he was of little account!"

"Probably," was the reply. "Better return those letters to the writers. We'll never see him again."

And thus it came about that Archibald T. P. Reynolds did not return up the white road that he went down.

Instead, a man answering to the general title of "Jim" was living in a hut back of the cable landing, helping the assistant superintendent, who had never heard of Reynolds, watch the safety of the big snake cable that plunged out over the reef and into the depths of the Pacific. The work was not hard, but it meant long watches at night, sometimes, and consequent consumption of much tobacco. At these epochs the assistant superintendent railed exceedingly at the miserable cur that followed Jim, the handy man, and refused to be separated from him even for a minute. But in the midst of his objurgation he would find Jim's eyes sharply fixed on him.

"Anybody can be decent to a dog," said that extraordinary laborer.

And the assistant would become silent, much to his own amazement. Latterly he got to bringing the dog lumps of sugar, which were gratefully accepted and assured double service from the animal's master.

One night the assistant kept the laborer working till early in the morning over the foundations of the long carrier-conduit that took the tender cable out over the jagged reef. The trades were strong and chill. When the work was done, the superintendent pulled a dollar out of his pocked and laid it down before the dog.

"Take it to your master and tell him to get a drink for himself and a bone for you," he said.

Jim, from the other side of the room, nodded his thanks.

"I don't drink," he said briefly.

"Anything you like," was the reply. "But—pardon me—what are you doing out here, if you don't drink? Excuse my bluntness, but you're up to better things, if you're a sober man."

Jim stared moodily out into the crisp morning twilight.

"I'm doing one thing at a time," he said slowly. "Just now I'm trying to be good to the dog."

At daylight Jim considered the pup for some time, as they enjoyed their breakfast among the palms.

"We've got a dollar that we don't need, and while I don't usually take tips," he said, "I guess you've got a treat coming. Now what'll it be?"

The dog cocked one shapeless ear and panted, his red tongue quivering out of his jaws. A sudden thought struck his master.

"By jove!" he said loudly. "We need a good swim, both of us, pup. We'll go down to the sand beach and swim with the rest of the good people. Come on!"

The walk to Waikiki seemed very short. Reynolds (or Jim) strode along barefooted, active, lean and with the faint glow of health on him. Now and again he glanced curiously in upon the green lawn of some villa, or drew aside as an early picnicking party fled by with jesting laughter. When he emerged into the open of Waikiki proper, and saw the Moana Hotel, and the motors chugging outside, and heard the footfalls echoing on polished floors and smelt the odors of cooking, the perfume of wines and the scent of cigars, he stopped.

"I don't believe we'll go any farther, pup," he said. "This business has got to be kept simple. If it gets complex and tangled up and mixed with various commandments, you'll get the worst of it. And I'm not much, pup. It's about all I can do to be good to a dog!"

As for the animal he addressed after turning one inquiring glance back on his master, he trotted on. Reynolds, gazing after him, hesitated, was about to whistle a recall, started on, halted, swore, and then continued on his way.

Several people, seeing the lines of perplexity on the lean, healthy face of the barefooted haole, glanced at him interestedly. But no one recognized in him the man who had once been prominent in Honolulu, first as a young business man, lastly as a drunkard. The dog turned in under a big gateway bearing the sign "Japanese Inn."

"That settles it," Reynolds remarked weakly. "They'll serve me, no matter how many bare feet I have."

He cursed the dog and his own failings. He quickly crossed the lawn, avoided the main entrance, and dived down an alleyway. At the end of this a Japanese, dressed in white apron and jacket, received him smilingly. Half an hour later Reynolds lolled on the seaward lanai of the inn, glowing

with liquor, flushed with new dreams, his full, handsome face set on the shining ocean. Now and then he replenished his glass out of the bottle.

"I'm going to get away," he told the waiter. "Just you wait! Odd how a good drink simplifies matters, once you get 'em straight in your head! I'm going back home! Decent citizen! and all that!"

The tide crept in from the blue ocean, flooded the white beach and covered the reefs, and at the same time another tide, of humanity, flowed slowly down from the city to meet it, filling up the hotels, the parks, thronging the roadways with men and women drawn by idleness, curiosity, thirst, or more innocent desires. In a secluded part of the lanai Reynolds finished his bottle, watching the pageant. Now and again he stared around him, as if he would go somewhere. But each time he relapsed into his seat. When the bottle was empty and the canoes began their rides over the breakers, and the surf board-riders yelled and laughed outside, and the people along the beach hummed like a vast swarm of bees, he suddenly remembered that he had come for a swim. It was true that he might have gone swimming down by the cable landing, among the rocks, but it wasn't safe for the dog. One must look out for the dog. Where was the dog? He whistled. It crept out from under a bench and together they left the lanai and started down towards the water.

Heedless for the clothes—for how could a wetting injure them? —he walked into the warm sea. As he made his slow way down the shelving sand and the water rose to his knees, to his waist, to his shoulders, he forgot the dog in the pure comfort and refreshment of it. He looked longingly out. It would be just the thing now. He stretched himself out gently on the water.

A yelp behind recalled to him his charge. He turned and saw the mongrel half drowned, plunging towards him with pitiful, straining efforts. He reached out, picked it up and set it on his shoulder.

"Poor little pup," he said commiseratingly. "You never came of a swimming breed. But you've got pluck all right. You swam."

He scanned the expanse between him and the shore. It suddenly came over him how far the dog had struggled before he heard its cry and heeded it.

"By jove!" he said admiringly. "You certainly have pluck, pup!"

The animal, perilously balanced

on his steadily heaving shoulder, licked his briny cheek.

On a pinnacle of coral far out, Reynolds rested. About him the long rollers of the Pacific heaped themselves high, shook overhead like huge billows of blue cloth, and swept downward in crashes of foam and spray. Now and then he had to struggle to maintain his position on the bit of coral. Each time he recovered himself in the broken water he felt the dog's trembling body pressed closer to him.

A wave lifted him up and he felt the cruel scrape of a coral branch along his leg. He regained his perch with difficulty, rescuing the dog with a sweep of his arm from the swirling brine. It struggled up in his arms and licked his face. He suddenly felt sorry for it.

"You swam a dickens of a ways," he muttered. "You saw me headed this way and you just came, too."

He mused on this a long time. Then he felt weak. A dull pain made itself felt in his leg.

"That coral's poison," he said. "And we must get away while we can."

He glanced behind him, saw his chance and slipped down into the water. He struck out for shore very slowly. His right leg was stiff.

What seemed to him interminable hours passed resoundingly. As he swam, with great strokes, buffeting the waves with amazing vigor and address, but making infinitesimal progress, he continually heard the shout of surf-riders behind him, rose into the bosom of breakers and was suddenly overwhelmed. Each time he came to the air to see the riders flitting towards the far beach on the crest of the wave that had just overpassed. Once in a while a ponderous canoe, laden with shrieking white women, thundered by, careering down the smooth slope of wave, the brown, intent faces of the canoemen fixed immovably upon the distant shore towards which they sped. Later a fishing sampan, rocking wildly in the broken water, was borne slowly by him in a vast smudge of foam and spray.

Gradually the blood pelting through his arteries slowed up, as the liquor died in him. Perspective returned. Instead of swimming forever in a boundless sea, he was thrashing wildly around within a few hundred feet of the shallows. And behind him he heard a scream. There was the impact of some heavy flat object on the surface of the water, a raucous call, a bellow of rage, of command, of encouragement. He turned his face quickly seaward.

Caught under the arch of a wave he saw a small canoe, its bow swung up, its stern tilted downward. With great deliberation, as he craned his neck to watch, a woman slipped from her place in the bow, clutched methodically at the thwarts as she descended and plunged into the water beneath the uphung canoe. The wave seemed to tremble forward, to totter. Foam suddenly blossomed on the crest. A huge kanaka, poised across the little craft, bellowed again, driving his paddle deep into the wave.

"That takes a long time," mused Reynolds. "The woman will likely be hit by the canoe and she will be drowned."

The wave broke. Reynolds, clutching the dog to his neck with one hand, trust the arm down and dived. He felt the wrecked canoe wallow overhead. Something struck his leg, his right leg, too, a sharp, painful blow. He emerged to face the kanaka who was plunging around looking for his passenger. A second canoeman, spilled some moments before, swam a hundred yards away. Before his eyes the woman reappeared, rolling slowly to the surface. The native, grasping her, started for the beach, with great, swift movements, raising the water before his breast in a girdle of foam, traversing the long swells with frantic and incredible speed. From the sea a second canoe swept in, its crew shouting terribly, beating the water with their paddles. Reynolds exhaled his breath with a long "A-ah!" He understood. A shark had crossed the reef and was hunting. This was what had demoralized the men in the wrecked canoe, the source of the terror in the oncoming craft.

A second wave slopped the broken canoe directly across Reynolds' path. Something underneath a thwart caught his eye. He reached out his hand and took hold of the side. He looked in. A little girl's upturned white face met his glance. He pondered quickly. It was a hopeless undertaking to try to take the canoe in. The girl lay in water that washed over her lips and swept her hair round her throat. Any moment another wave might turn it all upside down. And there was the shark—somewhere. He drove his feet down, thrust his arms in and drew the child out. The canoe was flung far from him by the rush of a surge. But he had the girl safely in his grasp.

Dazed, he started slowly to swim on towards shore. He made a few strokes and his limbs failed him. By himself he could with

difficulty make the distance. His lips sucked in brine. He was perishing. But his dulled ear caught a sharp, imperative, pitiful sound behind him. It was swimming alone. With infinite pains he turned and saw it, perceived dimly the pleading eyes, the upturned muzzle, the blunt ears. Shifting the child slightly, he thrust out stiff fingers to save the dog. The animal puffed and struggled. It yelped again. It choked. And beyond them he saw the swiftly rising crest of another breaker. The child in his arms suddenly struggled, too.

In that instant he saw the faithfulness of the dog. It had simply followed him. It had trusted him. In his arms he clutched the child. Something familiar in the girl's face moved him, how he did not know. The thought came to him that she might, at some time, have wished that people would be good to a dog. Bitterly, quickly he made his decision. With a huge intaking of breath, he dived, without one look behind him, without a sound to signify that he heard a feeble yelp as the breaker engulfed the floundering mongrel.

Ten minutes later he strode out of the water and up the beach to a woman who sat shrieking for her child. At sight of him she rose and threw herself forward.

In the midst of this clamor he stood, holding the child. His wet clothes dripped. At his feet gathered a dark pool of blood.

Somebody stepped up and took the little girl from him, calling out loudly, "She's alive! She's all right!"

Another man, staring keenly at Reynolds, touched him on the arm. "The shark," he said.

Reynolds shook him off. Without a word to the astonished people huddled circlewise round him he turned and strode back toward the sea. They called to him. A man, waving his arms menacingly, ran toward him. He shook his head. Gathering his strength he plunged into the water, hastened out into it till it rose to his waist, to his shoulders. Then, with a sigh, he yielded himself to it, swimming seaward wearily, out towards the crashing breakers, to the place where he had heard that last piteous yelp of his dog.

"It's so simple," he mused. "Anybody can do that. Just—" his calm face grew peaceful, as the warm tide flowed over it—"just be good to the dog!"

And with this solitary and ridiculous substitute for a morality too high for him, Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds swam on—and on—out of that sea into another, seeking a black, blunt eared, clumsy mongrel—a cur.

THE POWER OF A PICTURE

No, it wasn't a great masterpiece such as makes men catch their breath and women turn away for strength to look again, it was only the newspaper photograph of a pup—a little, nondescript, mischievous mongrel pup—that appeared in Monday night's News. But it wielded a power and brought a result such as an orator would toil for a month to produce. There she sat in the picture, her black ears cocked at attention, her nose tilted a dumb question, her sprawly paws set crookedly in front of her, and the look of comic confidence in her eye. It was the trustfulness of the pup's eyes that held the reader, for naturally one looked with some care at the picture of a mongrel a great daily would print. Like all pictures, this one gained half its strength from its story. Some pictures ought never to be seen, can never be understood, without the interpreting service of the story behind them. The pup's picture was one of these. The pup was in jail. Away over on the east side a little boy and girl were crying, they cried all day and night. The policeman had taken the dog away because she had no license. She was awaiting the dog wagon in central station. The father of the little girl and boy was sad, too, but the cost of the license was equal to more than a day's earnings as a teacher of his own people, and he was bowing to the situation as best he could.

It was a simple story. It has been rehearsed in hundreds of households, only in the Kapinski household they should have saved the pup if they had the money. Other people are glad to be rid of their dogs. But little Isadore and Augusta Kapinski have few joys in life and the pup was one of them. It is hard to lose even a pup, when the pup is all one has.

And so the pup's picture was printed, and the story behind the picture told. Well, the miracle happened again—the miracle that always happens when human hearts are warmed. The pup had 50 friends who acted without delay and probably hundreds who feared they would be giving away to a too simple emotion if they acted at all. Little children and wealthy men decided that if $2.10 would dry the tears of two children and save the pup's life, the money should be expended. The pup commanded more money Monday night than he will ever again if he lives to be a century old. And he was saved, and he licked the tear-stained faces of his little friends.

The story is so slender that it hardly bears the telling, but its point is here—how many unsuspected ways there are to human hearts! How naturally and unaffectedly kind the people are when their sympathies are touched! It is tonic to the soul to observe it. It refreshes one's faith in the quality of humanity. The news of the dog's rescue is not great news, not important news, to be sure, but one would give much to know how many thrills of satisfaction the simple tale brought with it. Such news, hardly worthy the name of news itself, has a value. It expands men and women who are contracted with the cares of everyday life, it relaxes them, they feel a glow as if they themselves had some part in the kindness. It warms one for a time, and what warms our spirits is a prime healing force, though it be but the rescue of a mongrel pup.

Most of us are kind, if we are only told how to show it. In our rush we overlook many splendid opportunities, and we need to be reminded of how much we can do and how little it costs to do it.

COLLIE SHOWED HUMAN INTELLIGENCE

Many interesting incidents are still being related as having occurred during the big blizzard of the latter part of last week. One of the best of these comes from Waterloo and deals with the almost human intelligence shown by a Scotch collie dog. The story is as follows:

Bounding about like an animated snow ball, its sleek and shining coat covered with ice, an intelligent Scotch collie last Friday, on the occasion of Iowa's worst blizzard for years, attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. George Knapp, who live in Bennington township, by its sharp barking. The animal had rounded up the turkeys on the premises, had driven them to the door of the hen house and was standing guard over them until it could attract the attention of the folks in the house.

A short time before this Mr. Knapp fearing that the chickens would perish if left in the storm, told the collie to round them up and drive them into the hen house, where they might be protected from the storm and cold northwest wind. Bounding away eagerly to execute the command, the dog soon had the chickens all corralled in the warm building. Mr. Knapp had closed the door and went to the house, forgetting all about the turkeys that were in the grove and in other parts

of the premises. But the collie did not forget. Somehow he seemed to sense the danger that the larger fowls were in, and instead of going to the house with his master, bounded away into the blinding snowstorm.

Some time later, Mrs. Knapp, attracted by the sharp, staccato barking peered through the frosted window, and was astonished to see, through the storm, the outlines of a snowy object darting about from side to side near the hen house door. In the lee of the building and in front of the door snowy objects were huddled. When Mr. Knapp went out to investigate he discovered that the dog had rounded up the turkeys and was barking to attract the attention of the household, so that some one would come out and open the door. The dog was a sight to behold. It was covered with snow and ice, and could hardly see. It wagged its tail and bounded upon Mr. Knapp in a way that showed its pleasure in being able to see the turkeys as well as the chickens in the warm interior of the hen house.

GREATER LOVE THAN THIS IS NEVER SHOWN

In Iowa the other day a dog of the common yellow varity plunged into the river and rescued its 5-year-old master from drowning. After getting the child within reach of those on the bank the canine hero was so exhausted that the swift current bore him away and he was drowned. He was only a worthless cur, and, no doubt, should have been killed long ago, for has not that superior animal, man, decreed that a yellow cur is about the most worthless thing on the face of the earth? But every dog has his day, and it certainly must have been a great day for this one when he gave his life for his little master, while the superior animal stood on the bank unwilling to risk his precious life to save that of a fellow being.

DOG KILLS RATTLER AND RESCUES GIRL

Freeland, Pa., July 14.—A dog saved the lives of two girls, here today. The children were picking huckleberries and walked into a nest of rattlesnakes basking in the sun. The dog jumped to the rescue, killing four large snakes.

Although still alive, the body of the dog is swollen to double its normal size from the bites of the reptiles. The Rymska family, who owned the dog, summoned the family physician in the hope of saving the animal's life.

DOG IS MURDER WITNESS

A dog—a savage looking bull terrier—testified in a murder trial at Chicago. The dog was the only witness of a brutal attack on his master, Gustave Doering, who died in the County Hospital, April 2.

Doering had been beaten with bottles, wielded, it is alleged, by Walter Towner and Thomas Rourke. The dog had fought the assailants and had received its share of cuts in the affray. When Doering was found unconscious the morning after the fight the dog was at his side, bleeding from half a dozen wounds. Part of the defense was that Doering had died, not from his wounds, but from an operation performed at the hospital. The dog was brought into court to show that the wounds inflicted on it were similar to those on Doering.

THE MASCOT OF THE PRIMER CLASS

By Lucy Copinger

It was Friday morning, and the Primer Class was indulging in Finger Plays.

"This iss mutter, gut und dear;
This is fader, full of beer,"

"Not 'beer,' Anna," Miss Lucy corrected. " Cheer.' "

"Id ain'd wod my fader drinks, und I dunno nodin' aboud id," said Anna, and at once relapsed into sullen silence.

Into this already charged atmosphere Bum O'Reilly walked recklessly, a half-hour late, and at his ragged heels a yellow, bony little nondescript of a dog. Waving aside with exasperation a piece of chewing-gum artfully tendered her as a bribe, Miss Lucy ordered the dog to be removed at once.

"Miss," Bum protested respectfully, "I can't git rid of him no ways. I been beatin' him sometink fierce, but the little divil won't lemme alone;" and he looked down at the dog with a glance in which Miss Lucy saw already an ineffectually suppressed pride of ownership.

"You know very well you coaxed him to follow you," she said, severely.

"Honest, miss," Bum explained, "he was settin' on the corner, jest a-waitin' fer me. Niver a whistle I give him, nor a look out er me eye, but no sooner he sees me and he gives a wag of his tail and comes a-runnin'. I give him one in de ribs wid me foot. 'Git away wid yer,' I sez, 'ye dirty little divil! If yer was a

clean-lookin', pup it ud be all right,' I sez, 'but don't yer know Missis Loosey ain't got no use fer a ugly little dorg like ye?' "

Although knowing full well that the wily Bum was playing on her sympathies, this narrative touched Miss Lucy. She looked at the "dorg," who at once acknowledged the glance with a friendly wave of his tail. This tail was a ridiculous thing, long out of all proportion to his size, and upon the least provocation it would wag so violently that it usually overbalanced its owner's body. There was something so whole-hearted in this vigorous wagging to Miss Lucy.

"Well, he can stay this morning," she said reluctantly, "if he behaves."

Although the dog stayed, his conduct could hardly be taken as a pattern to the members of the Primer Class. For a time he sat under the bench at Bum's feet and contented himself with chewing on his new-found master's shoes. When Miss Lucy went up and down the aisle he bit playfully at her skirts. At the Physical Training period, the commands seemed to excite him, for he ran wildly around the room, occasionally overbalanced by his uncontrollable tail and emitting wild yelps. Then when Sophie Bauerschmidt got up to read, he frightened her into shrieks by licking her bare legs. At recess it was discovered that he had eaten Frederick William's sandwiches. So when noon dismissal came Miss Lucy gave Bum strict orders to return unattended. He did so, but late, and, for the first time in her experience with him, sullen.

"Miss," he said, "I tied him up wid a piece of rope, and he's goin' on orful."

"He'll get used to it," said Miss Lucy heartlessly.

"Miss, I'm a-believin' he'll git choked," said Bum coldly, and applied himself to the reading lesson.

Not for long, however, was the quiet of the Primer Class to be undisturbed. The lesson was hardly over when a series of yelps came from the hall, followed by a hysterical squeal of recognition, and in a moment Bum, with actual tears in his eyes, was holding in his arms a quivering little animal from whose neck hung a broken bit of rope. At that moment the Principal appeared at the door.

"What was that?" he asked in amazement.

Miss Lucy explained.

"I'm thinking of having him for the Class Pet," she said.

"What! you are going to let

him stay?" the Principal exclaimed disapprovingly.

"'Encourage the little ones to bring their pets to school. Let the children mould, draw, model, and paint the little creatures. Thus the lesson of kindness will unconsciously be instilled,'" chanted Miss Lucy cheerfully, and the Principal, recognizing the quotation from the Nature Schedule, smiled.

"He looks like a comic supplement creation," he remarked jocosely. "What name are you going to give him—Rex, Ponto, or Rover?"

The sarcasm was lost on Bum. "I dunno," he said gravely; "but I'm thinkin' maybe it ought to be Nellie."

The Principal's jocose expression immediately became a trifle fixed, and Miss Lucy spoke with hasty gaiety.

"I think we'll call him 'Happy,'" she said; "he seems such a cheerful little animal," and thus settled all discussion.

From that day Happy, as he was called, grew to be a regular attendant upon the Primer Class in spite of Miss Lucy's not very stringent orders. There was nothing at all clever about him; he was a very foolish little dog, dull in everything but loving. In spite of good feeding his ribs still stuck out unbeautifully, but there was something endearing about the wag of his tail and the touch of his moist little nose that snuggled down into any convenient hand. After the novelty had worn off, the children accepted him calmly as a fellow classmate. Now and then an exciting episode occurred, as when Miss Lucy was called away for a day, and the substitute, on opening her desk, found a large and juicy bone reposing among her books of pedagogics. Then there was the unexpected visit of the Superintendent, when in spite of the moral backing of the Nature Schedule Miss Lucy smuggled Happy hastily into the book-case. He remained there quietly until the Physical Training began, when he set up an unhappy howling and continued until Miss Lucy released him, when he immediately rushed with welcoming tail to the Superintendent and began to chew his shoe. Perhaps the worst of all was when, in a sudden puppy fever, he ate the trimmings off of Marie Schaefer's new hat.

"I don't know what to do with him, James," Miss Lucy sighed after school that day, looking down at Happy, who, the day being a little chilly, was managing somehow to sit on the scant edge of her skirt. "You must really try to keep him home."

"Miss," Bum pleaded earnestly, "it'ull kill him sure to do it, he's that loving in his ways. It breaks his heart if he ain't wid me all the time. Ivery night when I goes to bed he lays up close to me feet, and sometimes I'm a-believin' he gits orful dreams, he's growlin' so and chewin' on me toes. But, miss, he's orful fond of me."

This inseparable devotion was to receive a rude shock. A few days later, as Miss Lucy stepped from the car, she was met by an anxious-faced delegation of the early arrivals of the Primer Class.

"Miz, come quick," cried Sophie wildly. "They iss having a awful fight, und Bub iss bleeding by the nose already, and maybe he iss goin' to git run in."

Seeing that this was no time to reason why, Miss Lucy took Sophie's hand and hurried along. Half-way down the block, she found Bum held firmly in the clutch of a burly figure in khaki, while in the street stood a large wagon with a wire screen on one side, against which a frightened little yellow dog threw himself violently. One glance at Bum's blazing eyes and at the dog-catcher's grim expression, and she did not need Anna Karenina's delighted, "He's waidin for the cop," to explain the situation. She was glad that she had intended to go shopping that afternoon, and had started out provided with the where-withal.

"I'm sorry you have had this trouble," she said, holding the dog-catcher's eye with her sweetest smile, while her hand, in which was that which was to have purchased some delightful vanity, met for a moment his palm, "but he's such a fellow, so won't you let him off this time?"

The crinkle of that which had been transferred to his hand caused a sudden relaxing of the dog-catcher's grip.

"I'm feelin' that kick in me stummick yit, miss," he asserted gloomily, but with a mollified air as he climbed into the wagon. Then, as he drove off, with the little body still throwing itself frantically against the wire, Bum, the shame of tears forgotten, flung himself down on the pavement with bitter sobbing. For in order to secure Happy's release a license must be shown, and Happy, unlicensed and the dog of a master whose fortune consisted of cigar-bands and a baseball, was in the hands of the power that asphyxiates.

It will be supposed that, having long wished that Happy might be conveniently removed, Miss Lucy would find that day in the Primer Class one of the rest and relief. So she assured her-

self she did. There was no distracting yelping during the Physical Training; as she stooped to pick up a paper, no fond little tongue licked her nose. And yet, in spite of this, a deep gloom seemed to have fallen upon teacher and pupil alike. Bum sat white and listless, all the Irish humor quenched in his blue eyes. Sophie Bauerschmidt, the tender-hearted, sniffled audibly all day, while even Anna Karenina occasionally removed slow tears with one smutty finger that left a dirty track down her cheek. There was only one thing to be done, and Miss Lucy, sacrificing the remains of her dream of finery, did it. At noon she and Bum visited the License Department, and by night Happy, with convulsive wriggles of joy, was borne forth from the dog pound in the boy's trembling arms.

One afternoon Bum and Happy were both absent. Miss Lucy was putting on her hat after school when Aloysius O'Reilly appeared with a grimy note.

"Missis Loosey," [it went] "pleze come hapy is orful sic he aint wagin his tal no mor yurs trooly james oreilly."

Miss Lucy hurried down. When she got there she found that Happy was indeed "orfull sic." He lay out in the dirty yard, and Miss Lucy, kneeling beside him, felt a sudden sinking of her heart when at her call there was no responsive wag of the foolish tail. Instinctively she put her hand on Bum's shoulder, but, looking into his wretched face, she could think of nothing to say. A bundle of old carpet lay in the corner, and this she brought.

"It will be softer for him," she said as she laid the little dog gently upon it. "Poor Happy!" At the name and the touch, Happy, who in all his life never failed in a quick gratitude for any small kindness, turned his head feebly and snuggled his nose down in the old way into Miss Lucy's hand. Then his head dropped, and Miss Lucy, knowing, put her arms around Bum with a quick rush of tears.

For two whole weeks Bum "hooked school," in utter defiance of the Truant Officer, and for two weeks Miss Lucy, utterly failing in her duty, did not report him. And finally her pleadings won.

"I'll be comin' termorrer," he said. "But, oh, miss," he went on with an unashamed sob, "I can't stand ter t'ink wot it'll be like widout that little old feller settin' alongside of me."

And Miss Lucy, in the gloom of the Primer Class, and missing the faithful friendship of the little dog could say nothing.

ZERO, THE CAPTAIN'S DOG

By Louis Enault.

Capt. Pigault had a dog which he had neither bought, nor found, nor brought up, nor received as a gift. The way in which it had fallen into his hands was somewhat romantic.

Some time before his marriage the captain was walking one evening on the wharf at Honfleur watching from a distance the ships entering and leaving the harbor. This is a favorite amusement of retired sailors who feel homesick for the sea, which they always decide they have left too soon.

His attention was attracted suddenly by the shouts and loud laughter of a dozen little rascals who were throwing stones into the river and uttering joyful exclamations when they hit the mark. Pigault knew that they were at the pitiless age. He suspected something was wrong and approached the bank to see the victim of this cruel sport.

Soon he caught sight of a poor dog, some distance from the shore struggling hard against the current, which was strong at that place. The dog would have succeeded in reaching the shore, for he was swimming vigorously, but every time that he was on the point of landing he saw himself driven back pitilessly by the cries the threats, and the blows of his fierce enemy. It was evident that these young scoundrels wished to have the barbarous pleasure of seeing the poor beast drown.

They seemed likely to have that pleasure soon, because the animal was worn out and the moment seemed near when it would have to give up. The captain was angry. "If you boys don't quit," he cried, "I will throw you into the water in place of the dog, who is better than any one of you."

As an energetic gesture accompanied these words, the boys ran off without waiting for anything further.

The dog soon saw that the way was left free for him, and he understood that the newcomer was his rescuer. This help and sympathy gave him new strength. In spite of the current he succeeded in reaching the shore.

It was at this moment that he gave the captain the first proof of the intelligence which afterwards became so noteworthy. No doubt he had heard say that there's nothing in the world more disagreeable than to be near a wet dog that is shaking itself. So, instead of going to thank his rescuer at once he began by making

his toilet at some distance. It was only after he had shaken off all the water he could that he approached the old sea captain timidly, like one who has had misfortune and has learned to be suspicious of others. As if he did not dare come nearer he stopped a few steps from the captain, beating the earth with his long bushy tail and fixing on him a bright, eager glance, which expressed all his feelings better than a long speech could have done.

Pigault understood this mute language and was as touched by it as by the noisiest demonstrations, perhaps more so. So, with a kind voice and with that honest look in which a dog is never mistaken, he called him to come to his side.

The dog understood because he approached, but slowly and timidly, and again stopped a few steps away.

"How the poor fellow must have suffered to be so much afraid of a man who does not mean to hurt him," said Pigault to himself, and since the dog did not dare come to him he went to the dog and patted the wet head.

"You're not handsome," he said, "but you look as if you were good. Come home with me. I have an empty kennel, but we must hurry so as not to keep supper waiting."

The dog remained where he was a few moments, then as if he thought he had been sufficiently grateful he paid no further attention to the captain, but turned towards the bank and looked steadily to the west, where a large sailing ship, outward bound was to be seen in the distance.

"Good bye," said the captain. "You are ungrateful, but if you think I am going to do you a kindness by force you are mistaken," and he turned to go home.

At this moment an old sailor, who had been watching the scene approached, and told the captain the dog's story. His name was Zero and his master was the captain of the ship just disappearing in the distance. The master had beaten him and had never fed him enough, but the dog was faithful in spite of all.

While the captain and the sailor were talking together Zero made up his mind to do what he had probably been thinking of for some time, and with a little run jumped into the water and began swimming towards the ocean. "Go it," said the sailor. "If you think that with your paws you can overtake the Queen Sophia with all her sails set and a fair wind astern you're mistaken. You will last about five minutes. It is too bad, captain, that the dog's master did not take him along,

but it is foolish of the dog to risk his life to join a master like that: Look! There he sinks—no, he's still afloat. Ah, it's ended, he's out of it. He is hard to kill. I wish I had a rope to throw to him. I'm sure he would have sense enough to catch the end of it and I would haul him in."

"I can't stay here and see the dog drown," said the captain. "I have saved men that were not as loyal as he. I will save him, too, or we will go down together."

Quick as he spoke the captain leaped into a boat, and, handling the oars skillfully, quickly reached the dog in distress, seized him by the skin of the neck and swung him into the boat. With a few vigorous strokes of the oar he reached the bank, where the sailor moored the boat, while the captain lifted the half drowned dog and placed him gently on the shore.

Zero had an energetic character. As soon as he saw himself again on the land he felt like a new dog. A sudden complete and unexpected revolution took place in his thoughts. The conduct of his master appeared to him in a new light. He understood that a man who had left him behind on purpose was not worth risking his life a third time to reach. He also saw that it would be useless to try to reach the Queen Sophia.

So he sat down on his haunches sad and pensive, in the attitude that a painter might give a philosophical dog who knows men too well to expect anything from them and who has had too much experience to have much hope. He probably thought that now he was nothing but a roving dog in a strange land, a tramp without food or lodging, without roof or fireside, with the prospect of passing the night in the hotel with the starry roof, which isn't much better for dogs than for men.

The captain had watched him with an interest at which he himself was astonished. "That," said he to himself, "is a remarkable dog. Wouldn't it be funny if he could write down, or at any rate tell, what his thoughts are? But it is growing late. My soup will be cold, and yet I can't have this poor fellow here, who seems to have no one in the world to care for him unless it is myself."

Then, addressing the dog, as if he could understand, he said: "Come, old fellow, you must see by this time that it's all over with the other one. Don't think of him any more, but come with me." And to make his word more forcible he tied one corner of his large handkerchief through the collar of Zero, who this time came along without resistance.

"You're late," said the captain's housekeeper, "and what in the world are you dragging behind you like that?"

"This is a friend whom I have invited to supper," said the captain with a hearty laugh.

"Your friend is not handsome," said the housekeeper, as she stood back to let the captain enter.

"Maybe, but you will see that he is good, Fix up something nice for him."

"He looks as if he needed it," said she, looking at the wet, dirty, hungry, pitiful dog, but as she was good hearted she gave him a better supper than he had had for a long time.

That night Zero slept in the kennel with a chain about his neck, but to him the chain was only a matter of form. He could not have been coaxed to run away. He liked his kennel, he liked the fare, and he loved the captain with a love which was destined to grow deeper day by day.

Not long after Zero's rescue, Capt. Pigault, who was not an old man, although a veteran sea captain, married a young woman who was a charming person, but not fond of dogs. Mme. Pigault and Zero managed to get along together for several months, and then something terrible happened.

Mme. Pigault used to have for breakfast a couple of fresh eggs which two hens laid for her every morning with perfect regularity. One morning it happened, that Jeannette, the maid, while crossing the yard from the chicken coop to the house, let fall one of the eggs. Of course the frail shell was broken, but the egg was not entirely lost, because Zero, who happened to be near by, thought it smelled good, and in two licks lapped up the yolk and the white. Mme. Pigault had only half a breakfast that morning. Jeannette confessed her fault and was forgiven.

But the fresh egg whetted the dog's appetite for more. The next morning he came to walk up and down at the same moment when the day before Jeannette had let fall half of Mme. Pigault's breakfast. No doubt, Zero thought the same accident would bring about the same happiness. But every day is not a feast day. That morning Jeannette did not make an omelet in the yard, and Zero had his trouble for nothing. But he did not dare complain. Jeannette would have laughed at him.

Every dog who wishes to make his way in the world must keep his eyes open, and Zero, who was clever, soon noticed that every time Jeannette brought eggs to the house she came from

a certain small shed. So one morning the sly dog entered the shed just after she had left it and found the nests, but they were empty.

Zero was disappointed, but not discouraged. He said to himself that since he found no eggs in the nest when Jeannette went there before him it would be she, on the contrary, who would find no eggs if he went there before her. The next day, although Zero had no watch and could not make observations of the sun, although he had sailed the ocean a large part of his life, in some way he kept track of the time. In five minutes before Jeannette came out of the house he entered the chicken coop. He had no trouble to find the nests, but just at the moment when he was about to commit his first crime something, either conscience or fear of punishment, made him turn away and return to the door. He put his head out, and looked around. Alas, he had no longer the bold gaze of an honest dog. There was something furtive and uneasy in his glance.

In a moment, as he saw nothing alarming, he turned back and rushed to the nest. The two eggs were there, white among the greenish hay, so fresh that they were warm. Zero sniffed at them a moment, as if he could taste them through their thin white shell. He seemed to consider a moment more. Then, suddenly, he made up his mind took one of the eggs into his large mouth, and, breaking the shell with a single bite swallowed the egg with all the enjoyment of one who does not need to be taught what is good.

It may be that he felt sorry at once for having done wrong, or it may be that he thought it was not so bad to steal one egg as two. At any rate, he made a division with his mistress, and, having swallowed one egg, left the other in its nest, and went out for a walk.

When Jeannette came for the eggs she found only one. Her surprise was great. "This is strange," she said to herself. "I saw both hens on the nest not long ago. If we can't believe the hens, whom can we believe, and what will madame say?"

Madame certainly was not pleased. She doted on fresh eggs. She asked many questions, but as poor Jeannette knew nothing she could tell nothing. She had gone to the henhouse at the usual hour, but instead of finding two eggs she had found one.

Capt. Pigault could only offer the suggestion that there was something the matter with the machinery, but his wife was only

made more furious by these words. She was ill tempered all day, and the captain could only content himself with the thought that it would all be forgotten by the next morning.

But the next morning Jeannette was again too late. An earlier visitor had taken the eggs. This time it was not merely one egg that was absent at roll call. Both failed to answer. Certainly Zero was becoming a hardened criminal.

"Too bad," said Jeannette, "two days in succession. Yesterday there was a cloud, today there will be a storm. I must get under shelter."

She called Zero. Zero was lying in his kennel, dreaming that the captain had a hundred hens, and that they laid eggs all day long. Jeannette's voice troubled him a little. He had an uneasy conscience and he came at her call reluctantly and suspiciously, but a good long look showed him that the cook was not yet suspicious. He could not guess, however, what she wanted of him.

"Wait a minute, good fellow," she said, patting his curly head. "I want you to go on an errand."

She went into the house, took a piece of paper, and wrote on it in letters which were not extremely elegant, but could be made out, these words: "Two fresh eggs, if you please." She pinned the note on a napkin, put the napkin in a little wicker basket, which had cloth wrapped around the handle, added some pennies, wrapped in a bit of newspaper, and then, putting the handle of the basket into the dog's mouth, she said: "The grocery."

Zero had gradually become the errand boy of the house and rarely made a mistake as to the place to which he was sent. He started off on a run, did not loiter on the way, and reached the grocery in a few minutes.

The grocer, who was used to seeing him, waited on two other customers first, for all must take their turn, then looked at the paper, took the money, picked out two eggs, wrapped them carefully, placed them in the basket, and then from force of habit said: "Anything else today?"

Zero made no answer to this question. He knew what he wanted, and did not like to be urged to buy other things. He hurried off home, carrying the basket carefully, for he had good reason to know that eggs are easily broken. He might have stopped and eaten the eggs, but since they were trusted to him he respected the trust, a thing which shows that he was not entirely bad.

Jeannette was looking for him. When she lifted the napkin and saw the eggs she was delighted.

"Saved," she cried, but she was mistaken. She was not as much saved as all that. Mme. Pigault no sooner tasted one of the eggs than she said: These are not my hens' eggs."

"Impossible," said the captain.

"It may not be possible, but it is so."

"You have a delicate taste," said the captain.

"Do you object?" said madame.

The captain, who had learned to avoid dangerous waters, answered: "I do not object. I was simply admiring your delicacy of taste."

Mme. Pigault rang the table bell furiously. When the cook entered she tried to look right through her, and said in a stern voice:

"Where did these eggs come from?"

"From the grocery," said Jeannette.

"Since when, if you please, have you been buying my eggs at the grocery?"

"Since there have been none at home."

"There are no eggs at home! I would like to know what my hens are doing."

"You'll have to ask them, because I can't tell you. All that I know is that they're not laying eggs." With these words Jeannette thought it prudent to go back to the kitchen without waiting for anything more.

Mme. Pigault was so upset that her husband thought she was going to have a fit, but he knew enough to keep still, and after a moment his wife, whose excitement made it impossible for her to eat, pushed her chair back and went out to investigate. She found the nest in disorder. Usually the hay of a nest in which an egg has been laid is smooth, but this time it seemed to have been lifted and ransacked.

"This is not natural," thought Mme. Pigault. "I am sure that the hens have laid and that somebody has stolen the eggs. I must discover who it is, and see that he is punished."

After thinking a little more she decided that there was nothing to do just then. The hens laid in the morning; the thief came in the morning; it was therefore in the morning that she must catch him. So that was the way that matters were left till the next day.

Meanwhile Zero also was planning for the next morning.

Zero's mistress, Mme. Pigault, was a light sleeper. The morning after she had been convinced that somebody was robbing her hen-

house she awoke early. She went downstairs looked through all the rooms on the ground floor, and finding nothing suspicious, went out into the yard. The gates were closed and properly locked. There was no place where there were signs of any one having climbed over the wall. The garden walks, which had been freshly raked, showed no signs of footsteps, although the sand of which they were made, easily received footmarks. It was not possible to doubt that somebody in the house was the thief.

Mme. Pigault thought of Jeannette, but the thought of Jeannette as a thief was ridiculous. The girl was honest, and besides she had everything at her disposal. She was fed the same as her mistress, and could take anything she wished in the house.

"How foolish," said Mme. Pigault to herself. "It must be some rat that stole the eggs. I will buy a trap, and that will be all. There are dogs which are good rat catchers, but ours is a good for nothing. I can't expect any help from him."

While making her investigation Mme. Pigault had passed Zero's kennel. He had seen her plainly, but recognizing in her the mistress of the house, free to come and go as she wished, he thought it improper to bark or growl at her. If she had been more friendly towards him he would have run to welcome her, but he was not the kind of a dog to make advances twice where they had been scorned once. So he closed his intelligent eye, and after having stretched and yawned he curled up again on his straw, saying to himself with lazy delight that there was still time to take another nap.

Mme. Pigault, in the meantime, had taken her seat by the dining room window. She liked to sit there better than in any other place, because she could more easily keep watch of what was going on in her house and garden. Since she knew the value of time and did not wish to lose a minute, she took up her sewing and worked industriously while waiting to see what would happen.

A little before 7 o'clock her attention was caught by a slight noise in the yard. She looked out and saw Zero, that abominable Zero, her greatest enemy, coming slyly out of his kennel and sneaking off toward the henhouse.

A terrible suspicion crossed her mind, quick as a flash, and found expression in these words, which escaped from her lips: "O, the scoundrel! So it was he! I'm going to catch him in the act

and tell him what I think of him."

She rose, or rather jumped, from her chair and started to rush after the dog, but a second thought stopped her. If she got there too soon she would prevent Zero from furnishing the proof of his crime. She must leave him time enough to show what a rascal he was and to make it impossible for him to plead "not guilty" by catching him in the act.

So she waited for a few moments in the dining room and then, holding her breath and walking on tip-toe, she went softly to the door of the henhouse, but the clever rogue, Zero, had taken the precaution to close the door so as to attend to his business better. Unfortunately for him he had not been able to stop up the cracks in the door, which was old and weather beaten. That was what ruined him.

Mme. Pigault looked through the widest of these cracks and saw with indignant eyes a strange sight. Zero, the criminal Zero, stretched out on the ground, his hind legs gathered under him, his long tail quivering with pleasure and thumping the ground, was holding quiet, between his forelegs the unhappy white hen.

It was with difficulty that Mme. Pigault restrained herself from opening the door suddenly. She wished to rush upon the guilty dog, seize him in the act of committing a crime, and inflict upon him due punishment. But her curiosity was greater than her anger, and kept her where she was.

She had not long to wait. As soon as wicked Zero let go the unhappy hen she flew squawking away. After crushing the egg shell, Zero swallowed the egg warm with a single bite.

Mme. Pigault was furious, and really she had good reason to be. But we must confess that in her anger there was a certain amount of pleasure. She was indignant at the thought that she would not have fresh eggs for breakfast that morning, but since there was a thief, she was glad that the thief was a wicked dog. She had always disliked him without being able to give a reason for it. Now she had good reason to hate him.

She would have punished him at once, but Zero read this kind intention in his mistress' eyes, and the minute the door was opened he rushed into the yard, and, finding the gate open, entered the kitchen, and from there jumped out of the window into the street, to the great astonishment of Jeannette, who had just returned from market.

Mme. Pigault entered her bedroom like a hurricane, slamming the door and knocking over two chairs which were in her way. Her sleeping husband was awakened suddenly from sound slumber. He only opened one eye part way, but that was enough for him to see his wife and guess from her looks that there was something wrong. He did like Zero. He closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. But his wife was not deceived. She had caught sight of the flickering eyelid.

"He is afraid," she thought. "He will do anything I ask him to."

"Come, get up," said she. "You have slept long enough. I have something serious to say to you."

"Can't it wait till after eight o'clock?"

"No."

John Pigault saw that he could not escape the interview which his wife had come to have with him at a moment when escape was absolutely impossible. So he said, with a resigned air, "Speak on, I am listening."

"I have found who stole my eggs."

"Are you sure? You ought to have had him arrested."

"I wanted to, but he ran away."

"Do you know who it is?"

"I should say I do."

"Well, notify the police, the constables and the sheriff. Do you want me to send word to the state's attorney?"

"We don't need as many people as all that," said Mme. Pigault, looking steadily at her husband, not certain whether he was serious or making fun of her.

"If you are willing you alone will be enough to see justice done me."

"Of course I'm willing, but tell me how. Who is the thief?"

"The thief is your dog."

"Zero?"

"Himself."

"Zero a thief? I can't believe that. You must be mistaken. What could he do with your eggs? Can he take them to market?"

"No, but he eats them. I tell you I saw it." And she told in detail the little scene which she had witnessed a few moments before through the crack in the cellar door.

To his wife's great astonishment the captain did not show any anger on hearing this story. One would have said that he admired his dog for the cleverness he showed. His only words were, "I knew that that rogue of a Zero was clever, but I did not know that he was as clever as that."

These words made Mme. Pi-

gault so furious that she began a long recital of all Zero's misdeeds from the time he had entered the house, and the only way that the captain could make peace after she had burst into a passionate flood of tears was to promise that he would find some way to get rid of Zero. The captain liked Zero. At the same time he was flattered to see how jealous his wife had become, and he was willing to do anything for a tranquil life.

The captain and his wife breakfasted happily on the day of Zero's detection, although the eggs were from the grocery again. Although the captain enjoyed the sweetness with which his wife treated him in gratitude for his promise to send the dog away, the thought of that dog came across his mind from time to time. Every time the kitchen door was opened he looked to see Zero enter, but the dog knew better than to intrude.

After breakfast the captain took his hat and strolled down the hill towards the harbor, as old sailors will do. He had not gone more than ten steps when Zero rushed up to him with such eagerness that he almost tipped the captain over. Then he raced around the captain, jumping up and down, licking his hands, and sometimes almost licking his face.

"Come along, since you're here," said the captain, "but I warn you that you would have done better not to meet me this morning."

Among the ships in the harbor there was one to which the tugboat was being attached to tow it out to sea. Capt. Pigault went towards this ship. He did not need to read its name, Young Alice, printed in great red letters on a white background. The experienced eye of the sailor could read its masts and rigging and distinguish it among a thousand. As the boat was close to the wharf he climbed over the side and turned to see if his dog was following. On almost any other day the dog would have read his master's intentions and jumped over the side of the vessel, arriving before him, but this time he did not even follow. He sat down tranquilly on the wharf as if waiting for orders.

The captain knew his dog's state of mind and secretly wished that the dog would go home, but he had given his promise and had gone too far to turn back.

"Here, Zero," he said.

The dog took a little run and jumped over the rail, falling at his master's feet.

"Lie down," said the captain. He did not venture to pat him, for a caress at that moment

would have seemed like an act of betrayal.

Zero turned around twice, then lay down, closed one eye, and waited.

The captain of the Young Alice was standing on the bridge, directing the preparations for sailing. Capt. Tautin and Capt. Pigault were old friends.

"Good morning, old fellow," said Tautin, holding out his hand to Pigault. "What good wind brings you here?"

"A service that I wish to ask you."

"All right, but speak quickly, you see we are starting."

"I want to ask you to take a passenger."

"Do you know where we are going?"

"To Senegal, I understand."

"Is that where your man wants to go?"

"Yes—that is to say, no."

"Yes? No? Which?"

"Well, he doesn't want to take such a long trip, but he has to."

"Oh, I understand. He has behaved badly and is to be sent around the world for discipline. But I warn you that we are not well supplied. I did not expect to have passengers, and we have no fancy food. You know that yourself."

"That makes no difference. The passenger will not be hard to suit."

"Well bring him along, but hurry."

"He is already on board."

"What? I saw nobody but yourself come on board."

"It is my dog," said Pigault.

Then he told the story—how he had saved Zero, how he had loved him, how his wife disliked the dog for that reason, and finally Zero's crime. Now it was necessary for poor Zero to leave home.

"Shake hands on it," said Tautin, "I'll take him. It's a long voyage to Senegal. We will get used to each other. I hope this will be my last trip, and when we return I'll take him out to the country, where I have a little farm and shall devote myself to raising cabbages. My wife loves dogs, but has none. But hurry up, now, for if you stay five minutes more, instead of one passenger I'll carry off two."

"I'll go, but wait a moment; I will make him go down into the hold. Shut him in and do not let him come on deck until you are out of sight of land. Otherwise he will jump overboard, and we will be off as bad as ever."

Pigault went down from the bridge and called his dog. He took his handkerchief and rolled it into a ball, showing it to Zero,

threw it down into the hold, saying, "Go, fetch it."

Zero jumped after the handkerchief and poked around among the barrels of salt fish and jars of butter where the handkerchief had fallen. But while he was variously engaged in doing what his master had ordered a sailor covered the opening through which he had jumped, and Zero was a prisoner. He did not understand at first, but barked two or three times, as a request to have the door opened. Then he began to howl with grief and rage.

These sounds reached the ears of Pigault who had already left the ship and from the wharf was watching it sail away.

"It's all over," said the captain. "My wife will be happy but not I." He stood looking for a moment, then passed his sleeve over his eyes—Zero had not brought him back his handkerchief for good reasons—and hurried home.

The vexation of the captain's wife on seeing her husband nearly an hour late for luncheon vanished when she was told the reason, and no one could have been more charming than she during the days that followed, but the captain could not get used to the absence of Zero.

Strange to say, Mme. Pigault came to think almost as much of the dog as her husband did. She saw that he was unhappy, and began to ask herself if she had not been unfair to the poor beast. His good qualities came to her mind more frequently than his faults, and she even forgave him the theft of the eggs, but it was too late.

One morning, as the captain was starting for a little walk after breakfast, he met the postman, who brought him a letter, in a handwriting which he recognized as that of Capt. Tautin. He slipped the letter into his pocket without his wife seeing it, and went down the hill to a rustic bench in a sheltered place, where he could read his letter by himself.

Tautin wrote: "Dear Captain: Letters are not my strong point, but since I promised you I would write I will. As long as we were in sight of land Zero howled and moaned. He would neither eat nor drink. Towards evening he stopped, probably because his throat was tired out. I went down to speak to him, and I'm sure he understood me, for when I said your name, he wagged his tail and looked at me eagerly. When I came up and left the hatchway open he came through it like a jumping jack and ran all over the ship looking for you. Then he stood at the stern and

put his paws on the rail till I was afraid he was going to jump overboard, but he was only looking at the land and sniffing the breeze that came from home. He staid there a long while till we were out of sight of land, and had tacked so much before the wind that I think he would have had hard work to find his home on the map. Then he went and lay down by the mast, still with your handkerchief in his teeth.

"During the rest of the voyage he behaved well, although he made friends with no one. He let them pat him, but paid no attention to them. When we reached land he jumped over the side of the vessel and raced about the harbor like mad, sniffing the ground as if looking for you. He ransacked all the ships in the harbor, naturally without results. The sailors told his story and he soon became famous. A wealthy Englishman has tried to buy him from me but of course I will not sell him. I am staying at a pleasant little hotel, where they do not object to dogs, and Zero stays in my room when I am there. When I go out I fasten him with a chain.

"I expect to be home in about two months and I will bring Zero with me. You can come then and see your dog and old friend,

J. Tautin.

"P. S.—Zero has disappeared. The people at the hotel can tell me nothing about him. One of the men about the wharf tells me that he saw your dog, my dog, our dog, following a sailor belonging to the crew of the Two Friends, a sloop, which visited our port three times last year, as perhaps you remember. I hurried to the wharf where the Two Friends lay, but too late. It had sailed for Marseilles an hour before. I can not understand it all, but you are rid of your dog at any rate, and that is what you seemed to wish most. I have done the best I could. J. T."

DOG HAS A PASS

A brown water spaniel, owned by G. M. Sebree of Springfield, Mo., is probably the only dog in the country that receives an annual pass on the street cars. Several years ago Mr. Sebree left the dog at home while he spent the afternoon at the country club playing golf. The dog, soon getting lonesome, jumped on a car on which W. A. Bixby, the general manager of the road was riding, and jumped off at the golf links. The dog tried to repeat the performance, but was kicked off. Now the dog rides on a pass.

ALCIBIADES

By E. Nesbit

"Oh do let me have him in the carriage with me. He won't hurt anyone, he's a perfect angel."

"Angels like him travel in the dog box," said the porter.

Celia ended an agonized search for her pocket.

"Would you be offended," she said, "if I offered you half a crown?"

"Give the guard a bob, Miss," the hand, curved into a cup resting on a carriage window, answered her question, "it's more'n enough for him, being a single man, whereas me, I'm risking my situation, and nine children at present, to say no more, when I —". The turn of a railway key completed the sentence.

Celia and the angel were alone. He was a very nice angel, long-haired and brown and white. His race the collie—his name Alcibiades. He put up a respectful and adoring nose, and his mistress kissed him between the eyes.

"How could they try to part us," she asked, "when there's only we two left—"

Alcibiades, with swimming eyes echoed in a little moan of true love the question, "How could they?"

The question was put again, by both, later in the day. Celia was to stay with an aunt while her mother sailed to Madeira to meet there her father returning from South Africa, full of wounds and honor, and to spend on the island what was left of winter, for it was December.

A thick fog covered London with a veil of ugliness; the cabman was aggrieved and aggrieving—Alcibiades had tried to bite him—and Celia was on the verge of tears when the fog at last lifted, and allowed her to be driven to her aunt's suburban house—yellow brickish, with a slate roof, and a lean forecourt wherein cypresses that, stunted and blackened, spoke eloquently of lives more blank than the death whose emblem they were.

Through the slits of the drab Venetian blinds gaslight streamed into the winter dusk.

"There'll be tea, anyhow," sighed Celia, recklessly overpaying the cabman.

Inside the house where the lights were, the aunt was surrounded by about a dozen ladies of about her own age and station. "Tabbies" the worldly might have called them. All were busy with mysteries of many colored silks and satins, lace and linen. At least, all held such in

their hands. The gathering was, in fact, a "working party" for the approaching bazaar. But the real work of bazaars is not done at working parties.

"Yes," the aunt was saying, "so nice for dear Celia. I'm truly glad that she should begin her visit with a little gaiety. In parting or sorrow we should always seek to distract the mind, should we not, dear Mrs. Biddle."

"The young are all too easily distracted by the shows of this world," said dear Mrs. Biddle, heavily

And several ladies murmured approval.

"But you can't exactly call a church bazaar the shows of this world can you?" urged the aunt, sitting very upright, all black and beady.

"It's the thin end of the Rubicon, sometimes," said the Mrs. Biddle.

"Then why—" began the youngest Tabby—and then the door bell rang, and every one said: "Here she is!"

The prim maid announced her, and she took two steps forward and stood blinking in the gas light with her hat on one side—and no gloves. Every one noticed that at once.

"Come in, my dear," said the aunt rustling forward. "I have a few friends this afternoon, and —oh my gracious, what has happened!"

What had happened was quite simple. In her rustling advance some wandering trail of the aunt's black beadiness had caught on the knotted fringe of the tablecloth, and drawn this after her. A mass of silk and lace and ribbon lay sprinkled along the edge of the table where the Tabbies sat, a good store of needles, scissors and cotton reels mingled with it. Now all this swept to the floor on the moving table cloth, at the very moment when a rough, brown, long-eared person with a sharp nose and very muddy paws bounded into the room, to the full length of his chain. His bound landed him in the very middle of the ribbon-lace-cotton-reel confusion. Celia put her arms around the dog, and her apologies would have melted my heart, or yours, dear reader, in an instant. But Tabbies are Tabbies, and a bazaar is a bazaar. No more sewing was done that day. What was left of the afternoon proved all too short for the disentangling, the partial cleaning of the desecrated lace-cotton-reel-silk muddle. And Alcibiades was tied up in the back kitchen to the wheel of the patent mangle. He howled without ceasing.

"My dear," said the aunt,

when tea was over and the last Tabby had found her galoches and gone home in them, "you are most welcome under any roof of mine, but—may I ask you to close the baize door at the top of the kitchen stairs—thank you—and now this one—I am obliged. One cannot hear one's self speak for that terrible animal. You must get rid of the cur tomorrow."

"Oh, Aunt! He's not a cur—he's pure bred."

"Thank you," said the aunt, "I believe I am as good a judge of dogs as any lady. My own dear Snubs has only been dead a year and two months today. I know that a well-bred dog should have smooth hair, at any rate—"

The mother of Snubs had been distantly related to a family of respectable middle-class fox terriers.

"I am very sorry," said Celia. She meant apology, but the aunt took it for sympathy and softened somewhat.

"A nice little smooth-coated dog now," she said. "A toy terrier or an Italian greyhound—you see I am not ignorant of the various styles of dog. I will get you one myself. We will go to the Dog's Home at Battersea, where really nice dogs are often sold quite cheap. Or perhaps they might take your poor cur in exchange—"

Celia began to cry.

"Yes, cry, my dear," said the aunt, kindly, "it will do you a world of good."

When the aunt was asleep—she had closed her ears to the protests of Alcibiades with wadding left over from a handkerchief sachet—Celia crept down in her woolly white dressing gown, and coaxed the kitchen fire back to life. Then she sat in front of it, on the speckless rag carpet, and nursed Alcibiades and scolded him and explained that he really must be a good dog, and that we all have something to put up with in this life.

"You know, Ally dear," she said, "it's not very nice for me, either, but I don't howl and try to upset mangles. Don't you be afraid, dear. You shan't go to the dogs' home."

So kindly yet strongly did she urge her point that Alcibiades, tied to the leg of the kitchen table, consented to sleep quietly for the rest of the night.

Next day, when the aunt inquired searchingly as to Celia's powers of fancy work and what she would do for the bazaar, Celia declared outright that she did not know one end of a needle from the other.

"But I can paint a little," she said, "and I'm rather good at wood carving."

"That will be very nice." The aunt already saw, in fancy, her stall outshine those of all other Tabbies, with glories of sabots and tambourines decorated with rosy sprays "hand-painted" and carved white wood boxes just the size to hold anything, or nothing.

"And I'll do you some," said Celia, "only I can't work if I'm distracted about Ally, my dog, you know. Oh, Aunt, do let him stay. He really is valuable and he hasn't made a bit of noise since last night."

"It is quite useless," the aunt was sternly beginning—then her voice suddenly changed. "Is the cur really valuable?" she asked.

"Uncle Reggie gave five guineas for him when he was a baby boy," said Celia eagerly, "and he is worth much more now."

"But he must be very old. When your Uncle Reggie was a boy—"

"I mean when Alcibiades was a boy."

"And who is Alcibiades?"

Celia began all over again and urged one or two new points.

"I don't want to be harsh," said the aunt at last. "You shall have the little breakfast room to paint and carve as you suggest. Of course I couldn't have shavings and paint pots lying all over the dining room and drawing room. And you shall keep your cur—"

"Oh, Aunty," cried Celia, "you are a darling!"

"Yes," the aunt went on complacently, "you shall keep your cur till the bazaar, and then we will sell it for the benefit of the Fund for the Amelioration of the Daughters of the Country Clergy!"

And from this decision no tears and no entreaties would move her.

Celia made a den for herself and Alcibiades in the little breakfast room. There was no painting light—so she looked out a handful of the sketches she had done last summer and framed them. Most of her time she spent in writing to her friends to know whether any one could take care of a darling dog, who was a perfect angel. And alas, no one could—or would.

With the connivance of the cook Alcibiades had a bed in a box in the den, and from the very first he would at a word, conceal himself in it the moment the step of the aunt sounded on the oilcloth covered stairs. The sketches were framed, and some of the frames were lightly carved. The aunt was enchanted, but on the subject of Alcibiades, adamant.

And now it was the day of the bazaar.

Celia had run wires along the wall of the school-room behind

her aunt's stall, and from it hung the best of the sketches. She had arranged the stall itself, glorifying it with Eastern shawls and draperies that her father had sent her from India. It far outshone any other stall, even that of Lady Bates, the wife of the tallow knight. The aunt was really grateful—truly appreciative. But her mind was made up about the "cur."

"If it really is worth anything we'll sell it. If not—" she paused, and the dark hint, and Celia's miserable fancy lost itself among ropes and rivers and rat poison.

To Alcibiades the bazaar was as much of a festival as to any Tabby of them all. He had been washed, which is terrible at the time, but makes you self-respecting afterwards, a little puffed up even. He had been allowed to come out by the front door, with his mistress in her beautiful dress which reminded him of rabbits. No one but Alcibiades himself will ever know what tortures of shame and misery, fighting with joy and affection, he had endured on those other occasions when he had been smuggled out of the back door in the early morning to take the damp air with his beloved lady, and she wore a shabby mackintosh and a red Tam o' Shanter. Today he wore a blue ribbon. It was uncomfortable, but he knew it spelt distinction. He rode in a carriage. It was not like the little governess cart which had carried him and his mistress through the lanes about Maidstone, but it was a carriage, and a large horse was his slave. His mistress herself had tied his blue ribbon. It was she, too, who adjusted the chain that attached him to a strong staple driven in just above the schoolroom wainscot. The chain allowed him to sit at her feet as she stood by the stall waiting for purchasers, and scanning the face of each newcomer in an eager anxiety to find there the countenance of someone who really loved dogs.

But the people were "most awful," and she had to own it to herself. There were Tabbies by the dozen, and young ladies by the score, young ladies all dressed alike in the fashion of the year before last, all vacant faced, and smiling agreeably, because they knew they ought to smile, Tabby-kittens in fact. No doubt they were really interesting, but they did not seem so to Celia.

There was a sprinkling of men, middle-aged mostly, and bald. There were a few youths. By some fatality all were fair and reminded Celia of pork. A Tabby stopped at her stall, turned over all the things and bought a beaded table napkin ring. The

purchase and the purchaser seemed to Celia to typify her whole life and surroundings. All her soul reached out to the Island. She sighed. Then she looked up. The crowd had thickened since she last surveyed it. Four steps led down from the schoolroom to the outer world. On the top step was a lady, well dressed, oh, marvel! and beside her a man, a gentleman. Well, Celia supposed all these poor dear people were gentlefolk, but these two were of her world. As she gazed her eyes and those of the man met. The lady was lost in the crowd and Celia saw her no more. The man made straight for the stall where were the framed sketches, the white dress, fur trimmed, the russet hair and the green eyes of Celia, and the brown, blue-ribboned Alcibiades. But before he reached them a wave of buyers broke on the shore of Celia's stall, and he had been watching her for nearly half an hour before a young woman's long deferred choice of a Christmas gift for a grandfather fell happily on a pair of green bed socks, and for the moment Celia breathed free.

"I told you so," said her aunt, rattling money in a leather bag, "I knew just before Christmas was the time. Everybody has to give Christmas presents to all their relatives. You see! Things are going like wildfire."

"Yes, Aunt," said Celia. Alcibiades took advantage of the momentary calm to lick her hand exhaustively. Celia wondered wearily what had become of the man, the only man in that dreary assembly, who looked as though he liked dogs.

"He must have been trying to get to somewhere else," she said, "he just looked in here by mistake, and when he saw the sort of people we were he— Well, I don't wonder," she sighed, and raising her eyes, met his.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

He meant apology, she took it for inquiry and smiled: "Do you want to buy something," she asked.

Her smile was more tired than she knew.

"I suppose I do," he said; "one does at bazaars, don't you know!"

"Do you want a Christmas present?" asked Celia, businesslike. "If so, and you will tell me what kind of relation you want it for—perhaps I can find something that they'd like."

"Could you? Now that is really good. I want things for two aunts, three cousins, a little sister, and my mother—but I need not get 'hers' here unless you've got something you think really—

By Jove," his eye had caught the sketches, "are those for sale?"

"That is rather the idea," said Celia. Her spirits were rising, though she couldn't have told you why. "Things at a bazaar are usually for sale—aren't they?"

"Everything?" said he, and he stroked the not resentful neck of Alcibiades. "This good doggie is not in the market, I'm afraid?"

"Why? Would you buy him?"

"I'd think twice before I said no. My mother is frightfully fond of dogs."

Quite unreasonably Celia felt that she did not want to sell Alcibiades as a present to anyone's mother.

"The sketches—" he said, "Why, there's Maidstone Church—and Farley—and Tiston Loch and Allington. How much are they?"

She told him.

"I must have some. May I have a dozen? They're disgracefully cheap, and I feel like an American pork man—buying works of art by the dozen—for they are jolly good! And it brings back old times. I was quartered there, once—"

"I knew it," she said to herself. Alcibiades stood up with his paws against her arm. "Be quiet," she said to him, "you mustn't talk now," she said.

The stranger smiled, a very jolly smile Celia thought.

"Ripping beast, isn't he?" said the stranger.

"I suppose you are invalided home," she said. She couldn't help it. A man in the service. One who had been quartered at Maidstone—her own dear Maidstone. He was no longer a stranger.

"Yes," he said, "beastly bore. And I shall be alright in two or three months. I hope the fighting won't be all over by then."

"Have you sold this gentleman anything," said the aunt firmly, "because Mrs. Biddle wants to look at some d'oyleys."

"I'm just selling something," whispered Celia. Then she turned to him. "I say, do you really like dogs?" said she.

"Of course I do," the young man opened surprised his gray eyes at her, as who should say, "Now do I look like a man who isn't fond of dogs?"

"Well, then," she said, "Alcibiades is for sale."

"Is that his name? Why?"

"Oh, surely you know—wasn't it Alcibiades who gave up being dictator or something rather than have his dog's ears cut off—"

"I seem to remember something of the sort," he said.

"Well," said she, "his price is twenty guineas but—"

He whistled very softly.

"Yes—I know," she said, "but I'll—Yes, Aunt, in one moment," she went on in an agonized undertone. "His price is twenty guineas. Say you'll have him. Say it loud. You won't really have to pay anything for him—No—I'm not mad."

"I'll give you twenty guineas for the dog," said the man standing straight and soldierly against the tumbled mass of mats and pincushions and chair backs.

The aunt drew a deep breath and turned to minister to Mrs. Biddle's deep need of d'oyleys.

"Come and have tea," said the stranger, "you're tired out."

"No—I can't. Of course, I can't, but I'll take you over to Mrs. Piddock's stall and—" she led him away. "Look here," she said, "I'm sure you're a decent sort. Here's the money to pay for him. My aunt says if I don't sell him she'll have him killed. Will you keep him for me until my people come home? Oh, do! He really is an angel. And give me your name and address. You must think me a maniac, but I am so horribly fond of him. Will you?"

"Of course I will," he said heartily, "but I shall pay for him. I'll write a check. You can pay me when you get him back. Thank you, yes, I am sure that pincushion would delight my aunt."

Celia with burning eyes found her way back to the stall.

"Oh, Alcibiades," she said, unfastening the blue ribbon. "I'm sure he's nice. Don't bite him, there's a dear."

A check signed Richard Graeme and a card with an address in The Paragon came into Celia's hands, and the chain of Alcibiades left them.

"I know you'll be good to him," she said. "Don't give him meat, only biscuit, and sulphur in his drinking water. But you know all that. You've got me out of a terrible hole and I'll bless you as long as I live. Good-bye."

She stooped to the collie now surprised and pained. "Ally, good-by my dear old boy, good-by."

And Alcibiades, stubborn resistance in every line of his figure, in every hair of his coat, was dragged away through the crowded bazaar.

Celia went to bed very tired. The bazaar had been a success, and the success had been talked over and the money counted till late in the evening; nearly eleven that is, which is late for Tabbies, yet she awoke at four. Someone was calling her. It was—no—he was gone; her eyes pricked at the thought, yet, surely that

could be none other than Alcibiades. She sat up in bed and listened. It was he! That was his dear voice whining at the side gate. Those were his darling paws scratching the sacred paint off it.

Celia swept down the stairs like a whirlwind, turned key, drew bolt, and in a moment she and the "cur" were sobbing in each other's arms.

She led him up to her room, washed his dear muddy paws and spread her golf cape for him to lie on the bed beside her.

In chilliest earliest dawn she rose and dressed. She found the wire that had supported her pictures at the bazaar—and she wrote a note and tied it to the collar of Alcibiades where she noticed and untied a frayed end of rope. This was the note: "He has run home to me. Why did you take the chain off? He always bites through cord. Don't beat him for it. He'll soon forget me."

The tears came into her eyes as she wrote it. It seemed to her so very pathetic. She did not quite believe that Alcibiades would soon forget her, but if he did—

The note did not lack pathos, either in the eyes of Captain Graeme, when two hours later he found it under the chin of a mournfully howling Alcibiades securely attached to the railings of The Paragon House by picture wire.

The Captain took a turn on the Heath and thought. And his thoughts were these.

"She's the prettiest girl I've seen since I came home. It is deuced dull here. Shouldn't wonder if she's dull, too, poor little girl."

Then he went home and cut a kid glove in pieces and sewed the pieces together, slowly but solidly as soldiers and sailors do.

So that when two nights later the claws and the voice of Alcibiades roused Celia from her sleep (her aunt fortunately slept on the other side of the house) she found, after the first rapturous hug of reunion a something under the hand that caressed the neck of Alcibiades.

The gaslight in her own room defined the something as a bag of leather, the tan leather of which gentlemen's gloves are made. There was a bit of worn leather strap hanging below it.

Within was a note:

"A thousand thanks for bringing him home. If he should run away again, please let me know. And don't trouble to send him back, I'll call for him if I may.—Richard Graeme."

Celia would very much have liked to let Captain Graeme call,

but there are such things as aunts.

She tied another note to the "cur's" collar and wired him once more to the house railings. The note said:

"It's no use. He can bite through leather. Do use a chain."

Next time Alcibiades returned he dragged a half yard of fine chain. It was neatly filed, but Celia was a woman and the detail escaped her.

That morning she and Alcibiades slept late. The dressing bell was ringing as she woke.

The cook helped. The aunt most fortunately had a luncheon engagement with a Tabby in Sidcup. Alcibiades, being promised a walk later, consented to wait trifling with a bone in silence and the coal cellar. At eleven Celia rewarded his patience. She went out with him, and somehow it seemed wise to put on a pleasant colored dress, and one's best furs and one's prettiest hat.

"I am afraid I shall see him," she told herself, "but," she added, "I am much more afraid that my aunt will see Alcibiades. So here goes—"

On the edge of the Heath she met him.

"Here is the dear dog," she said. "Oh, can't you find a stronger chain?"

"I'll try," said he; "What a ripping dog, isn't it? Oh, are you going straight back? I wish we'd met anywhere but at a bazaar."

"So do I," she said, heartfeltly, and caressed the now careless collie. It was at a bazaar that she had had to sell that angel.

"Mayn't I walk home with you?" he said. And she could not think of any polite way of saying "No."

Next morning the chain dragged by Alcibiades was slightly thicker and it also was filed. And this, too, she failed to notice.

The morning was thinly bright. Alcibiades saw a cat and chased it toward Morden College just as Celia met Captain Graeme. It was for her impossible not to follow the "cur." And how could the captain do otherwise than follow, too? And if two people walk together it is churlish not to talk.

Next day the chain was thicker, the hour propitious and the walk longer. That was the day when she found out that he had known her father in South Africa.

The days passed with a delightful monotony. The aunt and her pet Tabbies all day, a sound sleep, an early waking, a heavenly meeting with Alcibiades at the back door, the returning of him to his master.

It was very wrong, of course, but what was the girl to do? You cannot be rude to a man who is

saving your dog, your darling, from rat poisons, rivers and ropes. And if dogs will break chains why—why—so will girls.

It was on Christmas day that the spell was shattered. Celia woke at the accustomed time—but no welcome whine, no pathetic scrabble of paws broke the respectable stillness of the aunt's house. Celia listened. She even crept down to the side gate. A feeling of faintness, of real physical faintness, came over her. Alcibiades was not there!

He had not come!

He had, indeed forgotten her.

The conviction that the master of Alcibiades would be the last to appreciate the new attachment of his dog comforted her a little, but for all that the day was gray, life seemed well nigh worthless. It was in the thick of the Christmas beef that the thought awoke: "He is tired of me. He has locked Alcibiades up. If he hadn't, the darling must have come."

Since this solution left Alcibiades without a stain upon his faithful character it ought to have been comforting, but somehow it wasn't.

She felt her cheeks flush.

"Good gracious, child," said the aunt, "what are you turning that curious purple color for? If the fire's too much for you, let Mary put the screen to the back of your chair, for goodness sake."

When the plum pudding's remains had passed away, and the perfunctory dessert was over the aunt retired to rest.

Celia was left to face the gray afternoon alone. She sat staring into the fire till her eyes ached.

There was a footfall on the steps, a manly tread, a knock at the door, a kind of I-have-a-perfect-right-to-knock-if-I-like sort of knock.

Celia jumped up to look in the glass and pat her hair, for no one but an idiot could have helped knowing who was at the door.

He came in.

"Alone," said he, "what luck! I asked for the aunt. Meant to say friend of your father's and all that, but this is better. Celia, I couldn't stand it. She's coming. I can hear her."

There was indeed a sound of stout house boots tramping overhead, of drawers being pulled out of wardrobe doors being opened.

"I wish everything was different," said he, "but—oh—Celia—darling, do say yes! Say it now—this minute—and then when she comes down I can tell her we're engaged."

"It's all very well," said Celia, two hours later, when, with the license of an engaged young lady,

she said good-by to her lover at the front door. "You say you do —and—and—yes, of course, I'm glad, but Alcibiades doesn't love me any more.'"

"You wait till I bring him to-morrow!"

"But he never came this morning."

"Poor little beast! Celia, the fact is I've gone on making the chain heavier and heavier, and this morning—well, it was too much for him. He couldn't drag it all the way, it was a regular ship's cable, don't you know. I came up with him at Blackheath Station, and I had to carry the chain all the way home for him. He's quite all right again now. I left him at home tied to the fire irons in my bed room.

"Then he does love me, after all!"

"Well, he's not the only one," said the captain.

And at that moment came from the other side of the front door a familiar whine, the well-known scratching, mingled with strange rattling noises.

Next instant three happy people were embracing on the door mat, amid the sobs of Celia, and the laughter of her lover, the yelps of Alcibiades, and the deafening rattle of a poker, a pair of tongs, and half a shovel.

GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY

The dog attended his master's funeral at the Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh, Scotland. There was no stone to mark the place where he was buried, but for four years Bobby watched over the little mound. In summer and in winter, in rain and in snow, the dog was there. He became skin and bone, a tattered, hunger-stricken dog. At last the tax-gatherer's attention was called to the unsightly animal, but there was no one to claim him. Some gave him food, some wanted to take him home with them, but he would not leave the grave. After four years' watching and waiting the affectionate dog died, and the people erected a monument outside the Greyfriars Church to perpetuate Bobby's memory.

A savage dog attacked a negro who was carrying a gun with which he killed the dog. He then got a club and began pounding the dead animal. A man who was passing, said: "What are you pounding that dog for? He is dead."

"Yassir; Ah done know he's daid; but Ah done want dis air dog to know dar's punishment arter deaf."

THIS SKYE TERRIER HAD A CONSCIENCE.

The owner had a dish of mutton cutlets for his lunch. When the meal was finished there was one cutlet left on the dish. The gentleman was reading and appeared to be taking no notice of what was going on about him. The dog saw the cutlet and slyly crawled along where he could smell it. Canine resolution could not stand the temptation and he seized the cutlet and bolted under the sofa. Still the gentleman did not appear to notice. The terrier waited a moment, seemingly expecting a kick or a torrent of abuse; but the man appeared interested in his paper and paid no attention to the dog. Somehow the flavor of that cutlet seemed to have departed. The conscience-stricken terrier refused to touch it. He looked pitifully around for a time, then simply picked up the cutlet and laid it at the master's feet, hung his head in shame and slunk away, his whole body expressing shame as plainly as human might do.

The gentleman did not beat the dog, but gave him the cutlet.

HONEST BOY GOT THE DOG.

The owner of a fine dog was met by three boys who asked him to give them the dog. The gentleman said, "I will give the dog to the boy who will say to what political party he belongs and give the best reason as to why he belongs to it."

The first boy said, "I am a Republican because my pa is a Republican."

"Very good," said the gentleman.

The second boy said, "I am a Populist because Eugene V. Debs is a Populist and W. J. Bryan is a Populist."

"Very good reason," said the man.

The third boy said, "I am a Democrat."

"And why are you a Democrat?" asked the gentleman.

"'Cause I want that dog," answered the boy.

And he got it.

A Pair of Pinchers.

Siff: "Your dog bit my mother-in-law three times yesterday."
Biff: "I suppose you've come to collect damages."
Siff: "No. I came to buy the dog."

"NOW, MY DOG—"

"My dog," said the baggageman to the man who was sitting on the baggage-room bench, "is the best little dog you ever saw in your life. I wish I had her here. She's got a way with her, as much as to say, 'Look at me and tell me to do something.' And she'll do most anything, too, I tell you.

The man on the bench had his dog with him—a somewhat dignified, nervous collie. He was a better dog, his owner felt, than the beast the baggageman was bragging about, but it seemed to him a little below the dignity of a regular commuter to swap dog stories with the owner of such a commonplace animal.

"My wife likes my dog," continued the other, unabashed, "and it's the first dog she ever took a shine to. Always used to like cats. Most women do, I think. But when she got Betsy—that's the dog's name—why, she and her were friends from the go-off.

"My wife taught Betsy most of her tricks. Betsy'll fetch and carry anything you've a mind to give her, and she'll play 'dead dog,' and go down to the kitchen and get anything we want—that is, if it's there, of course."

"Sounds like a pretty good dog," said the owner of the collie stroking the animal's well brushed coat.

"Oh, Betsy's all right," said the baggageman, heartily. "She's a fox-terrier, and little fox-terriers are certainly the cutest dogs in the world. Better'n collies! I think, though of course I'm no judge. Now your dog there, can he do anything?"

"Can he do anything?" said the commuter, thoroughly piqued. "Can he? Come here," he commanded, the dog having left him to investigate some crates of live poultry in a corner. "Some collies," continued the owner, "are pretty stupid, but you take my collie and train him up right, and there isn't a better dog in the world. They've got more general interest in things than fox—Come here! Let me show you."

The dog was standing in front of him, sniffing back in the direction of the crates.

"Come here!" commanded his master. The collie turned and walked off.

"Come here! Now, sit down! Good doggy! Now give me your right paw. Give—me—your—right—paw!"

"He's not used to having—that is to being here," explained his owner conscientiously. He'd do it in a minute at home, though. Right paw!"

The baggageman was grinning good-naturedly. There was a pause in the proceedings, broken at last by a faint locomotive whistle.

"Gracious, I forgot to buy a ticket-book!" exclaimed the commuter. "Come, Fritz! He'll lie down and roll over, too," he added for the baggageman's edification, "and I've nearly got him so's he'll bark when I want him to speak."

"It's funny," said the baggageman to the switchtender, who came in as the commuter disappeared to the ticket office, "what a lot of pride some folks take in fool dogs. My dog—"

"Aw, get out!" said the other. "Yourself and dog oughter take a vacation. Got oil for the lamps?"

A DOG THAT GRINDS SCISSORS

A dog named Rover, owned by George Ross, of Carpington, Cal., has been taught to turn the wheel which furnishes the power for his master's scissors grinding machine. Rover gets on the wheel of his own accord and merrily treads, treads, while his master sharpens scissors and knives.

The good dog seems to think that it is a game devised for his special amusement, and when business is slack he will run to his wheel and barks reproachfully at his master until Mr. Ross feels obliged to attach the rope which turns the stone and get to work.

Rover never seems so happy as when business is brisk, and he can send his big wheel around and around for a whole morning. He will then sleep for a half-hour after he has had his dinner and then be ready for work again with his master in the afternoon.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG

An intelligent Scotch Collie, Bronte, owned by W. A. McCormick of Chicago, is unusually clever and can do many marvelous things. She can count people and money, can spell, can tell you how many there are in a room, and how many wear glasses. She can add, subtract, divide, multiply, and solve difficult problems. She seems to understand everything she hears. She is especially fond of children. When blindfolded for certain tricks she seems to prefer to have a little girl tie the bandage.

Kindness and affection were used by her master in training her. Mr. McCormick began with her when she was seven months

old. She has a pedigree as long as any titled Scotch laird, and her ancestors were noted for their intelligence. Her master therefore found her an apt pupil. He never spoke unkindly to her and never used the whip. And under this treatment she learned so much and quickly that Ernest Thompson Seton considers her "a great object lesson for kindness to animals."

Bronte may almost be considered a lecturer for children, for she has appeared in 15,000 schoolrooms and has traveled 38,000 miles, has entertained the waifs, the crippled children, the sick and unfortunate children of the land. She never travels in the baggage car, as so many wealthy dogs do, but in the passenger coach in a Japanese suitcase.

In spite of her soulful eyes she has a good appetite. She eats a generous sirloin steak each day and is particularly fond of ice cream.

MAKING POLICEMEN OF DOGS

By F. H. McLean

Although bloodhounds have been used from time immemorial to trace murderers and other criminals, it is only very recently that dogs have been used for regular police service; but their efficiency has become recognized to such an extent in European countries that most of the larger cities are using them for police purposes. In Germany more than 500 police departments keep dogs for assistants; many cities of France — including Paris — have become convinced of their excellence and the common council of the capital city recently voted $2,500 per annum for expenditure in the further development of the police dog system.

The recruits most frequently chosen for the police training schools are the keen-scented terrier and the active shepherd dogs, these breeds having been selected with a special eye to their intelligence and good sense, and the marked qualities of endurance and dauntless courage of the shepherd is also considered important. Then, too, he is strong and able to withstand changes in the weather. Though their training is difficult, when a dog is pronounced "fit for police duty," it means he has passed a rigid civil service examination. A recent congress at Brussels formulated a well systematized schedule for training police dogs, the most important points of which are as follows:

Lesson I. (1) The dog must follow at the heels of his master with or without leash. (2) Three or more different objects placed in a ring drawn on the ground must be brought back at the word of command. (3) The dog must scale a wall or other barrier of a minimum height of 2 meters (meter—39.37 inches). The jump must be executed in both directions. (4) The dog must jump a hedge 1 meter high, preceded by a ditch 1½ meters wide. (5) A ditch 2½ meters wide must be jumped, the width to be increased to 5 meters. (6) The dog, held back or shut up, must, on being liberated, find his master at a point to be chosen by the judges in the competition.

Lesson II. (1) The dog must find by scent an object placed upon the ground. The object in question must not belong to the dog's master. (2) A similar test to be made with an object placed under the ground. (3) The dog must find the hiding place of an individual, some object belonging to whom he has been allowed to smell. The dog must keep the individual at bay without biting until the arrival of his owner. (4) An object dragged along the ground so as to leave a trace must be found by the dog simply by the marks on the ground, and must be returned to his master.

Lesson III. (1) The dog ordered "down" must refuse all bait or enticement in the presence or absence of his master. (2) The dog must guard any given object in the absence of his master against an individual armed with a stick. (3) The master being attacked suddenly by an armed man, must defend him until ordered to cease. (4) The dog must trace some individual designated by the controlling committee. (a) He must make known the individual's hiding place without biting. (b) He must keep the individual at bay until the arrival of his master. (c) He must attack if flight is attempted. (d) He must follow the individual through a house if necessary. (e) He must not be driven off by firearms. (f) He must cease his attack if the individual chased stops running and submits. (g) He must find and bring to his master the firearm presumed to have been thrown down by the individual. (5) The dog must walk behind the individual turned over to his master. He must attack anyone of these attempting flight, even without command. (6) The dog having been placed at a certain distance must rush to the aid of his master as soon as he hears a call or the sound of a whistle or any other means of call.

All these things can be taught only through incessant practice and by the exercise of constant patience and perseverance. The training begins when the animal has attained the age of 10 or 12 months, before it has contracted bad habits. The character of the animal is first carefully studied. This is done to ascertain whether or not the dog will obey orders when given with kindness. Violence in training is never resorted to. Each action or movement is distinct, and the same words are invariably used when given the same command. For instance, "Attack" is the order to fall upon anyone who attempts to assault a policeman in uniform. "Heel" is the order to follow close behind. "Down" is the order to cease attacking. "Search" to look for.

These orders are given with firmness, without raising the voice too high, and whenever the order is carried out to the satisfaction of the trainer, he rewards the animal with a small piece of boiled liver or some other morsel. Great care is taken not to allow the dogs to accept anything whatever from the hands of a stranger, this being considered a most important point in their education for police service. To accomplish this result an entire stranger to the dog accompanies the trainer who carries with him a small piece of chewing tobacco which is slightly moistened with water. The dog is then tendered a juicy piece of meat by the stranger, but just as he is about to snap it the tobacco is given him instead and is well rubbed into his nostrils. It is claimed that rarely is it necessary to resort to a second treatment of this kind to train a dog to refuse anything given him by a stranger. A second order is never given until the first has been well understood and properly carried out by the dog. The exercises are rehearsed daily and are generally terminated by repeating one of the orders for which the animal shows a preference. When the dog shows any ill will he is scolded; on the other hand when he shows a good will he is encouraged and rewarded. The whip is used as little as possible, and the animals are never struck more than once.

At the city of Ghent, Belgium, the police dogs begin their work at 10 p. m. and continue without rest to 6 a. m., when they are taken back to their kennels, where they rest. This long rest enables them to accomplish their eight hours' service without fatigue. They always accompany the same watchman, but in case of his absence, a substitute finds

him obedient owing to the fact that he is in policeman's uniform. Each dog has a compartment in the kennels built of brick and wood, one meter square, and a covered court one meter wide by three meters long. These compartments are made so that the food can be passed to the dogs through an opening in the door in such a way that the dogs do not see each other, and consequently do not keep up a continual barking, which would interfere with their rest. The kennels are cleaned daily and disinfected once a week. The dogs are visited weekly by the city veterinary, and each sick dog is promptly attended to. Near the kennels is a small dispensary. The dogs are fed twice a day, at 7 o'clock in the morning and 6:30 in the evening. During the night they get two slices of rye bread. The meals consist of broth, a little meat, rice and rye bread, the cost of which is less than six cents a day.

The dog's equipment comprises a special muzzle, a collar, a leash, and a cover. The muzzle is formed of a wide deep mouthpiece, made of gutta percha, in which about twenty holes two-fifths of an inch in diameter are cut, and at the base of which is a round opening, enabling the dog to breathe and eat easily without being able to pick up food. The mouthpiece is attached to a strap which is sufficiently loose to be instantly taken off. The collar which fastens around the neck is of leather, two inches wide, with a ring for the leash. The dog also wears upon his collar a copper tag upon which are engraved his name, date of birth, and name of the city. The dog's cover, which is made of waterproof canvas, bound with leather, is fastened to the collar and under the belly.

By the time the dog has learned all required of him he is invaluable to the police service. A 50-pound animal can easily throw a powerful man while on the run. It darts between the legs with an upward spring and the man is thrown. The dogs run into alleys, behind houses and out buildings, and into the thousand and one places where a thief might be hiding, but where a policeman would never think of looking, and often where he couldn't see if he did. Much interest has been aroused in many parts of the United States concerning the use of dogs in connection with police work, and no doubt they will soon be found valuable assistants to the police of this country.

INTELLIGENT JERRY

Remarkable canine intelligence was displayed recently by the handsome St. Bernard dog, Jerry, owned by Albert E. Lynch, a prominent Cambridge business man. With one of its legs badly wounded, the animal made its way unattended to the Cambridge relief hospital and whined at the door until admitted for treatment.

About 7:30 o'clock Dr. George V. Buehler, head surgeon at the hospital, heard the dog at the main entrance to the institution. The whining grew so persistent that Dr. Buehler went to the door and opened it. He found Jerry lying on his side, his head against the door, and his right foreleg badly torn and bleeding.

Then he discovered that the member was broken. There was no one with the dog and Dr. Buehler immediately realized that the animal had come to the entrance of his own accord. The thought flashed into the surgeon's mind that any creature displaying such intelligence as to come to the hospital when in need, should not have his confidence destroyed by neglect.

The dog was not unwilling when he was led through the building to the operating room in the rear. An examination revealed an old swelling on his right knee, but immediately below it was the break and the flesh was torn badly. It is believed that the dog was on the street, and was unable to get out of the way of a passing vehicle on account of his former injury.

During the examination and the work of setting the bone and dressing the wound Jerry held up his leg for Dr. Buehler and Dr. Ogden, seeming to know, although both surgeons were strangers to him, that what was being done was for his own good.

When the splints had been bound in place, Dr. Buehler called the attention of an expressman who came to the hospital to the dog, and he immediately identified Jerry as Mr. Lynch's dog. Later Joseph Lynch, a son of the owner, and George D. Colgan called at the hospital, and Jerry welcomed them with a wag of his tail and accompanied them to Mr. Lynch's home, at the corner of Summer and Armory streets, a short distance from the hospital.

Jerry Lynch, as the dog is familiarly known, is the pet of the entire neighborhood where he lives. He has been in Mr. Lynch's family ever since he was a puppy, seven years ago. He weighs about two hundred pounds

and loves all the children in the neighborhood. He is very fond of attending fires.

Jerry has always cared for the Lynch children, and it is told of him that when one of the children yielded to the temptation to catch on behind a wagon, he seized the child's garment and gently but firmly pulled her away.

On another occasion little Maida Lynch wandered away from home. The dog was her constant companion, and he went with her. Before the child's disappearance had been reported to the police, a man who recognized the dog brought the child back to her home a mile away.—Boston Globe.

NANSEN AND HIS DOGS

We read of North and South Pole expeditions extolling the courage and ambition of the brave explorers, but few of us bear in grateful remembrance the sufferings endured by the four-footed participants in those fierce journeys. The tribute Nansen pays to his dumb companions in his famous book, "Farthest North," will touch the heart of all dog lovers.

"It was," he says, "undeniable cruelty to the poor animals from first to last, and one must often look back upon it with horror. It makes me shudder even now when I think how we beat them mercilessly with thick ash sticks, when hardly able to move they stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"It made one's heart bleed to see them, but we turned our eyes away and hardened ourselves.

"It was necessary, forward we must go and to this end everything else must give place. It is the sad part of expeditions of this kind that one systematically kills all better feelings until only hard-hearted egoism remains.

"When I think of all those splendid animals, toiling for us without a murmur as long as they could move a muscle, never getting any thanks or even as much as a kind word, daily writhing under the lash until the time came that they could do no more and death freed them from their pangs; when I think of how they were left behind, one by one, up there on those desolate ice-fields which had been witness to their faithfulness and devotion—I have moments of bitter self-reproach."

—Our Dumb Animals.

MARCO KNEW

A young girl was passing the public garden the other morning upon the main path which crosses the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, which strode along beside her in the most companionable way, occasionally looking up into her face as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy street, turned to him and said·

"There, that is far enough, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant, conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again, and with a movement of his head and eyes, asked as plainly as if the words had come from his mouth: "Please, let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No; I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty as if Marco were human. "There will be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked across the garden. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, and then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue.

—Boston Herald.

DOG KEEPS ORDER IN SCHOOL

A teacher in Washington has a black cocker spaniel that accompanies her to school every day and keeps order when her back is turned. Hector loves the children and they love him, and when he barks to make them stop whispering they immediately obey.

BLACK PEARL

By Thomas Clark

Common sense is sometimes as useful as experience. The story of Peter Burnham and Black Pearl shows how unfortunate it is to be without either.

Peter was a market gardener, living not far from the thriving little city of Rockville. His life was, on the whole, a happy one, but his wife Mary was constantly worrying about omens, signs and wonders. She never would look at the moon over her left shoulder, or continue a journey if a black cat crossed her path, and sometimes came near to vexing her husband with her strange whims and prejudices, but it was not until after Black Pearl had come that they had their first quarrel.

One day, as Peter returned from the city, he was followed into the house by a shivering, dirty dog, which crouched low before the staring mistress of the house, and, trying to wag his tail feebly as if to make friends, only succeeded in smearing the clean floor with mud.

"Where in the world did you get that creature?" she asked.

"About a mile down the road. He crawled out of some bushes where he had been driven by a pack of boys. Isn't he the funniest looking dog you ever saw?" said Peter, as he lifted the dog from the floor so that Mary might see him better.

The dog was a black French poodle, whose hair had been clipped here and there in the most fantastic way. A kind of ruff stood out about his neck, a ridge of hair ran down the middle of his back, a black belt went about his middle. About his legs were little muffs, and his tail ended in a great tassel. All the rest of him had been clipped close, almost shaven.

Mary clutched Peter's arm. "I don't like the looks of that creature," she said. "That is no dog. Who ever saw a dog like that? It's a bad omen to bring a thing like that into the house. There is going to be trouble."

Peter, too, had never seen a dog like that. Yet he found no difficulty in believing that it was a real dog. And he quieted his wife's fears.

"I don't know just what kind of dog it is," he said, "but we can let him have Rover's place, and perhaps he will be a good watch-dog. I've not felt quite safe at night since Rover died. A farm without a dog doesn't seem complete."

Mary sniffed and cast a contemptuous look at the dog which her husband thought could ever take Rover's place, and without further words put on the table a smoking hot supper.

Peter was hungry from his long ride and needed no urging to sit down and begin eating. After his hunger was a little satisfied he talked over the events of the day with Mary and both forgot the black dog. The dog, however, was just as hungry as Peter, and finding that his host seemed to think that lodging was enough to offer him without board, decided to recall himself to Peter's notice.

Peter was in the midst of an interesting story when a frightened exclamation from Mary made him turn. Behind his chair stood the dog, erect on his hind legs, with forepaws drooping gracefully in front of him, marching up and down. When Peter turned to look, the dog suddenly fell forward, raised his hind feet off the floor, and ran around the table on his forelegs only, then brought this remarkable exhibition to a close by jumping off the floor, turning a somersault in the air, and coming down beside Mary's chair.

For a moment Mary sat motionless. The fork slipped from her fingers and clattered on the floor unnoticed. The water from the glass which she had overturned in her first start of surprise trickled off the table into her lap, and yet she did not stir. Then with a sudden fury she pushed back the chair and said to Peter: "Another minute in this house with that creature I will not stay. Peter Burnham, if you do not drive away that black monster I will go home to my mother. That is no dog. No dog can act like that. There is some witchcraft here, and we'll all come to grief if you do not at once rid the house of that creature!"

Peter had not a word to say. He rose from the table, took a stout cord, fastened it to the collar which was about the dog's neck and dragged the unhappy animal out into the darkness. A few moments later he knocked at the door of a neighbor.

"John," he said, "here is an animal that looks like a dog. I think it is a dog, and I would like to give it a home, but Mary says it is bewitched, and will not let it stay in the house."

"Well, Peter," said John, "I have nothing to say against anything your wife may believe, but I never saw a witch myself, and I don't believe there are any, and I'm not afraid of any dog that wags his tail. That poor fellow looks as if he needed nothing but

a little kindness to be a good dog. I'll be glad to take him."

So Peter left the dog in John's care, and went home to reassure Mary. "The dog is gone," he said. "Don't worry any more There'll be no more trouble."

But in that Peter was wrong. There was trouble. The next day when Peter went to town he saw here and there posted on the walls and house corners an advertisement:

"Fifty Dollars Reward!"

"A reward of fifty dollars will be paid and no questions asked for the return of Black Pearl, trick poodle, which disappeared from the Apollo theater on afternoon of June 16. Apply at the box office of the theater."

Hurrying through his business Peter drove home, and, not stopping to unhitch his horse, went over to John's house. He knocked at the door. John's wife opened it.

"I've come," said Peter, "to say that I've changed my mind about that dog. I don't think Mary will object if I take him home."

"I'm sorry," said John's wife, but John took him to town this afternoon. After he had washed him he looked like such a handsome dog that John was sure he must belong to somebody who'd want him back, and he has gone to town to see if there is any reward offered for the return of a black poodle. John and I had great amusement last night, watching him perform his tricks. He is evidently well trained and no common dog."

What Peter said to Mary and what Mary said to Peter may better be left to the reader's imagination. There were many harsh words, and many tears, and Peter slammed the doors, and kicked the chairs. And Mary could not even find comfort in the thought that she was right in saying that the coming of the black dog into the house brought trouble. But she has left off some of her foolish actions, and now when Peter spills the salt or puts the wrong foot out of bed first, his wife may shudder a little, but she does not torment him with her prophecies of bad luck.

DOG FEEDS IMPRISONED HOG

Madison, Wis.—The mysterious disappearance of a Dane county hog, the loss of which, in view of a price of more than nine dollars a hundred for pork, has been the cause of lamentation on the part of its owner, was explained the other day when the porker,

worn to a skeleton, was found, wedged beneath its feeding platform. It weighed only about 50 pounds.

Speculation was rife as to what had kept the beast alive the two long winter months it was a prisoner. Then Mrs. Blanch recalled seeing a puppy with an ear of corn in its mouth on several occasions going under the platform.

It is now thought certain that the hog was kept alive by the food thus provided.

WISE PHILADELPHIA CAT

A big black cat for weeks has been catching its breakfast of nice, fat sparrows along the Sixth street side of Franklin square, and can be seen there every morning. The sparrows feed in dense flocks and pussy seldom has much trouble in nabbing the unwary ones.

The other morning the cat was at its usual occupation when a frolicsome pup of the fox terrier variety bounded into the square. The animal dashed up and down through the grass, and the flocks of birds flew to the tree tops.

The cat didn't like the actions of the pup and crouched in the grass until the dog was within a few yards. Then the cat made a jump and landed on the pup. Of course, it was surprised and frightened and made a wild dash to get away from the cat's claws. The cat returned to a place to wait for the return of the birds.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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